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LANDOR'S COLLECTED WRITINGS.

The Collected Writings of WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR. With many additions. Two volumes, large 8vo. London: 1846.

THERE is perhaps no writer of the present age, taken in the whole, more likely to survive and make acquaintance with another, than Mr. Landor. This is often the reward of those writings which, on their first appearance, have neither been much depreciated nor much extolled; for the right balance is as apt to be lost by a sudden jerk upward, as by a stone thrown in. Mr. Landor has avoided both extremes. Wisdom may have feared him as something dangerous; but Folly has avoided him as something incomprehensible. He has been left to take his solitary way; and has omitted no privilege of singularity that belonged to it. With one hand resting near the heart of Southey, he has clenched and thrust the other into the face of every god of Southey's idolatry. A writer of the extremest liberal opinions, he has desired not to be confounded 'with the Coxes and Foxes of the age.' A declared Republican,

though the representative of an ancient family, he has rebuked 'the drunken democracy of Mr. William Pitt.' But of this wayward spirit, we are bound to add, there has been much less of late than of old. The violent and capricious will has not so often run before, and committed, the masculine intellect. The phrases just now quoted, are not even preserved in this edition. And other evidence is here, of abated bitterness, of enlarged and manly tenderness, and of wisdom as generous and cordial as it is lofty and pure.

In these volumes are collected, for the first time, the entire works of this remarkable writer. Here are his poems, both English and Latin, with many large and striking additions, (we may instance the series of *Hellenics*;) his Tragedies, his Dramatic Fragments, and a new five-act Play on the *Siege of Ancona*, (all which he modestly classes under the general title of *Acts and Scenes*,—describing them as *Imaginary Conversations in Metre*;) and his *Examination of Shakespeare*; his *Pentameron*; and his *Pericles and Aspasia*;—bearing, every one of them, the marks of thorough revision, and enriched, especially the *Pericles*, with innumerable new passages quite worthy of the old. Of these last-named

books it is not our present intention to speak; but we cannot pass them in even this recital, without remarking that in them, more perhaps, than in any other of his writings, (and eminently in the exquisite *Pentameron*, where Petrarch and Boccaccio converse; and in the *Shakespeare Examination*, where the great poet speaks as the author of *Hamlet* and *Othello* might have spoken;) Mr. Landor's genius has thoroughly subjected itself to those of his characters. Every word they utter in these books, issues out a sense of the beauty and wisdom with which they had affected the writer's soul; nor do we feel surer of the destiny of any existing works with future generations. What remains to be named of the Collection, are those famous Dialogues with which Mr. Landor's name is most extensively associated.

It is twenty-two years since the *Imaginary Conversations* were noticed in this Journal. They consisted then of thirty-six Dialogues, and were comprised in two volumes. In the course of the five following years, the volumes increased to five, and the Dialogues to eighty-two. In number, without naming their enlargement and increase in other respects, the latter now amount to a hundred and twenty-five, and occupy nearly a volume and a half of this general edition; which, we may remark, is beautifully, clearly, and not too minutely printed, in the form of double columns.

Certainly no other book of Conversations, with which we are acquainted, can be said in all respects to compare with them. We do not speak merely of the 'Dialogues' between *Theron* and *Aspasia*, *Hylis* and *Philonous*, and other ideal personages;—in which writers, great and small, the Berkeleys and the Harveys, have recommended their respective systems of Metaphysics or Divinity;—but of Dialogues attributed to real people, such as those by Langhorne, Lyttelton, and Hurd. Of these, Langhorne's little book, in which Charles the Second and his Wits are speakers, is perhaps the liveliest and most in character. Lyttelton is also amusing, and not uncharacteristic. Hurd, though occasionally warmed by recollections of poetry and romance, is on the whole politely cold. If we went abroad to pursue the comparison, we should say, passing Fénélon, Paschal, and Fontenelle, that perhaps the best Dialogues for character, written up to the time of Mr. Landor, since the time of their great European inventor, Plato, (for the Indians were before the

Greek in the form, as well as in much of the matter of his reasoning,) are those in the celebrated *Cortegiano* of Raffaele's friend, Castiglione; in which Bembo and others are the speakers. There is a good old English translation, with the title of the *Court-Gentleman*.

When this Journal formerly spoke of the *Imaginary Conversations*, it was pointed out how exquisite the discrimination of character was in many cases, and how strange and wilful the indifference to it in others: How imperfect the dramatic appreciation of the intellect of the speakers, and of the literary tone of the age, for example, in such Dialogues as those of *Hume* and *Home*;—how perfect in such as *Elizabeth* and *Burleigh*, *Ascham* and *Jane Grey*, *Henry* and *Anne Boleyn*, *Burnet* and *Hardcastle*; and in all those of the Men and Women of Antiquity. We might again take up and pursue this contrast. We might show how subtle and exact the art which sets before us the colloquy of *Marvel* and *Parker*, of the *Emperor of China* and his *Minister*, of *Roche-foucault* and *La Fontaine*, of *Melancthon* and *Calvin*, of *Steele* and *Addison*, of *Lucian* and *Timotheus*; and of other and grander Voices from the graves of Greece and Rome—while we condemned, for mere wilful singularity and want of keeping, the hearty, instead of dry tone of his *Washington*; the odd retinence of his *Abbé Delille*, who, being the most talkative Frenchman on record, lets the Englishman have almost all the talk to himself; the mere self-ventriloquizing of his *Franklins*, *Southey's*, *Romilly's*, *Sheridans*, *Talleyrands*, and even his *Galileos* and *Miltons*;—his well-educated language, where no such advantage could possibly have been heard of; and his high reasoning powers, where nothing of the kind existed. In one of the many additions to the old Dialogues which we observe in this Collection, there is indeed an answer attempted on the latter point. Mr. Landor intimates that no one would care for his statesmen and kingly interlocutors of the inferior class, if he were to show them as they show themselves,—encrusted with all the dirtiness they contract in public life, in the debility of ignorance, in the distortion of prejudice, or in the trickery of partisanship. He reasons that, principles and ideas being his objects, they must not only be reflected from high and low, but must also be exhibited where people can see them best, and are most in-

clined to look at them; and he implies that if this is a blemish in his book, it is one his book would be worse without.

We doubt this. We have great faith for what is exact and true in every thing, and would for the most part leave it to tell for what it simply is. And we suspect the secret of these perverse departures from obvious character, to lie no deeper than Mr. Landor's substitution of his own caprice and pleasure for all other considerations. It is very clear to us in such cases, that it is Mr. Landor himself who is too plainly visible throughout, whomsoever he makes the organ of his opinions; and with all our hearty admiration of him, we must own that in the special instances adverted to, we are obstructed and thrown back by an amount of this personal wilfulness, far from becoming such an arbiter and universalist as we otherwise gladly recognize in him. His opinions are then greatly too much at the command of his predilections;—sometimes of his momentary humors. He has capricious enmities, and unreasonable likings. You see assent and dissent occasioned by mere regard for one speaker and dislike for another. He runs into violent hyperboles both of praise and blame; is a great deal too fond, for a demonstrative critic, of sweeping preferences of this and that, to 'all' that 'ever' was written in 'any' age or country; is apt to have more images than arguments, owing to the same exuberance of fancy; sometimes allows his robust animal spirits to swell to insolence, or to degenerate into coarseness; is often too prolix in his jokes and stories; and (to get rid as fast as we can of these objections on limited points) is too much tempted, by the nicety and exactness of his scholarship, to substitute verbal criticism for spiritual; and to tire his readers with accumulated objections to people whom the world have long ceased to make gods of.

But, these drawbacks stated, how little in reality they affect the great bulk of these Conversations. What a weighty book they make! How rich in scholarship; how correct, concise, and pure in style; how full of imagination, wit, and humor; how well informed, how bold in speculation, how various in interest, how universal in sympathy! In these hundred and twenty-five Dialogues, making allowance for every shortcoming or excess, the most familiar and the most august shapes of the Past are reanimated with vigor, grace, and beauty. Its long dead ashes rekindle suddenly their

wonted fires, and again shoot up into warmth and brightness. 'Large utterances,' musical and varied voices, 'thoughts that breathe' for the world's advancement, 'words that burn' against the world's oppression, sound on throughout these lofty and earnest pages. We are in the high and goodly company of Wits and Men of Letters; of Churchmen, Lawyers, and Statesmen; of Party men, Soldiers, and Kings; of the most tender, delicate, and noble Women; and of Figures that seem this instant to have left for us the Agora or the Schools of Athens,—the Forum or the Senate of Rome. At one moment we have politicians discussing the deepest questions of state; at another, philosophers still more largely philosophizing;—poets talking of poetry, men of the world of worldly matters, Italian and French of their respective Literatures and Manners. Whether such a book obtains its meed now or hereafter, will be the least part of the writer's concern: whether it is to be read in the present age or the next, may occupy his thought no more than whether in the morning or the afternoon of the present day. When the young gentleman who fancied his acquaintance and patronage would be a comfort to Doctor Johnson, grieved very much to think that the introduction must lie over for a little while, the Doctor remarked, in his heavy solid way, 'Why, sir, I can wait!' So can Mr. Landor.

'Are you certain that in their inferences they are all quite sound?'—is one of the new questions, in one of the old Dialogues. 'Indeed,' is Mr. Landor's candid and sufficient answer, 'I do not know perfectly that they are; but they will give such exercise in discussing them, as always tends to make other men's healthier.' Nothing can more truly indicate what is probably, after all, their greatest charm. Mr. Landor's genius has a wonderfully suggestive quality. Even where he most offends against taste or judgment, he rarely fails to stimulate thought and reflection. Paradoxes, in him simply wilful and preposterous, will often be found to contain very profound truths for us. We may assent or we may oppose, but we must *think* when in company with him; and we shall always find ourselves the wealthier for what thought germinates within us. How much the more when, in his higher and nobler compositions, we see Suggestion drop its richest fruit in perfected and consummate Truths; and when every thought and feeling are

such, as he who writes must have been the better for having entertained and uttered, and we who read are certainly the better and the happier for being permitted to partake. There are differences in the Dialogues as striking as between the summer air on a mountain top and the crowded atmosphere of a busy city. But the reader will make his choice according to his temper; for in both, as *Jacques* hath it, there is 'much matter to be heard and learn'd.'

Nor need he fear that his temper will be ruffled, here, by the eccentric spelling which prevailed in former editions of the *Imaginary Conversations*. In the book before us, to reverse a reproach we have heard levelled against his orthographic infidelities, Mr. Landor spells like a Christian. It would be difficult to guess why, unless some friend has been at the pains to assure him that a popular appreciation of his writings had been somewhat intercepted, by a prevalent notion that he had not been taught spelling. A conversion it certainly is not. It is a mere tribute to fashion, a kind of sacrifice to ignorance; for we observe evidence in the additions to the old dialogue of *Johnson and Horne Tooke*, of even the strengthening and deepening of his orthographic heresy; and, beside these multitudinous additions, there is an entirely new Dialogue on the same subject, between the same speakers. We will quote the concluding sentences of it. It seems to us, that, under Johnson's self-defence against his critic, the writer conceals a personal reference sufficiently free from intemperance or vanity, to be read with pleasure. There is that in it which would go far to reconcile many otherwise jarring opinions in these volumes, and justify the half-aristocratic, half-republican cast of Mr. Landor's creed. He is, after all, 'more an antique Roman than a Dane;' and his democracy is rather classical than of northern growth.

Horne Tooke warns the Doctor against his prejudices, and receives this answer—

'Prejudices I may have; for what man is without them? but mine, sir, are not such as tend to the relaxation of morals, the throwing down of distinctions, the withholding of tribute to whom tribute is due, honor to whom honor. You and your tribe are no more favorable to liberty than I am. The chief difference is, and the difference is wide indeed, that I would give the larger part of it to the most worthy, you to the most unworthy. I would exact a becoming deference from inferiors to superiors; and I would not remove my neighbor's landmark, swearing in open court that there never

was any but an imaginary line between the two parties. Depend upon it, if the time should come when you gentlemen of the hustings have persuaded the populace that they may hoot down and trample on men of integrity and information, you yourself will lead an uncomfortable life, and they a restless and profitless one. No man is happier than he who, being in a humble station, is treated with affability and kindness by one in a higher. Do you believe that any opposition, any success, against this higher, can afford the same pleasure? If you do, little have you lived among the people whose cause you patronize, little know you of their character and nature. We are happy by the interchange of kind offices, and even by the expression of good-will. Heat and animosity, contest and conflict, may sharpen the wits, although they rarely do; they never strengthen the understanding, clear the perspicacity, guide the judgment, or improve the heart.'

It would be too curious a labor to indicate all the additions and interpolations to the old Dialogues that have been made in this collection. In amount, we imagine, they would form little less than a sixth or seventh of the original; yet so skilfully are they interwoven, that to track and follow them is difficult. We find them in no case, for instance, interfere with that remarkable tact in the conduct of the Dialogues by which a singular variety of topics is always sustained in each, without undue or violent transition; or any thing more of abruptness than should characterize the freedom and strength of conversation, and convey that mingled tone of study and society, which David Hume lays down to be the master-art of this style of composition. But though we cannot describe the whole of Mr. Landor's labors in this respect, we will endeavor, before we pass to those which are here printed for the first time, to indicate some few of the principal additions to the more prominent of the old Conversations.

We observe not a few in the exquisite Dialogue intitled *Brooke and Sidney*. The stately, romantic, metaphoric tone of their friendship, as we find it in Sir Fulke Greville's (Lord Brooke) *Life of Sir Philip*, seems to us happily caught in what follows:

'*Brooke*. I come again unto the woods and unto the wilds of Penshurst, whither my heart and the friend of my heart have long invited me.

'*Sidney*. Welcome, welcome! How delightful it is to see a friend after a length of absence! How delightful to chide him for that length of absence, to which we owe such delight.

'*Brooke.* I know not whether our names will be immortal; I am sure our friendship will. For names sound only upon the surface of the earth, while friendships are the purer, and the more ardent, the nearer they come to the presence of God, the sun not only of righteousness but of love. Ours never has been chipt or dimmed even here, and never shall be.'

'*Sidney.* Let me take up your metaphor. Friendship is a vase which, when it is flawed by heat or violence or accident, may as well be broken at once; it can never be trusted after. The more graceful and ornamental it was, the more clearly do we discern the hopelessness of restoring it to its former state. Coarse stones, if they are fractured, may be cemented again; precious ones, never.'

There is another fine interpolation on Chivalry, and on those subtle compensations for supposed failure in this world, which fall to the lot of pure and high imaginations. It is better to suffer, reasons Philip with Brooke, than to lose the power of suffering. The life has not been idly spent, which has been mainly spent in conciliating the generous affections; and he who can bring before his death-bed even the empty image he has long, though in vain, adored, has not wholly lived in vain. The friends indulging throughout these tender, solemn, and romantic themes, Sidney fitly closes the conversation (as if he had come to it from the reading of Ariosto) with a comparison of the sound of a distant sea,—breaking heavily on the pauses of conversation, in the stillness of midnight, to what he could imagine the sound of a giant might be, who, coming back from travel to some smooth, still, and solitary place, with all his armor and all his spoils about him, casts himself down to rest.

In the Dialogue headed *Porson and Southey* there are novelties we less admire, but also some that strongly, and some that pleasantly, appeal to us. When the poet of Keswick tells us with what a delightful 'summer murmur of fostering modulation' his friend of Rydal Mount is apt to read his own verses aloud, we can fancy few things more happily said. When he describes himself far from confident that any of us ever speak quite correctly of those who differ from us essentially in taste, in opinion, or even in style, it seems to us well worth consideration if that be not so. Where we may even cordially wish to do it, true it is, that we are apt to lay restraint on ourselves, and to dissemble a part of our convictions. There is also a sound objection by Porson, to what we think a fal-

lacy as to the object of criticism,—that 'the aim of an author being such or such' the only question is whether he has attained it.' The real matter of consideration should surely be,—not whether a foolish man has succeeded in a foolish undertaking,—but whether his production is worth any thing, and why it is, or why it is not. We like also the rough, quaint, Professorial touch, in the comparison of Crabbe and Young, where it is said that in some parts of his writings our modern Hogarth 'wrote with a two-penny nail, and scratched rough truths and rogue's facts on mud walls.' And all readers will admire, whether in all respects assentingly or not, the picturesque distinction which the talkers strike out between Bacon and Shakspeare.

'*Porson.* At Cambridge we rather discourse on Bacon, for we know him better. He was immeasurably a less wise man than Shakspeare, and not a wiser writer: for he knew his fellow-man only as he saw him in the street and in the court, which indeed is but a dirtier street and a narrower: Shakspeare, who also knew him there, knew him every where else, both as he was and as he might be.

'*Southey.* There is as great a difference between Shakspeare and Bacon, as between an American forest and a London timber-yard. In the timber-yard the materials are sawed, and squared, and set across: in the forest we have the natural form of the tree, all its growth, all its branches, all its leaves, all the mosses that grow about it, all the birds and insects that inhabit it; now deep shadows absorbing the whole wilderness; now bright bursting glades, with exuberant grass and flowers and fruitage; now untroubled skies; now terrific thunderstorms; every where multiformity, every where immensity.'

There is nothing Mr. Landor so freely indulges (we say it to his honor) as this impassioned admiration of the greatest of poets. It breaks from him in this revision of his writings, on all possible occasions. All that he had said of old he says afresh, enlarges it, adds to it, multiplies it fifty-fold. 'Glory to thee in the highest, thou confidant of our Creator!' is one of his daring but not irreverent exclamations. And this glory he seeks to render, with all his prose and with all his verse,—breaking into verse when prose fails him.

'*Delille.* And yet how enthusiastic is your admiration of Shakspeare!

'*Landor.* He lighted with his golden lamp on high

The unknown regions of the human heart,

Show'd its bright fountains, show'd its rueful
wastes,
Its shoals and headlands; and a tower he
raised
Resurgent, where eternal breakers roll,
For all to see, but no man to approach.'

It is curious that, in the only detraction we see made from Shakspeare in these added passages, we detect Mr. Landor's only critical fallacy in reference to him. Speaking of his Clowns, he remarks that they should appear in their proper places; for that a picture by Morland or Frank Hals ought never to break a series of Frescoes by the hand of Raffaele, or of senatorial portraits animated by the sun of Titian. But it is not the same thing Shakspeare's rudest Clowns have a fitness in them that does not break the line of order, of grace, or of pity, in relation to which they may happen to stand. Tragedy and Beauty are theirs, when there is need of either; and, lurking underneath their jests, lie the utmost depths of feeling and reflection.

In that conversation of *Delille and Landor* the insertions are extremely numerous. Among the most striking are the comparison of Gibbon and Voltaire, some defensive allusions to Johnson's critical faculty, the account of the writer's own early studies, and a remark on the sources of satirical inspiration. Mr. Landor seems to think that no good writer was ever long neglected; no great man overlooked by men equally great. Certainly impatience is some proof of inferior strength, and in some cases perhaps a destroyer of what little there may be; but the doctrine may be carried too far. And let us say that we do not go the whole of Mr. Landor's lengths against the versification of Boileau. In the observation that the greater part of the heroic verses in the French language may be read with more facility as anapæstic than as iambic, we may agree without arriving at the adverse inference. The cause, in fact, proceeds from the variety of accent, and a far greater freedom of it than in English verse. In what is charged as a fault, resides what we think the tact and delicacy of this versification. The ground is iambic; and the very changes made upon it are (so to speak) *iambicized* by means of rests and pauses.

Finding ourselves on this subject, we may remark, that in one of the Dialogues now first printed, we observe some heresies on the harmony and construction of English verse; which we can only attribute to the

inveterate force of Mr Landor's classical associations, and habit of referring in all cases to ancient forms. For example, he divides Milton's famous line,

'With them from bliss to the bottomless deep,'

into dactyls; making the pauses at 'from' and 'bottomless.' This is altogether wrong. The pause is at 'bliss,' and then comes an anapæst, which hurries us finely to the close. How could Mr. Landor suppose that Milton would suddenly begin dancing to hell in this manner, in dactyls?

'With thēm frōm | bliss tō thē | bōttōmlēss dēep!

In the same mistaken way, he asks by what ingenuity we can erect into a verse another of Milton's lines—

'In the bosom of bliss, and light of light?'

We answer,—by a pause at 'bliss,' with a corresponding hurry on the words 'in the,' to warrant it, and heighten the luxury of the repose,—

'In thē bōsom of bliss ——— and light of light.'

These are among the niceties of the art musical, which Mr. Landor is often curiously indifferent to. He even quotes a famous chorus from *Samson Agonistes*, in proof that Milton must have 'intended' it to be inharmonious. Oh, no! The great poet had no such intention. In that kind of half-prose and half-verse, lay the *earnestness* which was meant, there, to constitute the soul of the music. Mr. Landor proceeds to allude, with infinite scorn, to those writers of English verse who think it necessary, as he says, to 'shovel in the dust of a discord' now and then. But shoveling in the dust of a discord, is not a good metaphor; nor is good musical reasoning implied in it,—as musicians would tell Mr. Landor. The use of the discord is a principle in music, and an exquisite increase of the harmony. There is not a more honied drop in music than what is technically called the 'resolution of the discord;' that is to say, the note that follows it, and which it is intended to prepare. We are reminded of the pleasing lines of Mr. Leigh Hunt, which happen to be much to the purpose:

Sorrow, to him that has a true-touch'd ear,
Is but the discord of a warbling sphere;
A lurking contrast, which, though harsh it be,
Distils the next note more deliciously.'

Now, since Mr. Landor, through the coarse mouth of his friend Porson, accuses the Scotch in particular, in one of these in-

terpolated passages of the conversation with Southey, of a 'scabby and frostbitten ear for harmony,' we think that we may fairly leave the reader to judge whether we might not pay back the compliment. He instances in the same Dialogue, for seesaw sameness, the celebrated lines in *Douglas*, 'This is the place—the centre of the grove,' &c. We do not care greatly for these verses, though we should somewhat reluctantly surrender a certain schoolboy fondness for them; but we may remind Mr. Landor of cases where this sameness may be even not a little desirable and impressive—as where the intention is to enforce the idea of calmness or firmness. At any rate, we have shown that he does not prove himself in possession of the right to advance that national reproach. To adopt an illustration of his own: there are some who, in a few years, can learn all the harmony of Allan Ramsay or Burns; but there are others who must go into another state of existence for this felicity. We leave the subject with one example more. He tells us that no authority will reconcile him to roll-calls of proper names; and then he quotes in proof a line from Milton, which surely, even for the repetition of the accents, is most lovely:

'Launcelot or Pëllas or Pëllenôre.'

We do not, however, on this or any other subject, remain long out of temper with Mr. Landor. A noble thought, a generous fancy, sets all to rights again. We observe a beautiful insertion in one of the finest of all the Conversations, (that of *Cicero* with his brother *Quinctus* the night before his death,) upon the nature of worldly Enmities. They are excited, it is said, by an indistinct view; they would always be allayed by conference. 'Look at any long avenue of trees by which the traveller on our principal highways is protected from the sun. Those at the beginning are wide apart; but those at the end almost meet. Thus happens it frequently in opinions.' And thus happens it with the writer himself;—that he has come nearer and nearer, the course of life, to men from whom at its outset he was far asunder;—having had strength enough to quell, or good sense to temper and assuage, not a few of his earlier animosities. In these classical Dialogues we see many instances. In the additions to *Eubulides* and *Demosthenes*, to *Anacreon* and *Polycrates*, and, above all, to the divine *Epicurus*, *Leontius*, and *Ter-*

nissa;—the last perhaps the masterpiece of all. It is the duty of the cheerful philosopher (and it is delightfully discharged) to show how polemics serve men ill, and the gods no better; how they mar what is solid in earthly bliss, by animosities and dissensions; and intercept the span of azure to which the weary and the sorrowful would look up. Exceptions, nevertheless, there are. Matters are retained in many of the Dialogues we could wish to have been dispensed with; arguments enlarged that would have borne compression; and declamations reiterated which force from us the unavoidable *Cui Bono*? 'There are nations, it is reported, which aim their arrows and javelins at the sun and moon, on occasions of eclipse or any other offence; but I never have heard that the sun and moon abated their course through the heavens for it, or looked more angry when they issued forth again to shed light on their antagonists. They went onward all the while in their own serenity and clearness, through unobstructed paths, without diminution and without delay. It was only the little world below that was in darkness.' Some enthusiasts might even apply this image to Mr. Landor's continued assaults on Plato. In this direction, certainly, he abates none of his old animosities. There is no conversation more enlarged than that of *Diogenes* and *Plato*; and never flew from Tub to Porch so many, such glittering, and such deadly missiles, in rapid and incessant fire. The Cynic protests himself no weaver of fine words; no dealer in the plumes of phraseology; and is all the while covering his stately victim with copious imaginative garlands, at once beauteous and most deadly. Never did ragged beard so carry it against pumiced face and perfumed hair. Mr. Landor swells out the Sinopëan, till the Athenian shrinks into nothing. The ample, puffed, versi-colored, cloudlike vestuary of Plato, dwindles to a rag;—the short, strait, threadbare, chinky cloak of Diogenes, becomes a dominant and imperial vesture.

Mr. Landor, in short, likes a practical, better than a poetical philosophy. He wants positive, useful, available results. The difference between such reasoners as Plato and Bacon, to him, is the difference between a pliant luxuriant twig, waving backward and forward on the summit of a tree, and a sound, stiff, well-seasoned walking-stick, with a ferule that sticks as far as is needful into the ground, and makes eve-

ry step secure. He thinks that philosophy should not say things to make people stare and wonder; but things to withhold them hereafter from staring and wondering;—that she should pave the streets, and not the clouds. In a word, he puts aside all the commentary which our German friends have for the last quarter of a century been making upon the Greek; and declares that he recognizes no higher aim in a philosopher than to make remote things tangible; common things extensively useful; useful things extensively common; and to leave the least necessary for the last. But he is little likely to force unanimity on this point; and, as long as disagreement exists, there will be submission to the genius of Plato; and a veneration which will not subside at even Mr. Landor's eloquent voice.

'Grandiloquent and sonorous, his (Plato's) lungs seem to play the better for the absence of the heart. His imagination is the most conspicuous, buoyed up by swelling billows over unsounded depths. There are his mild thunders, there are his glowing clouds, his traversing coruscations, and his shooting stars. More of true wisdom, more of trustworthy manliness, more of promptitude and power to keep you steady and straightforward on the perilous road of life, may be found in the little manual of Epictetus, which I could write in the palm of my left hand, than there is in all the rolling and redundant volumes of this mighty Rhetorician, which you may begin to transcribe on the summit of the great Pyramid, carry down over the Sphynx at the bottom, and continue on the sands half-way to Memphis.'

We can afford but a few lines more to this revision of the *Old Conversations*. The notices of Italian life and manners in *Leopold and President du Paty*, receive large additions. This is one of those Dialogues which have contributed much to our knowledge of the beautiful country in which Mr. Landor resided many years. He is as intimate with it as a native, and loves it well; but not a fault of its government or religion escapes him; and, as Cosmopolite as he is, he is most emphatically, on these subjects, an Englishman also. He never subserved an over-fear or an over-admiration of Napoleon. He will not suffer French bullyings in Tahiti or in Algeria to pass uncondemned or underided. And whatever praise or blame he gives in this direction, is ratified with the downright echo of a doubled-up English fist. He has, withal, a salutary hatred of war: he would be strong, but only to keep down that foul abuse and

wicked absurdity, which cry havoc against the weakness of nations. It is a shrewd remark we find thrown out in one of these passages, that the French have always undervalued the English, since the English conquered and rendered them tributary; and that the Englishman has always looked up to the Frenchman, since he threw the Frenchman down and tied his wrists behind him. We are glad to observe, at the same time, that, in moderation, Mr. Landor can 'look up' too; and that not a few old anti-Gallican caprices are visible in his Dialogues no longer. It is true that, when we are displeased with any thing, we are unable to confine the displeasure to one spot; and are apt to dislike every thing a little when we dislike any thing much; but, even in relation to French Tragedy, Mr. Landor so far conquers his displeasure as to make some agreeable admissions. He has found in it, he says, (speaking in his own person,) some of the finest didactic poetry in the world; 'peculiarly adapted both to direct the reason and to control the passions;' and he compares their Drama to a well-lighted saloon of graceful eloquence, 'where the sword-knot is appended by the hand of Beauty, and where the snuff-box is composed of such brilliants as, after a peace or treaty, Kings bestow on Diplomats.' There is also, in the dialogue of *Rousseau and Malesherbes*—among additions worthy of the exquisite original—a fine piece of just and proud eloquence put into the mouth of the Genevan; to the effect that, while others cling to a city, to a faction, to a family, the French, in all their fortunes, cling to France. The remarks on Montesquieu, in the same insertion, are inimitable. In connexion with it, we may name, too, several happy touches in the charming Conversation of *Bossuet and the Duchess of Fontanges*; and when we have added, of the remaining Dialogues, that the most striking and large insertions will be found in those of *Barrow and Newton*, *Landor and Visitors*, *James the First and Isaac Casaubon*, and of *Peterborough and Penn*, (in the last most especially,) we may—first quoting from these passages a few disconnected thoughts we find it difficult to pass—proceed to mention briefly the *New Conversations*.

'Your former conversation has made me think repeatedly what a number of beautiful words there are of which we never think of estimating the value, as there are of blessings. How carelessly, for example, do we (not we,

but people) say, "I am delighted to hear from you." No other language has this beautiful expression, which, like some of the most lovely flowers, loses its charms for want of close inspection. When I consider the deep sense of these very simple and very common words, I seem to hear a voice coming from afar through the air, breathed forth, and entrusted to the care of the elements, for the nature of my sympathy.'

—
'The Arts cannot long exist without the advent of Freedom. From every new excavation whence a statue rises, there rises simultaneously a bright vision of the age that produced it; a strong desire to bring it back again; a throbbing love, an inflaming regret, a resolute despair, beautiful as Hope herself; and Hope comes too behind.'

—
'How refreshing, how delicious, is a draft of pure home-drawn English, from a spring a little sheltered and shaded, but not entangled in the path to it, by antiquity!'

—
'It is no uncommon thing to hear, "*He has humor, rather than wit.*" Here the expression can only mean *pleasantry*: for whoever has humor has wit; although it does not follow that whoever has wit has humor. Humor is wit appertaining to character, and indulges in breadth of drollery, rather than in play and brilliancy of point. Wit vibrates and spirits; humor springs up exuberantly as from a fountain, and runs on. In Congreve you wonder what he will say next: in Addison you repose on what is said, listening with assured expectation of something congenial and pertinent. The French have little humor, because they have little character: they excel all nations in wit because of their levity and sharpness. The personages on their theatre are generic.'

—
'We not only owe our birth to women, but also the better part of our education; and if we were not divided after their first lesson, we should continue to live in a widening circle of brothers and sisters all our lives. After our infancy and removal from home, the use of the rod is the principal thing we learn of our alien preceptors; and, catching their dictatorial language, we soon begin to exercise their instrument of enforcing it, and swing it right and left, even after we are paralyzed by age, and until Death's hand strikes it out of ours.'

—
'Shame upon historians and pedagogues for exciting the worst passions of youth by the display of false glories! If your religion hath any truth or influence, her professors will extinguish the promontory lights, which only allure to breakers. They will be assiduous in teaching the young and ardent that

great abilities do not constitute great men, without the right and unremitting application of them; and that, in the sight of Humanity and Wisdom, it is better to erect one cottage than to demolish a hundred cities. Down to the present day we have been taught little else than falsehood. We have been told to do this thing and that; we have been told we shall be punished unless we do; but at the same time we are shown by the finger that prosperity and glory, and the esteem of all about us, rest upon other and very different foundations. Now, do the ears or the eyes seduce the most easily, and lead the most directly to the heart? But both eyes and ears are won over, and alike are persuaded to corrupt us.'

The Conversations which have not before been *collected*, are in number forty-four; but of these, twenty have been *printed*, chiefly in periodical publications. The remaining twenty-four are now given to the world for the first time. We can only briefly speak of them, as we have said; but they show, in undiminished force and vivacity, every characteristic of Mr. Landor's genius. Any writer might have built, upon these compositions alone, an enduring reputation. The same beauties and the same faults recur; but the latter in diminished intensity. They have matter as various, and character as opposite and enlivening;—as much to occupy the intellect of the thoughtful, and as much to satisfy the imagination of the lively. They form an after-course, in short, worthy of the original banquet;—spread with the same solid viands, the same delicate rarities, and sparkling wines; the like vases of burnished gold on the board, the like statues of antique marble gracing the chamber;—but the very richness of the vases showing dark to imperfect vision, and the pure Greek on the plinths of the marble not easy to common appreciation.

Four of these new Dialogues seem to us to stand out pre-eminently from the rest. These are *Lucian and Timotheus*, *Marvel and Parker*, *Emperor of China and his Minister*, and *Melancthon and Calvin*. In these the dramatic tone is as perfect as every other quality in the composition; and we may doubt if, in any other equal portion of Mr. Landor's writings, there will be found so much beauty and fitness, so much point and gusto, so much condensation and strength. We have heard his friend Southey characterize his style, as uniting the poignancy of Champagne to the body of old English October; and nowhere, assur-

edly, but in Bacon or Jeremy Taylor, do we find Prose-Poetry to compare with his,—in weight and brilliancy, or in wonderful suggestiveness. What Lucian says of Aristotle in the latter respect, we may apply to him. Whenever he presents to his readers one full-blown thought, there are several buds about it which are to open in the cool of the study. He makes us learn even more than he teaches. Without hesitation we say of these four Dialogues, and eminently of that between *Marvel and Parker*, that they contain a subtle discrimination of character, and passages of feeling and philosophy, pathetic, lofty, and profound, which we should not know where to equal in any living writer, and in very few of those who are immortal.

The idea of the *Emperor of China and his Minister* is not taken from either Montesquieu or Goldsmith. The aim is different; and would have delighted the author of *Candide*. The Emperor has heard and seen so much evil of the Jesuits, who had penetrated into his dominions, that he conceived an idea of Christians as the most quarrelsome and irreconcilable of all men; and, resolving to introduce a few of their first-rate zealots to sow divisions and animosities among the Tartars, dispatches his minister to Europe for that purpose. But the voyage being tedious, Tsing-Ti, uninfluenced by the prejudices of his master, is able in the course of it to make himself thoroughly master of the Bible; and when he lands in London, resolves, by way of being in the fashion, to shape his conduct entirely, by its precepts. He fears, indeed, that he cannot go the whole length of the commandment to cut off his right hand if it offend him; but he will try to do his best. With what success the reader may here perceive, in a passage written in the best style of Voltaire.

‘I myself did not aim precipitately at this perfection, but in order to be well received in the country, I greatly wished the favor of a blow on the right cheek. Unfortunately I got several on the left before I succeeded. At last I was so happy as to make the acquisition of a most hearty cuff under the socket of the right eye, giving me all those vague colors which we Chinese reduce into regular features, or into strange postures of the body, by means of glasses. As soon as I knew positively whether my head was remaining on my neck or not, I turned my left cheek for the testimony of my faith. The assailant cursed me and kicked me; the bystanders instead of calling me Christian, called me Turk and Malay;

and, instead of humble and modest, the most impudent dog and devil they had ever set eyes upon. I fell on my knees and praised God, since at last I had been admitted into so pure and pious a country, that even this action was deemed arrogant and immodest.’

In short, poor Tsing-Ti finds Christianity to be every where known and confessed as so excellent, undeniable, and divine a thing, that no man needs to practise it at all. Indeed a man is not permitted at once to be a Christian, and to call himself so. ‘He may take what division he likes; he may practise the ordinances of Christ without assuming the name, or he may assume the name on condition that he abstain from the ordinances.’ A series of remarkable experiences, as wisely as amusingly detailed, settles this conclusion in the Minister’s mind, and he returns to his imperial Master to lay both at his feet. But his Master cannot credit what he is told. He is especially incredulous as to what Tsing-Ti tells him of the Ministers of Christianity. He is sadly afraid that *he has purposely set his face against the Priests, for no better reason than because he could not find his favorite Christianity among them.* The Minister, nevertheless, sticks to his point; and continues to astound his Majesty by new revelations from his budget.

‘TSING-TI. A priest of the first order, on which it is not incumbent either to preach or sing, either to pray or curse, receives an emolument of which the amount is greater than the consolidated payment of a thousand soldiers, composing the king’s body-guard.—EMPEROR. Did they tell thee this? TSING-TI. They did.—And dost thou believe it?—TSING-TI. I do.—EMPEROR. Then, Tsing-Ti, thou hast belief enough for both of us.’

The end of it is, that the Emperor and the Minister are fain to compound their differences, by falling back upon a hearty agreement of admiration for their own native teacher, Confucius. Beautifully says the Emperor, and wisely as beautifully:

‘My children will disdain to persecute even the persecutor, but will blow away both his fury and his fraudulence. The philosopher whom my house respects and venerates, Kong-Fu-Tsi, is never misunderstood by the attentive student of his doctrines; there is no contradiction in them; no exaction of impossibilities, nothing above our nature, nothing below it. The most vehement of his exhortations is to industry and concord; the severest of his denunciations is against the self-tormentor, vice. He entreats us to give justice and kindness a fair trial, as conductresses to happiness, and only to abandon them when

they play us false. He assures us that every hour of our existence is favorable to the sowing or the gathering of some fruit; and that sleep and repose are salutary repasts, to be enjoyed at stated times, and not to be long indulged nor frequently repeated. He is too honorable to hold out bribes, too gentle to hold out threats; he says only, 'satisfy your conscience; and you will satisfy your God.' But antecedently to the satisfaction of this conscience, he takes care to look into it minutely, to see that it hangs commodiously and lightly on the breast, that all its parts be sound, and all its contents in order, that it be not contracted, nor covered with cobwebs, nor crawled over with centipedes and tarantulas.'

The Dialogue of *Melancthon and Calvin* follows, as a set-off to that of the *Emperor and his Minister*. No disputable sacred doctrine but is interpreted by Melancthon in favor of the culprit. 'Such is man; the benevolent judge is God.' No fierce invocation by Calvin that is not turned to charity and peace. Thus may that weapon, so tremendous when, in the hands of the Frenchman, wielded by man against man—the 'arm of the gospel'—be endowed in those of the milder German, like the fabled spear of old mythology, with the faculty of healing the saddest wound its most violent wielder can inflict. Such is the lesson taught in this beautiful dialogue.

'We fancy,' says Melancthon—'that all our inflictions are sent us directly and immediately from above: sometimes we think it in piety and contrition, but oftener in moroseness and discontent. It would, however, be well if we attempted to trace the causes of them. We should probably find their origin in some region of the heart which we never had well explored, or in which we had secretly deposited our worst indulgences. The clouds that intercept the heavens from us, come not from the heavens, but from the earth.'

The Conversation closes thus. In the idea of the profound *Noralis*, that the true *Shekinah* is man, lay the thought that had possessed Melancthon.

'MELANCTHON. Calvin! I beseech you, do you who guide and govern so many, do you (whatever others may) spare your brethren. Doubtful as I am of lighter texts, blown backward and forward at the opening of opposite windows, I am convinced and certain of one grand immovable verity. It sounds strange; it sounds contradictory.—CALVIN. I am curious to hear it.—MELANCTHON. You shall. This is the tenet. There is nothing on earth divine beside humanity.'

In a section of *Lucian and Timotheus* the same subject is pursued. Timotheus,

one of the leaders of the early Christians, goes and proposes to his cousin Lucian, that they should lay their heads together and compose 'a merry dialogue on the Priests of Isis.' But the Priests of Isis had been with Lucian just before, to propose a merry dialogue on the new sect of Christians. And between the two claimants for his scourge, stands the great Greek satirist and philosopher; witty, sarcastic, eloquent, and most impartially observant. Though less than a century had passed since the death of the Divine Founder of Christianity, the thorny and bitter aloë of dissension was at this time in full flower, on the steps of the Christian temples;—and Lucian has no mercy for those who have tended and cherished it. He is not, at the same time, without grave errors of his own, in the direction of doubt and infidelity;—so much was needful to the portrait;—but in his reverent admiration for the character of Christ, and in his warnings and denunciations of the evil that will result from every practical denial of his doctrines, there is matter of thought and agreement for all Christian minds. It is to no purpose his cousin accuses him of turning into ridicule the true and holy. In other words, he answers, to turn myself into a fool. 'He who brings ridicule to bear against truth, finds in his hand a blade without a hilt. The most sparkling and pointed flame of wit flickers and expires against the incombustible walls of her sanctuary.' It is in vain Timotheus fortifies himself with Plato: Lucian, without more ado, undertakes to demolish Plato. And, with whatever success we may think this attempted, the peculiarity and boldness of our daring Swift, of *Samosata*, is certainly inimitably caught. There is nothing too high or too low for his humor and eloquence. Into the thrice-armed breasts of priests and philosophers, of conquerors, statesmen, and grammarians, he shoots his poisoned arrows. We might object to a want of occasional verisimilitude in the style;—but if, beside all fair allowance of lightness and buffoonery, we have sentences majestically sedate as those of Plato himself; a gloomy concentration and grandeur that Tacitus could hardly have excelled; and even evidence, here and there, as though the low-born lover of Aristophanes had been loitering half his life in the *Pæcile* with the Tragedians;—it is, perhaps, hardly considerate to make this an objection! Here are a few brief extracts, by which the reader may judge for himself.

'TIMOTHEUS. Cousin Lucian! cousin Lucian! the name of Plato will be durable as that of Sesostrius.—LUCIAN. So will the pebbles and bricks which gangs of slaves erected into a pyramid. I do not hold Sesostrius in much higher estimation than those quieter lumps of matter. They, O Timotheus! who survive the wreck of ages, are by no means, as a body, the worthiest of our admiration. It is in these wrecks, as in those at sea, the best things are not always saved. Hencoops and empty barrels bob upon the surface, under a serene and smiling sky, when the graven or depicted images of the Gods are scattered on invisible rocks, and when those who most resemble them in knowledge and beneficence are devoured by cold monsters below.'

'An honest man may fairly scoff at all philosophies and religions which are proud, ambitious, intemperate, and contradictory. It is the business of the philosophical to seek truth: it is the office of the religious to worship her. The falsehood that the tongue commits is slight in comparison with what is conceived by the heart, and executed by the whole man, throughout life. If, professing love and charity to the human race at large, I quarrel day after day with my next neighbor; if, professing that the rich can never see God, I spend in the luxuries of my household a talent monthly; if, professing to place so much confidence in his word, that, in regard to worldly weal, I need take no care for to-morrow, I accumulate stores even beyond what would be necessary, though I quite distrusted both his providence and his veracity; if, professing that "he who giveth to the poor lendeth to the Lord," I question the Lord's security, and haggle with him about the amount of the loan; if, professing that I am their steward, I keep ninety-nine parts in the hundred as the emolument of my stewardship;—how, when God hates liars and punishes defrauders, shall I, and other such thieves and hypocrites, fare hereafter?'

'Scarcely ever has there been a politician, in any free state, without much falsehood and duplicity. I have named the most illustrious exceptions. Slender and irregular lines of a darker color run along the bright blade that decides the fate of nations, and may indeed be necessary to the perfection of its temper. The great warrior has usually his darker lines of character, necessary (it may be) to constitute his greatness. No two men possess the same quantity of the same virtues, if they have many or much. We want some which do not far outstep us, and which we may follow with the hope of reaching; we want others to elevate, and others to defend us. The order of things would be less beautiful without this variety. Without the ebb and flow of our passions, but

guided and moderated by a beneficent light above, the ocean of life would stagnate; and zeal, devotion, eloquence, would become dead carcasses, collapsing and wasting on unprofitable sands. The vices of some men cause the virtues of others, as corruption is the parent of fertility.'

'On words, on quibbles, if you please to call distinctions so, rest the axis of the intellectual world. A winged word hath struck ineradicably in a million hearts, and envenomed every hour throughout their hard pulsation. On a winged word hath hung the destiny of nations. On a winged word hath human wisdom been willing to cast the immortal soul, and to leave it dependent for all its future happiness. It is because a word is unsusceptible of explanation, or because they who employed it were impatient of any, that enormous evils have prevailed, not only against our common sense, but against our common humanity.'

'A great poet in the hours of his idleness may indulge in allegory; but the highest poetical character will never rest on so unsubstantial a foundation. The poet must take man from God's hands, must look into every fibre of his heart and brain, must be able to take the magnificent work to pieces, and to reconstruct it. When this labor is completed, let him throw himself composedly on the earth, and care little how many of its ephemeral insects creep over him.'

'While I admired, with a species of awe such as not Homer himself ever impressed me with, the majesty and sanctimony of Livy, I have been informed by learned Romans that in the structure of his sentences he is often inharmonious, and sometimes uncouth. I can imagine such uncouthness in the Goddess of battles, confident of power and victory, when part of her hair is waving round the helmet, loosened by the rapidity of her descent, or the vibration of her spear.'

We must take the same course with *Marvel and Parker*. The reader will have to judge of the house, by a brick or two taken from its walls. The character and position of the speakers,—the Wit and the Church dignitary,—are the same as in the Greek dialogue; but the objects of discussion have changed with the lapse of ages. The talk is here of Milton, and of the danger and darkness that encompass him; of the great Deeds and Thoughts that have just been replaced in England by trickery and falsehood; of the transitory

glories of worldly power, and of the eternal claims of Genius. They who know any thing of the writings of Marvel, the delightful wit and incorruptible patriot, will know what he has himself said of an accidental meeting with Parker, at the house of Milton, in Burnhill Row; and how they afterwards walked and wandered up and down Moor-Fields, 'astrologizing upon the duration of his Majesty's 'Government.' They will remember, too, that Marvel accuses the Bishop of 'frequenting John Milton's incessantly; of inhumanely and inhospitably insulting over his old age; and of being no better than a Judas, that crept into all companies, to jeer, trepan, and betray them. Upon this foundation the Dialogue is built; and we think it Mr. Landon's masterpiece. It has, in greatest abundance, the greatest qualities of his writing; and is more consistently sustained, at a higher level, and with fewer drawbacks, than perhaps any other of all these *Imaginary Conversations*. What extracts we are able to give, may not perfectly show this; but we do not doubt that they will make the reader anxious to endeavor to ascertain it for himself.

'PARKER. Both Mr. Shakspeare and Mr. Milton have considerable merit in their respective ways; but both surely are unequal. Is it not so, Mr. Marvel?—MARVEL. Under the highest of the immeasurable Alps, all is not valley and verdure: in some places there are frothy cataracts, there are the fruitless beds of noisy torrents, and there are dull and hollow glaciers. He must be a bad writer, or however a very indifferent one, in whom there are no inequalities. The plants of such tableland are diminutive, and never worth gathering. What would you think of a man's eyes to which all things appear of the same magnitude and of the same elevation? You must think nearly so of a writer who makes as much of small things as of great. The vigorous mind has mountains to climb and valleys to repose in. Is there any sea without its shoals? On that which the poet navigates, he rises intrepidly as the waves rise round him, and sits composedly as they subside.'

'I have often been amused at thinking in what estimation the greatest of mankind were holden by their contemporaries. Not even the most sagacious and prudent one could discover much of them, or could prognosticate their future course in the infinity of space! Men like ourselves are permitted to stand near, and indeed in the very presence of Milton. What do they see? Dark clothes, grey hair, and sightless eyes. Other men have

better things: other men, therefore, are nobler. The stars themselves are only bright by distance: go close, and all is earthy. But vapors illuminate these. From the breath and from the countenance of God comes light on worlds higher than they: worlds to which he has given the forms and names of Shakspeare and of Milton.'

'Who, whether among the graver or less grave, is just to woman? There may be moments when the beloved tells us, and tells us truly, that we are dearer to her than life. Is not this enough?—Is it not above all merit? Yet, if ever the ardor of her enthusiasm subsides—if her love ever loses, later in the day, the spirit and vivacity of its early dawn—if between the sigh and the blush an interval is perceptible—if the arm mistakes the chair for the shoulder—what an outcry is there!—what a proclamation of her injustice and her inconstancy!—what an alternation of shrinking and spurning at the coldness of her heart! Do we ask within if our own has retained all its ancient loyalty, all its own warmth, and all that was poured into it? Often the true lover has little of true love compared with what he has undeservedly received and unreasonably exacts.'

'But let it also be remembered, that marriage is the metempsychosis of women; that it turns them into different creatures from what they were before. Liveliness in the girl may have been mistaken for good temper; the little perversity which at first is attractively provoking, at last provokes without its attractiveness; negligence of order and propriety, of duties and civilities, long endured, often deprecated, ceases to be tolerable, when children grow up and are in danger of following the example. It often happens, that if a man unhappy in the married state were to disclose the manifold causes of his uneasiness, they would be found, by those who were beyond their influence, to be of such a nature as rather to excite derision than sympathy. The waters of bitterness do not fall on his head in a cataract, but through a colander—one, however, like the vases of the Danaides, perforated only for replenishment. We know scarcely the vestibule of a house of which we fancy we have penetrated into all the corners. We know not how grievously a man may have suffered, long before the calumnies of the world befell him, as he reluctantly left his house-door. There are women from whom incessant tears of anger swell forth at imaginary wrongs; but of contrition for their own delinquencies, not one.'

'MARVEL. We are captivated by no charms of description in the histories of Guicciardini or Machiavelli; we are detained by no peculiarities of character; we hear a clamorous

scuffle in the street, and we close the door. How different the historians of antiquity! We read Sallust, and always are incited by the desire of reading on, although we are surrounded by conspirators and barbarians; we read Livy, until we imagine we are standing in an august pantheon, covered with altars and standards, over which are the four fatal letters* that spell-bound all mankind. We step forth again among the modern Italians; here we find plenty of rogues, plenty of receipts for making more; and little else. In the best passages we come upon a crowd of dark reflections, which scarcely a glimmer of glory pierces through; and we stare at the tenuity of the spectres, but never at their altitude. Give me the poetical mind, the mind poetical in all things; give me the poetical heart, the heart of hope and confidence, that beats the more strongly and resolutely under the good thrown down, and raises up fabric after fabric on the same foundation.—PARKER. At your time of life, Mr. Marvel?—MARVEL. At mine, my lord Bishop! *I have lived with Milton.* Such creative and redeeming spirits are like kindly and renovating Nature. Volcano comes after volcano, yet covereth she with herbage and foliage, with vine and olive, and with whatever else refreshes and gladdens her, the Earth that has been gasping under the exhaustion of her throes.

‘Little men in lofty places, who throw long shadows, because our sun is setting.’—(Marvel’s definition of the statesmen of his time.)

‘I have usually found, that those who make faults of foibles, and crimes of faults, have within themselves an impulse toward worse; and give ready way to such impulse whenever they can, secretly or safely. There is a gravity which is not austere nor captious, which belongs not to melancholy, nor dwells in contraction of heart, but arises from tenderness and hangs upon reflection.’

‘Usually men, in distributing fame, do as old maids and old misers do; they give every thing to those who want nothing. In literature, often a man’s solitude, and oftener his magnitude, disinclines us from helping him if we find him down. We are fonder of warming our hands at a fire already in a blaze than of blowing one.’

‘I know that Milton, and every other great poet, must be religious; for there is nothing so godlike as a love of order, with a power of bringing great things into it.’

‘PARKER. When I ride or walk, I never carry loose money about me, lest, through an

inconsiderate benevolence, I be tempted in some such manner to misapply it. To be robbed, would give me as little or less concern.—MARVEL. A man’s self is often his worst robber. He steals from his own bosom and heart what God has there deposited, and he hides it out of his way, as dogs and foxes do with bones. But the robberies we commit on the body of our superfluities, and store up in vacant places, in places of poverty and sorrow, these, whether in the dark or in the daylight, leave us neither in nakedness nor in fear, are marked by no burning-iron of conscience, are followed by no scourge of reproach; they never deflower prosperity, they never distemper sleep.’

‘I do not like to hear a man cry out with pain; but I would rather hear one than twenty. Sorrow is the growth of all seasons; we had much, however, to relieve it. Never did our England, since she first emerged from the ocean, rise so high above surrounding nations. The rivalry of Holland, the pride of Spain, the insolence of France, were thrust back by one finger each; yet those countries were then more powerful than they had ever been. The sword of Cromwell was preceded by the mace of Milton—by that mace which, when Oliver had rendered his account, opened to our contemplation the garden-gate of Paradise. And there were some around not unworthy to enter with him. In the compass of sixteen centuries, you will not number on the whole earth so many wise and admirable men as you could have found united in that single day, when England showed her true magnitude, and solved the question, *Which is most, one or a million?* There were giants in those days; but giants who feared God, and not who fought against him.’—(Marvel describing the days of the English Commonwealth.)

‘PARKER. Our children may expect from Lord Clarendon a fair account of the prime movers in the late disturbances.—MARVEL. He knew but one party, and saw it only in its gala suit. He despises those whom he left on the old litter; and he fancies that all who have not risen want the ability to rise. No doubt, he will speak unfavorably of those whom I most esteem; be it so: if their lives and writings do not controvert him, they are unworthy of my defence. Were I upon terms of intimacy with him, I would render him a service, by sending him the best translations, from Greek and Latin authors, of maxims left us by the wisest men; maxims which my friends held longer than their fortunes, and dearer than their lives. And are the vapors of such quagmires as Clarendon to overcast the luminaries of mankind? Should a Hyde lift up, I will not say his hand, I will not say his voice, should he lift up his eyes, against a Milton?—PARKER. Mr. Milton would have benefited the world much more by coming

into its little humors, and by complying with it cheerfully.—MARVEL. As the needle turns away from the rising sun, from the meridian, from the occidental, from regions of fragrancy and gold and gems, and moves with unerring impulse to the frosts and deserts of the north, so Milton and some few others, in politics, philosophy, and religion, walk through the busy multitude, wave aside the importunate trader, and after a momentary oscillation from external agency, are found in the twilight and in the storm, pointing with certain index to the pole-star of immutable truth.

‘PARKER. We are all of us dust and ashes.—MARVEL. True, my lord! but in some we recognize the dust of gold and the ashes of the phoenix; in others the dust of the gate-way and the ashes of turf and stubble. With the greatest rulers upon earth, head and crown drop together, and are overlooked. It is true, we read of them in history; but we also read in history of crocodiles and hyænas. With great writers, whether in poetry or prose, what falls away is scarcely more or other than a vesture. The features of the man are imprinted on his works: and more lamps burn over them, and more religiously, than are lighted in temples or churches. Milton, and men like him, bring their own incense, kindle it with their own fire, and leave it unconsumed and unconsumable; and their music, by day and by night, swells along a vault commensurate with the vault of heaven.—PARKER. Mr. Marvel, I am admiring the extremely fine lace of your cravat.’

‘PARKER. Let us piously hope, Mr. Marvel, that God, in his good time, may turn Mr. Milton from the error of his ways, and incline his heart to repentance, and that so he may finally be prepared for death.—MARVEL. The wicked can never be prepared for it, the good always are. What is the preparation which so many ruffled wrists point out? To gabble over prayer and praise, and confession and contrition. My lord! Heaven is not to be won by short hard work at the last, as some of us take a degree at the university, after much irregularity and negligence. I prefer a steady pace from the outset to the end, coming in cool, and dismounting quietly. Instead of which, I have known many old playfellows of the devil spring up suddenly from their beds, and strike at him treacherously; while he, without a cuff, laughed and made grimaces in the corner of the room.’

‘I am confident that Milton is heedless of how little weight he is held by those who are of none; and that he never looks towards those somewhat more eminent between whom and himself there have crept the waters of oblivion. As the pearl ripens in the obscurity of its shell, so ripens in the tomb all the

fame that is truly precious. In fame he will be happier than in friendship. Were it possible that one among the faithful of the angels could have suffered wounds and dissolution in his conflict with the false, I should scarcely feel greater awe at discovering on some bleak mountain the bones of this our mighty defender, once shining in celestial panoply, once glowing at the trumpet-blast of God, but not proof against the desperate and the damned, than I have felt at entering the humble abode of Milton, whose spirit already reaches heaven, yet whose corporeal frame hath no quiet or safe resting-place here below. And shall not I, who loved him early, have the lonely and sad privilege to love him still? or shall fidelity to power be a virtue, and fidelity to tribulation an offence?’

‘PARKER. The nation in general thanks him little for what he has been doing.—MARVEL. Men who have been unsparing of their wisdom, like ladies who have been unforgiving of their favors, are abandoned by those who owe most to them, and hated or slighted by the rest. I wish beauty in her lost estate had consolations like genius.—PARKER. Fie, fie, Mr. Marvel! Consolations for frailty!—MARVEL. What wants them more? The reed is cut down, and seldom does the sickle wound the hand that cuts it. There it lies, trampled on, withered, and soon to be blown away.’

We cannot leave Mr. Landon at a more auspicious time than when these lofty strains of wisdom and humanity are lingering around us. The author and outpourer of such, stands apart from ordinary writers, and will be known, esteemed, and listened to, when all the rubbish of light and fashionable reading, which has so choked up our generation, shall have passed away. He has himself somewhere finely said, that the voice comes deepest from the sepulchre, and a great name has its roots in the dead body. He is doubtless, for himself, well content to obey that law. But this Collection of his Writings has reminded us, for our own part, not to wait until ‘deaf the praised ear, and mute the tuneful tongue.’ Others, let us hope, will follow our example. And thus, while Mr. Landon yet lives; he may hear what is violent and brief in his writings forgiven—what is wise, tranquil, and continuous, gratefully accepted—and may know that he has not vainly striven for those high rewards which he has so frequently and fully challenged. ‘Fame, they tell you, is air; but without air there is no life for any—without fame there is none for the best.’

From Tait's Magazine.

THE TYRANT'S TOMB.

It was a well-known doctrine of the ancient Egyptians, that the soul after death passed through the forms of various animals for a period of three thousand years, at the end of which time it resumed its original habitation. As, however, their ideas of a resurrection went no further than the re-animation of the body, *if existing*, it became a point of supreme importance that it should be preserved during the interval, as well from the decay of nature, as from the many accidents to which its helpless condition exposed it. As a protection against the former that wonderful people had recourse to their ingenious and skillful method of embalming the dead; and as a defence against the latter, those gigantic structures were erected, many of which still remain after a lapse of far more than three thousand years. It was under a deep impression of this belief that the tyrant Cheops, bitterly detested by his oppressed subjects, built the stupendous pile known as the great Pyramid, within whose innermost recesses, intrenched, as the surveys of science inform us, no less with marvellous cunning than with surpassing strength, he hoped to frustrate the vengeance of his enraged subjects. After its completion, however, either distrusting its security, or having all along intended it merely as a cloak to his real intentions, he gave private instructions to have his body laid in a secret place, around which the waters of the Nile were introduced; and where, for aught we know, he may be reposing to this day. The pyramid, which he originally intended for his sepulchre, is thought to have been forced soon after the death of its founder, and, at all events, was opened at an early period by one of the Caliphs, in search of the treasure it was supposed to contain.

Not less a fortress than a tomb—and built
More firmly far than towers, a nation's guard;
Look on the tyrant's grave—and see how hard
It is for man to shield him from his guilt!
Vain builder! when the blood that thou hast spilt,
Cries from the earth to God—with crafty skill—
With giant strength—protect thee as thou wilt,
The hand of vengeance shall pursue thee still!
And yet is somewhat almost of sublime,
In this thy bitter struggle to inherit,
With deadly odds against thee—ruthless to me,
And man's revenge—the life thou didst not
merit;
Alone within thy gloomy hold—no room
For one tried friend—'tis the true tyrant's tomb!

Tyrant! thou hast but made it over sure:
The day will come when vainly thou shalt
call,
And curse the skill that built it too secure,
On this o'erhanging human rock to fall!
And thou hast forged a weapon wherewithal
The hand of man may smite thee. Avarice
Of later times, that deems no richer prize
Within the shelter of this mighty wall
Can be secured, than its own idol, gold,

Hath burst upon thy slumbers. Science, too,
The stone from this thy sepulchre hath roll'd,
And strives, with all her potent arts can do,
To take thee captive in thy last strong hold,
And thus to this great riddle find the clue.—

Yet stay! for he who rear'd this fortress-tomb,
To shield him in his years of helplessness,
Hath found beneath its giant shade, no room,
Nor sleeps within its stern and strong recess.—
Is this vast pile then neither more nor less
Than a grand juggle? a stupendous cheat?
A tyrant's master-piece of craftiness?
To make the tide of vengeance vainly beat
On this unyielding rock, and, baffled, foam
With idle rage, while he sleeps all the while
Within a humbler but a safer home,
Protected by the waves of friendly Nile,
Like him who to the raging beasts of prey
His garment throws, and steals unseen away?

Well! be it thou hast cheated man—what then?
Awake! for thy three thousand years are past,
Thy long-forgotten shape resume at last—
And rise triumphant from this dreary den!
Rise! to be great among the sons of men.
See! how they look with wondering awe upon
Thy very tomb! Rise! visit once again
Thy glorious nation—nay—for that—sleep on!
True though it be that death's decisive day
Ends every struggle—finishes all strife—
Dispels all home—yet is there still a way
To vanquish this last enemy—and life,
A life of bliss eternal to provide—
But, ah! 'tis not the way which thou hast tried!

REMARKABLE FEAT IN METAL-CASTING.—We have from time to time described the progress made by Mr. Wyatt in casting the stupendous Wellington equestrian group, the largest work in bronze ever executed; and we think one of our latest notices was that of a party of eight having dined conveniently within the cavity of the horse's hind-quarters. But after all that had been done, there came an operation of unexampled extent, difficulty, and uncertainty. This consisted in the uniting together by fusion of the two great divisions in which the horse had been cast. A few inches is perhaps the limit hitherto of such a work; but here there must be a girth of molten brass (several tons), to the length of twelve feet, poured into the junction in such a manner as to fuse each adjacent side, and combine the whole into one solid mass. The contrivance of a mould for the reception and application of the run from the furnace was exceedingly ingenious, and, as the experiment turned out, perfectly successful. From the belly to half way up the sides of the horse is as completely united as if it had been cast in one piece; and the upper portion of the body will offer no obstacle like that which has been overcome in the inferior portion of the circle. This splendid undertaking may now, therefore, be deemed to be beyond the reach of danger; and so nearly finished, that we trust the public authorities and committee will lose no time in having it erected. The world has nothing of its kind to match this production of art.—*Lit. Gaz.*

From the British Quarterly Review.

CHAUCER—HIS AGE AND WRITINGS.

Chaucer's Poetical Works. London, Pickering. 1845.

The Poems of Geoffrey Chaucer, modernized by various hands. London, Whittaker. 1841.

Knight's Weekly Volume. No. LIV. Lives of the British Worthies, Vol. I.

CHAUCER, according to the account generally received, was born in London in the year 1328, four years after the birth of his great contemporary Wycliffe. A debate has been raised on the subject of his parentage, some maintaining that his father was a knight, others that he was a merchant, and others that he was a respectable vintner who occupied premises at the corner of Kirton-lane, in the city. All the probabilities are on the side of those who argue that the poet's father was a gentleman, a man of courtly station, if not of wealth.

The year of Chaucer's birth was the second year of the reign of the chivalrous Edward III.; and the war which that monarch carried on against David II. of Scotland, the successor of Robert the Bruce, must have been the great topic of the English court during the poet's infancy. This war was followed by another of more importance—that undertaken by Edward for the purpose of establishing his pretended right to succeed Charles IV. on the throne of France. The first of Edward's French campaigns was opened in the year 1339; and from that time the war continued to be carried on for many years with little intermission. In 1346 was fought the famous battle of Creci; and ten years afterwards the victory at Creci was followed by that at Poitiers.

In the same year that the battle of Creci was fought, Chaucer is believed to have written his 'Court of Love,' the first of his longer poems. At this time he was probably in his nineteenth year; and from a passage in the poem in which he describes himself by the name of 'Philogenet, of Cambridge, clerk,' it appears that when he wrote it he was a student at Cambridge, possibly a member of Clare, then called Soler or Scholar's Hall, with the localities about which he shows himself in his Reeve's Tale to have been well acquainted.

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'At Trompington, not far from Cantabridge
There goeth a brook, and over that a bridge,
Upon the whiche bridge there stood a mill.'

Shortly after the composition of the 'Court of Love,' the poet seems to have followed a custom then common, and removed from Cambridge to Oxford, boarding there, perhaps, like the Hendy Nicholas of his *Muler's Tale*, with some 'rich gnoof of a carpenter who let lodgings to poor scholars.' At Oxford he became acquainted with the poet Gower, and Gower's friend, the 'philosophical Strood.' Whether at the same time he formed any acquaintance with Wycliffe, who entered as a commoner at Queen's College in 1340, is more a matter of conjecture than of historical certainty. Without, however, attaching any more value than it deserves, to the very scanty evidence which can be adduced in support of the opinion that Chaucer and Wycliffe became known to each other while students at Oxford, we may allow the imagination of our readers to make its own use of the supposition. In 1348-9, then, let us picture Wycliffe a man not more than twenty-five years of age, but with the face of a hard student, and of an earnest, anxious temperament; and Chaucer, a fair complexioned youth of twenty-one, of genial, all-enjoying disposition, but of modest and diffident manners; a diligent student, too, but more diffuse in his tastes, and with less intensity and strictness of moral feeling than Wycliffe; reading the Scriptures with the literary fervor of a poet, not with the seriousness or docility of a man of God searching after the truth; regarding the world with that clear sunny spirit which reflects what it sees rather than with the severe, scrutinizing eye of a moral teacher groaning over social wrongs. To Chaucer, Wycliffe, we can suppose, would be a strange, almost mysterious man, whose grave, acute, and powerful mind bespoke him the able, honest, and truly consecrated priest. To Wycliffe, Chaucer would be a fresh-hearted and ingenuous youth, whose somewhat quaint and original remarks, as well as the reputed extent of his acquirements, would awaken a stronger feeling of interest than might be thought at all times due to a mere writer of love-verses.

In 1348-9, the terrible pestilence called 'the Black Death' visited England, after sweeping over the greater part of the Continent, carrying off in some countries more than a third part of the inhabitants. For five months the pestilence hung in the at-

mosphere of England like a hot and fetid vapor; and thousands of purple-spotted corpses lay putrefying in fields and houses. The effects produced by these five months of horror on two such minds as those of Wycliffe and Chaucer must have been widely different. The effect which the event produced on Wycliffe is happily not a secret. To his pious and earnest spirit, imbued with the doctrines of prophecy, the pestilence appeared as one of those vials of God's wrath which were to be poured out in the last days upon the earth. How could he doubt it? Were not sin and wickedness every where abounding—the state, ill-governed—the church, lazy and corrupt—the rich, luxurious and tyrannical—the poor, ignorant, brutish, and oppressed? And at a time when all men were disposed to think seriously, was not he, as a minister of God, to seek his explanation of appearances in that volume in which it is foretold how, when the end of the world is approaching, there shall be wars, and famines, and pestilences, and skies streaked with blood, and signs in the air? From a mind full of such feelings the tract entitled 'The Last Age of the Church,' the oldest of the pieces attributed to Wycliffe, evidently issued.

Chaucer, who was in no sense a sceptic, must have participated in such feelings; but that he must have whiled away the five months of pestilence in occupations of a very different nature from those of Wycliffe is evident not less from the known difference of their characters than from the fact that the composition of Chaucer which corresponds most nearly in timewith Wycliffe's 'Last Age of the Church' is his pathetic poem of 'Troilus and Cressida.' In the introduction to the Decameron of Boccaccio, we have an ideal glimpse into a poet's life during the great plague of 1348. The poet there describes himself as forming one of a party of ladies and gentlemen who, while the plague was at its height in Florence, retired to a beautiful villa in the neighborhood of the city, and there, 'their ears entertained with the warbling of birds, and their eyes with the verdure of the hills and valleys, with the waving of corn-fields like the sea itself, with trees of a thousand different kinds, and with a more serene and open sky,' amused themselves talking over a thousand merry things, singing love-songs, weaving garlands of flowers, and relating pleasant stories. Now, if not literally with the same

occupations as the Florentines of Boccaccio, at least, we may be sure, in an equally Epicurian spirit, with literary dainties and luscious love-romances, was the poet Chaucer beguiling the time. Ovid's *Art of Love* and Loris's *Romaunt of the Rose* were the favorite companions of the young poet while the more earnest theologian was meditating over the apocalypse and the cabalistic utterances of Abbot Joachim.

For several years Chaucer appears to have led the life of a voluntary student, devouring indiscriminately all the accessible literature of the age, classical, scholastic, and romantic or Provençal. The extent and variety of his reading are proved by the quantity of odd and quaint information which he is in the habit of pouring out upon all subjects in his writings. In this habit of omnivorous reading we discern the nature of the poet or literary epicure pursuing knowledge simply because the love of acquisition is constitutional in him, and not with any immediate purpose in view, such as might be supposed to inspire an ecclesiastic or other special functionary of society at that period with the resolution to go through a course of general study. The spirit which presided over our poet's miscellaneous researches was rather that of the conscious artist, to whom all sources of language and imagery are precious, than that of the moralist who prosecutes his studies under the impulse of some special enthusiasm. We cannot but think that in Jankin, the youth of twenty, the fifth husband of the Wife of Bath, who 'sometimes was a clerk of Oxenford,' and who 'often-times would preach to his wife out of old Roman gests,' knowing, as she said

'Of more proverbs
Than in this world there growen grass or herbs.'

Chaucer has, with due allowance for the difference between a married man and a bachelor, described himself as he used to pass his evenings in his lodging at Oxford.

From Oxford the tradition is that Chaucer went to Paris. After travelling through various parts of France and the Netherlands, he seems to have returned to England about the year 1355, and to have commenced the study of the law, a friend of his editor Speght professing to have seen the original memorandum which stated that while residing in the Inner Temple, 'Geoffrey Chaucer was fined five shillings for beating a Franciscan friar in Fleet-street.' He soon, however, abandoned the

law as a profession, having, it appears, received some appointment which required his attendance at court.

Chaucer is now about thirty years of age, already the author of 'many ditties and songs glad,' and in a situation where his temptations to continue the practice of composition are very great. It was the age of chivalry and gallantry, and the most chivalrous and gallant court in Europe was that of the brave English monarch. Heraldic pageants and tournaments were more frequent and splendid than they had been in any previous reign. To typify the power of the fair sex, processions were arranged in which ladies of the first distinction appeared riding on palfreys and dragging knights captive through the streets by golden chains. Luxuries unknown in former reigns were now common, the fruits of Edward's continental conquests. The court was a galaxy of beauty and chivalry. There might be seen the brave monarch himself, the hero of Creci, yet in the prime of manhood; his queen, Philippa, the gentle lady who saved the lives of the burgesses of Calais; their family of seven princes and four princesses, some of them yet mere children, others already grown up, of whom the eldest was the heroic Black Prince, the junior of Chaucer by two years, and the sixth was John of Gaunt, afterwards the celebrated Duke of Lancaster, now a grave studious stripling of eighteen; and around this family group, knights and ladies innumerable. Moving through this courtly crowd we discern the figure of our poet. He is a handsome man of thirty, with a fair complexion verging towards paleness; his hair a dusky yellow, short and thin; his beard of a forked shape and its color wheaten. His forehead is smooth and fair, and the expression of his face serene and sweet-tempered, with a lurking appearance of satire about the mouth; or, according to the host's description, 'he seemeth elvish by his countenance.' His manner is modest and taciturn; and he has a habit of always looking on the ground 'as if he would find a hare.' Such he was through life, except that as he advanced in age he became corpulent.

Of all the royal family, John of Gaunt seems most to have attached himself to the poet. The young prince was in love with the Lady Blanche, daughter of Henry, Duke of Lancaster; and the tradition is, that Chaucer was his confidant, and did him poet's service by writing the 'Complaint of the

Black Knight,' to assist him in melting the obdurate heart of the lady. The coalition was successful, and in 1359 Chaucer produced another poem entitled, 'Chaucer's Dream,' in honor of the marriage of the prince with Lady Blanche. In this poem, however, it is not Lady Blanche, but a 'my lady' who occupies the foreground. Attached to the court were two sisters, Catharine and Philippa, the daughters of Sir Payne Rouet, Guienne King-at-Arms, a native of Hainault, who had come over to England in the train of Queen Philippa, after whom, probably, his younger daughter was named. This Philippa Rouet is the lady of Chaucer's dream. The poet dreams that the newly-married prince and his lady, bring *him* and *his lady* to the parish church 'there to conclude the marriage.' The service is 'full y-sungen out after the custom and the guise of Holy Church's ordinance;' the marriage feast is already begun; the tuning of a thousand instruments by the minstrels in attendance is in the ear of the dreamer, when, O misery! he awakes—

'Then from my bed anon I leap,
Weening to have been at the feast;
But, when I woke, all was y-ceased;
For there ne was ne creature,
Save on the walls old portraiture
Of horsemen, hawkés, and of hounds,
And hurt deer all full of wounds,
Some like bitten, some hurt with shot,
And, as my dream, seem'd what was not,
And when I woke and knew the truth,
An' ye had seen, of very ruth
I trow ye would have wept a week.'

The calm tenor of the poet's life was interrupted in 1359, when, having accompanied Edward III. into France, he was taken prisoner during the unfortunate campaign which ensued. His captivity in France would appear to have been of considerable duration, as it is not till the year 1365 or 1366 that we find him in England, and married to Philippa Rouet. On the 12th of September, 1366, there is an entry of a pension of ten marks for life, granted by the king to Philippa Chaucer, as a lady in the queen's household; and on the 20th of June following, Chaucer himself, as filling the post of king's valet, received a grant of twenty marks yearly, in consideration of his services. The salaries of husband and wife together would be worth about £360 of our present money—a moderate income for the newly-married couple. Thus settled in life, with good prospects for the future, the poet seems to have resumed his

literary avocations; and during the four following years, several new performances were finished, including a version of the admired French poem, 'the Romaunt of the Rose,' and other original pieces of a descriptive and chivalrous cast.

Meanwhile, (to continue our parallel of the two lives,) Wycliffe is becoming a person of note in England, being already engaged in what the Romanist historian Lingard calls, 'a fierce but ridiculous controversy with the different orders of friars.' How different, now, the occupations of the two men!—the one the pet of a luxurious court, perusing romances or scientific treatises in quiet privacy, attending jousts and pageants, if not, as seems probable from his delight in heraldic description, assisting in arranging them, composing songs and ballads of chivalry, and in praise and dispraise of women; the other a devout and calumniated priest, looking from his Bible to society, and from society back to his Bible again, and at every glance between the fair page of the one and the foul face of the other, growing more earnest, more bitter and out-spoken against those friars who 'visiten rich men, and by hypocrisy getten falsely their alms, and withdraw from poor men; but they visiten rich widows for their muck, and maken them to be buried in the Friars, but poor men come not there;' those friars, who 'be worse enemies and slayers of man's soul than is the cruel fiend of hell himself; for they, under the habit of holiness, lead men and nourish them in sins, and be special helpers of the fiend to strangle men's souls.'

Let us not, however, do injustice to our poet. He, also, is doing a great work, if not, morally, so noble a one as Wycliffe's. Even these love ditties, and ballads in praise and dispraise of women, and heraldic descriptions of jousts and tournaments—poems, mostly of the fancy, and from which, by themselves, it would be unfair to infer the real nature of the man Chaucer—what a grand result are they helping to accomplish! Not a quip, not a jest, not a simile, not a new jingle of sounds and syllables, let the intrinsic value of the sentiment of which they are the foliage and efflorescence be ever so small, but in the act of originating that quip or jest, or simile or jingle, Chaucer is struggling successfully with the tough element of an unformed language, and assisting to render it plastic for future speakers and writers. When we consider this we ought to be glad that it so happened

that the first great English poet was a rich, descriptive genius—a man whose eye took notice of and received pleasure from the *minutiæ* of external appearances, the flowers and the arrangement of the plots in a garden, the paraphernalia of a feast, the banners and scutcheons in a procession, the dresses and armor of knights in a tournament, the harnessing and caparisons of the horses. For assisting at the formation of a language and the compilation of a literary idiom, a poet with a genius for nomenclature and description like that of Chaucer, was most suitable; and for such a genius, a life of ease and luxurious courtiership was the proper training.

But Chaucer was more than a mere descriptive poet, with a powerful faculty of language and a taste for rich and luscious imagery; he was a man of extensive culture, a keen and original thinker, whose feelings were all healthy and genial, and whose aspirations were all for social progress and the diffusion of sound opinion. Even those compositions of love and chivalry which he had already produced long before he had commenced his great work, in which he was to display his ripe, autumnal nature, and perform for the age the function of a satirist and dramatist; even those compositions, frivolous as their texture may appear, and paltry the occasions which called them forth, what versatility of talent do they not display, and what a civilizing influence were they not calculated to exert over English society in the fourteenth century. Forgetting the florid beauty of the diction of some of them, omitting, also, all consideration of their value as historical pictures, what an amount of information and varied thinking do they not contain, the metrical dissemination of which would be a boon to any age or nation; what strong, good sense, what touches, nay bursts, of the truest humor, what distant reaches of reflection and sentiment; and, above all, what deep, sweet, sobbing pathos! And although the assertion of Foxe the martyrologist, that 'Chaucer was a right Wicklavian, or else there never was any,' is undoubtedly an exaggeration, yet it is evident that, like his great Italian contemporaries and predecessors, Chaucer was an antagonist of the corrupt Romish system, and that as far as was compatible with his Epicurean temperament as a poet, he sympathized with such ideas and efforts as those of the more earnest Wycliffe.

Indeed, the age was one in which the

strictest poet would have refused to take shelter under the poet's admitted privilege of non-interference in politics or controversy. The jousts and tournaments, the splendors of chivalry, the French campaigns, the tented fields of Creci and Poitiers—these things, the delights of the historian and the novelist, were but the gilded surface of an age, the inside of which was rottenness and confusion. Underneath all this jousting and tourneying, and clanging of arms and flaunting of pennons, constituting the holiday life of but a few hundreds of the community, history is but too apt to forget that there was a whole English people, most of them belonging to the class of serfs or villains, and descended from the Anglo-Saxons whom the Conquest had crushed, engaged in essentially the same occupations as the mass of the English population of the present day, earning their livelihood by the sweat of their brow, tilling the ground, baking the bread, weaving the cloth, hammering the iron necessary for the support of the entire commonwealth. This hum of labor, the true ground-tone of human life in all ages, it seems the custom of historians to suppress, taking it too readily for granted that the reader will, of his own accord, supply such details. Yet, just as we should pronounce that biography deficient which did not contrive, somehow or other, to convey the idea that part of the hero's life was occupied in ordinary and common actions; so the historian, even of a chivalrous age, ought to condescend, now and then, from the lists of the knights and the galleries of the ladies upon those everyday functions of the body-politic—bread-baking, weaving, building, and such like, a simultaneous cessation of which, occasioned by a simultaneous revolt of the functionaries, would have handed knights and ladies into polite annihilation, and have snapped, prematurely short, the historian's own precious lineage.

It is the nature of the poet to be interested in events only as they furnish him with pictures. Even the woes of society are viewed by him with an unagitated spirit; and the earnestness of other people to relieve them, is to him simply one of the phenomena of the case.

It is only in very extraordinary circumstances, although then with astounding effects, that the spirit of the poet becomes enraged or tempestuous. The state of society in England, during the reign of Edward III., was, however, too perplexed, too

full of abuses, to permit the ideal calmness of spirit which ought to belong to a poet. Accordingly, even in Chaucer, although his habitual manner of writing is certainly that of an artist, and not that of a moralist, we detect occasional outbreaks of what appears to be personal zeal and feeling. Wycliffe, as every one knows, was, in all respects, a moralist—the great spiritual reformer of his age. There was, however, a third man then alive in England, a coarser and rougher genius than either Chaucer or Wycliffe; but, perhaps, more truly a hero of the people than either, a 'crazy priest' of the name of John Ball, and probably about the same age as Wycliffe. Perambulating Middlesex and the adjoining counties, this singular and notorious personage, of whom we learn far too little from the courtly historians of the period, Knighton and Walsingham, used to preach to the poorer sort of people after mass, attacking the civil and ecclesiastical abuses of the time, and flinging abroad, in the form of rhymes and proverbs, the wildest democratic abstractions. The well-known couplet—

'When Adam de'ved and Eve span,
Where was then the gentleman?'

is one of John Ball's rhymes; and was probably in effective circulation among the serfs of Kent and Essex, at the very time that Chaucer was writing his exquisite descriptive poem of 'The Flower and the Leaf.' By the year 1368, Chaucer may have heard John Ball the 'crazy priest' mentioned many times in conversation as a public nuisance.

In the year 1369, Blanche, the wife of John of Gaunt, died; and Chaucer's poem, 'The Book of the Duchess,' is a lament composed on that occasion. In the following year the poet went abroad on the king's service; and again, in 1372, he was sent on a mission to Genoa. It was while at Padua during this visit to Italy that he saw Petrarch, then in his sixty-ninth year; and, no doubt, according to the allusion in the 'Canterbury Pilgrimage,' the English poet was one of those who were privileged to hear from the lips of the aged lover of Laura his own Latin version, which he was so fond of repeating, of Boccaccio's beautiful tale of Griselda. Chaucer returned from his Genoese embassy in 1374, and on the 8th of June in that year, the king conferred on him the lucrative office of comptroller of the customs for wool and hides,

on condition, however, that he should perform the duties of the office in person. About the same time he received an honorary grant of a pitcher of wine daily, which was afterwards commuted into a pecuniary allowance. It would seem that this was the heyday of the poet's fortunes; for in the same year his friend, John of Gaunt, gave him a grant of ten pounds for life, while the two succeeding years brought him two wind-falls—a vacant wardship valued at 104*l.* (equivalent to 1872*l.* of our money) and a forfeiture of wool to the amount of 71*l.* 4*s.* 6*d.*, (1262*l.* of our money). Thus become a rich man, Chaucer appears to have lived in a style of corresponding liberality and expense. Twice afterwards, in 1376 and 1377, he was abroad on diplomatic missions. But while actively engaged in such important duties, he was still using his pen, and the period of his life at which we are now arrived is the date of the production of his 'House of Fame,' and various other pieces.

In June 1377, Edward III. died, and was succeeded by his grandson, Richard II., the son of the lamented Black Prince. Although Richard was only in his twelfth year, no formal Regent was appointed, and the administration came into the hands of his three uncles, the Dukes of Lancaster, York, and Gloucester. Meanwhile society was in a state of violent ferment. Wycliffe had now become Doctor of Divinity, and, in virtue of that degree, was empowered to open his own school of Theology at Oxford. He was no longer engaged in a petty warfare with the Mendicant Friars. Ever since his visit to the Papal Court at Avignon, in the year 1374, his aim had been more specific, and now he was attacking the fundamental principles of the Papacy itself. The whole population of England had by this time been infected with the Lollard opinions; the Londoners especially were zealous Wycliffites. In compliance with no fewer than four bulls issued against him by Pope Gregory XI. the reformer was brought to trial before an ecclesiastical tribunal, at Lambeth; and but for the political influences in his favor, he would have fallen a sacrifice. Wycliffe's years of activity, however, were nearly over; in the year 1379, he was visited with a stroke of paralysis, which left him weak and incapable of exertion. His work, however, was done; and while sitting in his rectory at Lutterworth, the paralytic man, fifty-five years of age, could

look round and think that by God's blessing, the spirit which had gone forth from his decrepit body was now vivifying the commonwealth of England.

Nor was the priest John Ball idle in his vocation, mingling his crude and fiery notions with a doctrinal theology much less pure probably than that of Wycliffe. For now nearly twenty years, according to Walsingham, he had been overshadowing the country with his presence, 'promulgating the perverse crotchets of the perfidious John Wycliffe, and a vast deal besides which it would be tedious to tell of.' It even appears that he had organized political associations among the serfs of Kent and Essex; and Knighton has preserved specimens of mystic little pamphlets or fly-leaves, which he was in the habit of distributing under assumed signatures for insurrectionary purposes. The following is one of these specimens, intitled 'Jack Miller's Letter':—

'Jack Miller asketh help to turn his mill aright. He hath grounden small, small; the king's son of heaven, he shall pay for all. Look thy mill go aright, with the four sails, and the post stand in stedfastness. With right and with might, with skill and with will. Let might help right, and skill go before will, and right before might; then goeth our mill aright. But if might go before right, and will before skill, then is our mill mis-adight.'

The smouldering fire at length burst forth in the insurrection of serfs under Wat Tyler, in June, 1381. This insurrection, constituting, in our opinion, an epoch in the history of English society, was a compound outburst of three distinguishable feelings: the inextinct feeling of Saxon against Norman, an impure Lollard feeling, and the feeling of present physical suffering. The revolt lasted a fortnight, during which the mob of serfs and artisans held possession of London, burnt palaces, and beheaded the Archbishop of Canterbury with several other persons of note. The throne itself was in danger, and a real concession to the popular spirit was on the point of being made, when the officious mace of the Lord Mayor, Walworth, dashing Wat Tyler from his horse in Smithfield, dispersed the mob and put an end to the insurrection. John Ball, with a few other leaders of the rioters, was taken and hanged; and there, after a haggard career, was an end of the 'crazy priest.'

The reign of Richard II. was a continued series of political agitations. Scarcely

was the outbreak of the laboring classes suppressed when a struggle commenced between two parties among the nobility and gentry—the Court party, at the head of which were the king's favorites, De La Pole and De Vere, and another party, the leaders of which were the King's uncles, John of Gaunt and the Duke of Gloucester. This struggle did not terminate till the year 1399, when that revolution occurred which deposed Richard II. and placed Henry Bolingbroke, son of John of Gaunt, upon the throne.

These political convulsions affected our poet's fortunes. Attached to the party of John of Gaunt, he was elected, in 1386, to serve in Parliament as knight of the shire for Kent, in consequence of which, or in consequence of his conduct in parliament, he was deprived by the king of his offices in the Customs. In 1387 his wife died; subsequently he was obliged to sell his pensions; and from the year 1394, to 1398, there is evidence, according to Sir Harris Nicolas, that his condition was one of 'sheer unmistakable poverty;' and this, although John of Gaunt, who had been abroad for some time engaged in an attempt to be made king of Castile, had now returned to England, and married the poet's sister-in-law, Lady Catherine Swinford, formerly Catharine Rouet. It was during his old age of widowhood and adversity, that Chaucer composed his great work, that 'Comedy,' as he calls it, which he had resolved to leave behind him as the most mature and finished production of his mind. The poet's declining years were visited with a gleam of returning prosperity. In 1398, his son Thomas Chaucer, who had been appointed chief butler in the royal household, had orders to allow his father a pipe of wine annually during life. On the accession of Henry Bolingbroke, in 1399, Chaucer's former pension of twenty marks was doubled to him, and other favors followed. The poet, however, did not live long to enjoy them. He died on the 25th of October, 1400, in the seventy-third year of his age; and his body was interred in that part of Westminster Abbey which has since become the Poet's Corner.

The works of Chaucer may be arranged in three divisions—his prose compositions, including 'The Testament of Love,' supposed to contain autobiographical references, a translation of Boethius 'De Consolatione Philosophiæ,' and a 'Treatise on the Astrolabe,' addressed to his son Lewis;

his great poetical work 'The Canterbury Pilgrimage,' two of the tales in which, however, are in prose; and his 'Miscellanies' or 'Minor Poems.'

To one who has enjoyment in true poetry, nothing can be more refreshing than an occasional dip into the minor poems of Chaucer. Most persons have some favorite poetical composition or other to which, in their moments of languor and oppression, they turn for solace. Some produce the calm their spirits require by taking a sorrow-bath in 'Hamlet;' others drop burning tears of relief over some plaintive Scottish song read for the thousandth time; and others wander away from the world in the enchanted woods of Spenser. Now, in certain moods of the mind the minor poems of Chaucer seem to have a peculiarly medicinal function of this kind; those moods in which the demand is not for the strong wine which invigorates, but for a draught of some soothing and relaxing beverage—in which, like the man of business enjoying his holiday,

'One longs to sink into some pleasant lair
Of wavy grass, to read a debonair
And gentle tale of love and languishment.'

As an approach to a correct classification, we may say that Chaucer's miscellanies consist of these four kinds of composition: translations—pathetic narratives and legends—fanciful or descriptive pieces, with a moral or allegorical signification—and songs or ballads.

The only complete specimen of translation printed among Chaucer's minor poems, although several passages occurring through the rest of them are either translated or imitated from other authors, is the "Romaunt of the Rose." This poem, the joint production of William de Lorris and John de Meun, two Frenchmen of the twelfth and thirteenth centuries, seems to have been an extraordinary favorite in Chaucer's age, and to have influenced the tastes and style of most of the early European poets. The professed object of the poet is to represent under the allegory of a rose, which is placed in a situation difficult of access and guarded by magic, 'the helps and furtherances, as also the lets and impediments that lovers have in their suits.' In the course of the poem, however, which is of immense length, there are innumerable tortuosities and descriptive digressions—scenes, objects, and allegorical personages appearing in strange and confusing suc-

cession. 'The author hath also,' to use the words of Chaucer's old commentator Urry, 'many glances at the hypocrisy of the clergy, whereby he got himself such hatred among them, that Gerson, Chancellor of Paris, writeth thus of him: saith he, "There was one called Johannes Meldinensis, who wrote a book called 'The Romaunt of the Rose,' which book, if I only had, and there were no more in the world, if I might have five hundred pounds for the same, I would rather burn it than take the money.'" On the whole, the Romaunt is valuable principally as a picture of the age, and as being a firstling of European literature; for although there are many beautiful and powerful descriptive passages in it, particularly towards the beginning, yet the whole performance drags itself on with such a worrny leisureliness of movement, such a glorious ignorance of the possibility of such a thing as hurry or want of time on the part of the reader, that it is only by assuming the historical spirit very strongly, and saying to oneself—what a dear old book it is, that a modern reader can get on with it. Reading it through is like walking for a week through miles of labyrinthine foliage closing behind you as you advance.

Under the head of Pathetic Narratives and Legends may be included 'Troilus and Cresseide,' a long poem in five books; 'The Legend of Good Women,' in which the illustrious actions of nine or ten heroines of ancient history are told in metre; the 'Lamentation of Mary Magdalene,' and one or two others founded on fact or tradition. The pathetic narrative is a kind of composition in which Chaucer perhaps excels all our poets. Taking some simple incident or story as the plot of his poem, the separation of two lovers for instance, Chaucer paints the afflicting circumstances so slowly and assiduously, descends so exploringly into the caverns of tears, and gives such an expression of sick and wailing melancholy to the language of his speakers, that the reader sighs as if the case were his own. Of this kind are some of the Canterbury Tales, and of this kind also is 'Troilus and Cresseide.' In this poem, according to Urry, 'is shewed the fervent love of Troilus to Cresseide, whose love he enjoyed for a time, and her great untruth to him again in giving herself to Diomedes, who in the end did so cast her off that she came to great misery; in which discourse Chaucer liberally treateth of the divine purveyance.' The whole poem, not-

withstanding its prolix character, may be read with delight; and it abounds with the finest detached passages. The description of Cresseide giving way and acknowledging her love has been much admired:—

'And as the new abashed nightingale
That stinteth first, when she beginneth sing;
When that she heareth any herdés tale,
Or in the hedges any wight stirring;
And after, sicker doth her voice outiring;
Right so Cresseide, when that her dreadé
stent,
Opened her heart and told him her intent.'

'The Lamentation of Mary Magdalene for the death of Christ,' a poem professing to be a translation from Origen, has by several critics been treated as the production of some other poet than Chaucer, there being, they say, sufficient internal evidence in the inferiority of the composition to warrant its exclusion from the list of Chaucer's writings. How the genuineness of the poem can be called in question *on such grounds*, by a person possessed of ear or heart, we cannot understand. To us the whole composition appears quite worthy of Chaucer; the last six stanzas, in particular, surpass every thing we know in pathos.

Of Chaucer's allegoric or descriptive poems, the principal are 'The Complaint of the Black Knight,' 'Chaucer's Dream,' and the 'Book of the Duchess,' the purport of which has already been explained; the 'Court of Love,' a fantastic piece in the chivalrous spirit, and after the style of the Romaunt of the Rose; the 'Assembly of Fowls,' wherein, 'all the fowls being gathered on St. Valentine's day to choose their mates, a formal eagle being beloved of three tercelis, requireth a year's respite to make her choice upon this trial *Qui bien aime tard oublie*;' 'The Cuckoo and the Nightingale,' an inimitable little thing in which the two birds are heard by the poet in a dream disputing about their singing; and 'The Flower and the Leaf,' the argument of which is as follows: 'A gentlewoman out of an arbor in a grove seeth a great company of knights and ladies in a dance upon the green grass, the which being ended, they all kneel down and do honor to the daisy, some to the flower, and some to the leaf; afterward this gentlewoman learneth from one of these ladies the meaning hereof, which is this: they which honor the flower, a thing fading with every blast, are such as look after beauty and worldly pleasure; but they that honor

the leaf, which abideth with the root notwithstanding the frosts and storms of winter, are they which follow virtue and during qualities without regard of worldly respects.' This little poem is a perfect gem of its kind, and is remarkable for the leafy richness and luxuriance of its imagery. A poet has compared it to

' a little copse ;
The honeyed lines so freshly interlace
To keep the reader in so sweet a place,
So that he here and there full-hearted stops,
And oftentimes he feels the dewy drops
Come cool and suddenly against his face.'

Chaucer's ballads and songs are of various kinds, and include several dainty little pieces, so compact and neatly-rounded, both as to sense and versification, that they might figure in collections of poetry, or even in school-books. A few of them, breathing a spirit of philosophical resignation to the world's bad usage, appear to be expressions of the poet's personal feelings during the eclipse of his fortunes. Others are of a humorous or satirical cast, such as the cutting ballad in praise of women for their steadfastness, commencing thus :

' This world is full of variance
In everything, who taketh heed,
That faith and trust and all constance
Exiled been ; this is no dread.
And save only in womanhead
I can y-see no sickness
But for all that, yet as I rede,
Beware alway of doubleness.

There is one of Chaucer's minor poems, to which, although it might be ranked under the third of the above-mentioned classes, we have as yet made no allusion. We refer to 'The House of Fame,' a humorous composition of considerable length, in which, making use of a grotesque poetical device, the poet criticises in a healthy, half-satiric spirit the aspirations after future fame. As it will be proper to present our readers with a prose analysis of some one of Chaucer's poems, we have reserved it for that purpose, partly because, owing probably to the crippledness of the versification as compared with others of his compositions, it appears to have been less read than most of them, and partly because it is somewhat singular in its character, being not a mere descriptive piece in which fancy and sentiment predominate, but a collection of sturdy general reflections on history.

The basis of 'The House of Fame,' as of several of Chaucer's other poems, is an

imaginary dream. On the tenth day of December, the poet, as he lay asleep, dreamt that he was in a temple of glass full of statues and paintings, which he found to be the temple of Venus. Walking up and down admiring the beauty and richness of all he saw, and wondering at the same time in what country or neighborhood he was, he at length went to the gate of the temple to see if any one was stirring who could inform him. He saw nothing, however, but one vast plain as far as the eye could reach, without town, or house, or tree, or grass, or ploughed land, or anything but a wide expanse of sand. 'Oh, save me,' he cried, 'from phantom and delusion!' and with these words, devoutly looking up, lo! a wonder in the sky. Fast by the sun was an eagle, larger than any he had ever beheld, all of gold, and its feathers so bright that it seemed

' As if the heaven had y-won
All new from God another sun '

As he gazed the golden bird began to move ; and descending like a thunder-flash to where the poet stood, seized him with its claws and wheeling once round flew up with him into the blue heaven. As soon as the palpitating poet had recovered from the stupefaction caused by the suddenness of his seizure, the eagle calms his fears by assuring him that Jupiter intends neither to stellify him like Romulus, nor to make a butler of him like Ganymede, but only, as a reward for his poetical labors in the service of the Goddess of Love, to give him a glimpse into that strange edifice, the House of Fame ; to which accordingly they are now on their way. Of the situation of this house and the acoustical principles on which it is constructed, the eagle favors the poet with a preparatory description during their flight. Every thing that exists, says the bird, is observed to have its home or stead, some place which is more congenial to it than any other place, and which it constantly seeks to arrive at if it be not already in it. Thus stones, lead, and all heavy substances fall to the earth ; while smoke, flame, and all light substances ascend. Now sound is nothing but air disturbed. When a pipe is blown sharp, the air is violently torn and rent ; this is sound. Further there is no sound, let it be but a mouse's squeak, but has its waves and reverberations through the whole atmosphere, like the ripples produced by a peb-

ble thrown into a sheet of water. There is, however, a central point in space where all sounds in heaven, earth, or sea, meet and forgather. This is Fame's house; the home of sound, where, as inside a great bell, all the noises of the universe hold their booming congress.

Professing himself quite satisfied with the somewhat vague natural philosophy of the eagle, the poet is hurried still upward. Looking down upon the earth he can discern fields and plains, hills and valleys, cities, forests, and rivers, and ships sailing on the sea. But soon these become indistinct in the distance; and now casting his eyes upward, lo! the heavenly beasts and the galaxy which some call the milky-way, and some Watling-street. In such a situation it was but natural to think of Phæton and his chariot. And when ascending still higher he saw the heavenly beasts beneath him, and clouds, mists and tempests, snow, hail, rain, and wind, brewing and seething together, then it was but natural also to think of those two well-known writers on astronomy, Marcian and Anticlaudian, whose descriptions of the celestial regions were really surprisingly accurate. 'Do you hear that?' says the eagle, interrupting his cogitations; and sure enough the poet hears a 'great sound rumbling up and down, like the beating of the sea against hollow rocks, or the humbeling after the clap of a thundering.' Suddenly, he wist not how, the eagle lands him in a fair street, and pointing to a palace, which he said was Fame's house, leaves him.

The palace stood on the top of a high rock of ice, the whole face of which was carved over with names, all of which, with the exception of such as were in the shade, were illegible from the melting of the ice. The castle itself was of the strangest architecture; and the doors were besieged by a rabble of troubadours, singers, mimics, jugglers, and astrologers. Making his way through these the poet was saluted at the gate of the castle with cries of 'a largess, a largess; God save our gentle Lady Fame,' and forthwith, showering nobles and starlings as they went, outpoured a crowd of heralds and pursuivants, clad in rich surcoats emblazoned with all known devices in the chivalry of Asia, Africa, or Europe. Letting them pass, and entering the hall of Fame, its appearance amazed him. Walls, floor, and roof, were all plated with fine gold, half a foot thick, and set with precious stones. On a dais at one end, on a

throne of ruby, sat a feminine creature of the strangest make. At first she did not appear a cubit long, but in the very act of looking, you saw her dilate till her size became enormous. She was full of eyes ears, and tongues all over; her hair was golden, wavy, and crisp; and on her feet she had partridge's wings. Music rolled in billows over and around her throne; and the hall resounded with minstrelsy and song. The goddess, for it was Fame herself, sustained on her shoulders the 'arms and the name' of the two most famous men that ever lived, Alexander and Hercules; and on a row of pillars extending from the dais to the door stood statues of the most celebrated poets and writers of history; Josephus, the Jewish historian, on a pillar part of lead and part of iron; Statius the poet on a strong iron pillar painted over with tiger's blood; Homer on a very high pillar of iron; Virgil on one of tinned iron; Ovid on one of copper; Lucan on one of iron very sternly wrought; and Claudian, very appropriately, on a pillar of sulphur.

Suddenly the poet hears a buzz, like the hum of bees leaving a hive; and instantly the hall is filled by a multitude of people of all regions, ages, and conditions. These are suitors to Lady Fame. 'Madam,' said the first party who approached the throne, 'we are people who have done many great and meritorious actions on earth; and we wish to obtain renown for them.' 'From me,' replies the goddess, 'you shall get good fame, not a particle.' 'Alas,' say they, 'what is the reason of this?' 'Simply because such is my pleasure,' retorts the goddess.

'No wight shall speak of you, I wiss,
Ne good, ne harm; ne that, ne this.'

And leaving her crestfallen suitors to digest their disappointment, the goddess, anticipating more petitions of a similar character, sends to Thrace for Æolus, the god of wind, with his two trumpets, Praise and Slander. Æolus is soon in attendance with his instruments; and a second party of suitors advance, and prefer the same request as the last. 'I admit,' replies the goddess, 'that your claim is well founded; but I cannot grant your petition. What I can grant, however, you shall have; though it is the contrary of what you deserve. Æolus, blow a blast of your Slander trumpet.' The wind-god put the foul trumpet of brass to his mouth, and blew as if he would blow the world down.

'Throughout every region
Y-went this foul trumpet's sound
As swift as pellet out of gun
When fire is in the powder run;
And such a smoke began out-wend
Out of the foul trumpet's end,
Black, blue, and greenish, swartish, red,
As doeth, where that men melt lead.
And aye the farther that it ran,
The greater waxen, it began,
As doth the river from a well,
And it stank as the pit of hell.'

A third company now petition for celebrity; and the fickle goddess granting it in the kindest manner, bids Æolus lay aside his black trumpet, and blow a blast with the other.

' "Full gladly, lady mine," he said,
And out his trump of gold he brayed
Anon, and set it to his mouth,
And blew it east and west and south
And north, as loud as any thunder,
That every wight hath of it wonder,
So broad it ran, before it stent;
And, certes, all the breath that went
Out of the trumpet's mouth y-smelled
As men a potful of balm held
Among a basketful of roses.'

A fourth company now appeared, consisting of a very few persons, who standing in a row in front of the goddess, said, 'Indeed, lady, we have done well with all our might; but we have no care for fame. If possible, let our names be forgotten.' 'I grant your request,' said the goddess; and they withdrew. The fifth company presented a similar petition, saying they had done good for its own sake, and had no wish for reputation. 'What,' answered the tetchy goddess, 'do you insult me in my own house? Are you to do good, think you, and yet escape the consequences? Blow, Æolus, and let the world ring with these folk's praises.' Æolus took his golden trumpet, and blew the required blast. The sixth company make a somewhat impudent request. They had spent their lives, they said, in doing nothing at all; nevertheless they humbly hoped the goddess would make their names famous; in particular, they would like the reputation of having been great lady-killers. Strange to say, the request of these modest personages is complied with; and they obtain one of the wind-god's very best blasts on the golden trumpet. A seventh company, however, preferring identically the same petition, drive the eccentric little lady into a passion.

'Fie on you, quoth she, every one,
Ye nasty swine, ye idle wretches,
Fulfilled of rotten slow tetches.'

What! false thieves, and so ye would
Be famed good, and nothing n'ould
D-serven why, nor never thought;
Men rather you to hangen ought;
For you be like the slepy cat
That would have fish, but, wot you what?
He willen nothing wet his claws.
Evil thirst come to your jaws
And mine also, if I you it grant.'

Foreseeing the decision, Æolus had his black trumpet already at his mouth, and when the goddess had ended, he began to blazon out a blast as loud as wind bellowing in the bowels of the earth, and at the same time so comical, that all present, except the poor subjects of the blast, were thrown into convulsions of laughter.

Next came a number of persons who had done nothing but what was wicked, but who nevertheless petitioned for fame. Their request is refused. Lastly, there come in, leaping and dancing, a crowd of monomaniacs and illustrious criminals, who petition the goddess to cause them to be known for what they are proud of being—the greatest scoundrels in history. 'Madam,' said one of these gentlemen, in reply to a question of the goddess, 'in me you behold the person who set fire to the temple of Isis. I wish to be spoken of as the man who set fire to a temple.' Æolus blows a blast on his black trumpet, and the illustrious criminals are satisfied.

At this instant, some one standing behind Chaucer taps him on the shoulder, and asks if *he* has come for fame. 'Fame,' says the alarmed poet, 'no, grammercy! not I; I want no wight to have my name on hand. I wot myself best how I stand; and whatever I brew I will drink it all myself.' And after a tour about the temple, and another whirl with his eagle through a bewitched atmosphere, he awakes.

Chaucer's great work, as every one knows, is 'The Canterbury Tales.' The plan of the work is as follows:—In the sweet and showery month of April, when men feel the longing to go on pilgrimages, it so happened that nine-and-twenty persons met one evening at the 'Tabard Inn, in Southwark, ready to set out on the morrow on a pilgrimage to the shrine of St. Thomas, at Canterbury. While they are sitting at supper, the host, a large seemly fellow, with eyes deep in his head and twinkling with genius and humor, offers to accompany them to Canterbury, at his own cost, to act as their guide; and proposes that on their way going and coming they shall amuse each other by telling stories. The

proposal is received with acclamation; the host is created captain on the spot, with unlimited power to maintain order and arrange all the proceedings, and the party retire to rest. Next morning early they mount their horses and set out, with the host at their head. The cavalcade, exclusive of the host, consists of a knight, who had seen service in all the great wars of Christendom; his son, a comely young squire; their servant, a round-pated, brown-faced yeoman; two nuns, one of them a prioress, demure and coy; a manly and jovial monk, on a palfrey as brown as a berry, his bridle jingling and whistling in the wind as clear as a chapel-bell; a begging friar, wanton and merry, a full solemn man well known over all the country; a merchant, with a forked beard and an outlandish dress; a clerk of Oxford, lean with study; a serjeant of the law; a franklin or gentleman-farmer, of fresh ruddy complexion; a haberdasher, a carpenter, a weaver, a dyer, and a tapister (maker of tapestry), all honest and thriving citizens of London, fit to be aldermen; a cook, well skilled in his craft; a sailor, bluff and hardy, who knew every harbor from Gothland to Finisterre; a doctor of physic, well grounded in astronomy and other science, 'but his study was but little on the Bible'; a wife of Bath, who had survived five husbands and was still fair and buxom; a poor, hard-working parson of a parish, holy in thought and work; a ploughman, a peaceable, laborious man; a reeve or land-bailiff, a slender choleric personage, close-shaven to the ears; a big, brawny miller; a sompnoir, or summoner of culprits before the ecclesiastical courts, with an ugly, fiery visage, all covered with pimples and blotches; a pardoner, with a wallet brimful of indulgences, just come from Rome, a smooth, womanish-looking personage, with a feeble voice and long soft yellow hair; a manciple, or purveyor of provisions for one of the inns of court; and, lastly, the poet himself. The Prologue to the poem, describing these various personages, is unrivalled in literature as a collection of portraits; and every intending reader of Chaucer ought to commence with it. The portraits of the nun-prioress, the friar, the clerk, and the miller, have been most admired, and often quoted.

The tales are twenty-four in number, and most of them are introduced with a prologue, in which we hear the various pilgrims making comments on the last tale,

or disputing who shall tell the next, or making jests at each other's expense and beginning to quarrel. On all these occasions the host is the principal figure; and though he tells no tale himself, we are constantly admiring his rich humorous genius, the ease with which he appreciates all the characters he has to deal with, the tact with which he draws them out, and the kingly decision with which he acts in all emergencies. These prologues serve also to mark the progress of the pilgrims on their journey. The tales, or at least those which were really written by Chaucer, come to a conclusion before the cavalcade reaches Canterbury; so that, had the work been completed, it would have been of much greater length. According to the plan proposed by the host before setting out, each person was to tell four tales, which, if fulfilled, would have made about a hundred and twenty tales in all.

The first tale, and with one exception the longest of the series, is told by the Knight. It is a classical story, told, however, quite in the spirit of the chivalrous age. Theseus, Duke of Athens, having conquered Thebes, two young Theban knights, Palamon and Arcite, sworn friends to each other, are carried prisoners to Athens, and confined in a tower of the palace. Both fall in love with Emily, the duke's young sister-in-law, whom they see walking in the palace-garden; and from being friends they become rivals. Suddenly Arcite is liberated and sent out of Athens with orders not to return on pain of death. Each now thinks his own case the worst: Arcite wishes he were Palamon, to be near Emily; and Palamon wishes he were at liberty, like Arcite, so that he might attempt to carry off his love. Arcite at length returns to Athens in disguise, and is employed in the household of Duke Theseus, with whom he becomes a favorite. Meanwhile Palamon makes his escape; but while riding in a grove in the neighborhood of the city, he meets his rival Arcite. Palamon being unarmed, their combat is put off till next day, when Arcite brings him armor and weapons, and they fall on each other like lions. While they are thus engaged, Duke Theseus, with his queen, her sister Emily, and a hunting party, arrive at the spot. Palamon now divulges the whole affair to the duke, who swears 'by mighty Mars the Red,' that they shall both die, but at length relents, moved by the tears of the ladies, and ordains a tour-

nament on that day fifty weeks, at which the rivals are to appear backed by a hundred knights each, to fight for the hand of the fair Emily. When the day arrives, the knights appear, both confident of success; Arcite is victorious. Advancing, however, to where Emily sits overlooking the lists, he is thrown from his horse, and dying in consequence, Palamon weds his bride. Such is the outline of the tale, which abounds in tender and beautiful passages.

The Knight's tale being finished, the Miller, who is excessively drunk, insists on telling the next, and, the Host bidding him go on for a fool, he tells a tale in which a clerk is made to outwit a silly carpenter. The tale is well received by the whole company, except the Reeve, who being a carpenter by trade, regards it as a personal insult, and retorts by a tale in which a miller comes off with the worst. The language of both these tales is exceedingly gross, a fault for which Chaucer apologizes, by prefacing the remark that tales of churls must be told in 'churlish mannere.' The Reeve is followed by the Cook, whose tale, respecting an idle apprentice, is left unfinished. After him comes the Man of Law, whose tale of the wanderings and sufferings of Custance, the pious daughter of the Emperor of Rome, is one of the most beautiful in the collection. The opening apostrophe to Poverty is particularly fine.

The Man of Law is followed by the Wife of Bath, who after a long prologue, in which she details her own history and matrimonial experiences, entertains the company with a tale of 'a bachelor of King Arthur's court, who is enjoined by the queen, on pain of death, to tell what thing it is that women do most desire.' The poor knight is extricated from his dilemma by an ugly old hag whom he meets, and who promises to teach him the proper answer to the queen's question, on condition that he shall afterwards grant her whatever she may request. He assents, and she informs him that what women desire most is sovereignty. The answer proves satisfactory; but, horrible to relate, the hag appears at court, and demands him in marriage. In the depths of his despair, the hag, who is a fairy, becomes young and beautiful.

To the Wife of Bath succeeds the Friar, who tells a tale of a summoner who is entrapped into a bargain with Satan, and carried off by him. For this tale the fiery-

visaged Summoner takes ample revenge, by a story at the expense of the whole fraternity of begging friars. These two humorous tales precede the famous Clerk's tale of 'Griseldis, or the Patient Wife,' rendered from Petrarch's version of Boccaccio's original—a composition which for sweetness and pathos never has been rivalled. Next comes the Merchant's tale, of which it will be sufficient to say that it is a 'churlish' tale, like those of the Miller and the Reeve. To it succeeds the Squire's tale, admired by Milton, relating how 'the King of Arabie sendeth to Cambuscan, King of Sarra, a horse and sword of rare quality, and to his daughter Canace a glass and a ring, by the virtue whereof she understandeth the language of all fowls.' This tale is not finished. The Franklin's tale, which follows, is a recommendation of courteous behavior, as the most efficient in all circumstances; and the Doctor's is a metrical version of the Roman story of Virginia. The Pardoner next tells a story of a company of rioters, who sally out in a drunken fit to kill Death, and who, naturally enough, lose their lives in the attempt; he winds up, however, with an advertisement of his wares—indulgences, which he will sell cheap, and relics from Rome, which he will allow people to kiss for only a groat. His harangue is cut short by the Host, who expresses a most healthy contempt for relics and indulgences, and quite reduces the poor Pardoner. The Shipman's, or Sailor's tale, is of the same class as the Merchant's; it is followed by the Prioress's 'Miracle of the holy Christian child, murdered by the Jews,' a beautiful little thing, which has been modernized by Wordsworth.

When the Prioress's tale is finished, the Host, who for some time has been eyeing our poet, with a view to ascertain what sort of a person he is, calls upon him for his tale. The Poet, professing that he has no tale, offers, instead, a rhyme, which he says he learned long ago. The Host, expecting 'some dainty thing,' bids him proceed; upon which Chaucer, without any warning that what he is going to repeat is a burlesque, begins—

'Listeneth lordings, in good intent,
And I will tell you *verament*
Of mirth and of solace;
All of a knight was fair and gent
In battle and in tournament,
His name was Sir Thopas.'

He has reached the thirty-third stanza of this monotonous effusion, when the Host, thoroughly disgusted, interrupts him, and bids him stop that 'drafty rhyming,' 'such rhyming I never heard; it may well be rhyme doggerel, quoth he.' He then asks the Poet, if he can do nothing else, at least to tell something in prose, 'in which there be some mirth or some doctrine.' Thus invited, the Poet commences the prose tale of Melibeus, 'how Prudence, his discreet wife, persuaded him to patience, and to receive his enemies to mercy and grace.' This specimen of Chaucer's prose is remarkable for its clearness, the fine musical cadence of its sentences, and its almost Baconian pregnancy with meaning; as an example of which last we may refer to the passage in which Prudence exhibits to her husband the errors he has committed in his manner of choosing his counsellors.

The Monk follows, with a metrical enumeration of certain remarkable historical instances of reverse of fortune, or descent from a condition of happiness to one of misery. The personages whose cases are discussed or commented on, are Lucifer, Adam, Samson, Hercules, Nebuchadnezzar, Belthazar, Zenobia, Nero, Holofernes, Antiochus, Alexander, Julius Cæsar, Cræsus, Peter of Spain, Petro King of Cyprus, Barnabo Viscount of Milan, and Hugelin Earl of Pisa. The Monk is succeeded by the Nun-Priest, whose tale of 'Chaunticleer and Dame Partelot' is generally known through Dryden's version. Next comes the second Nun's story of the Life and Death of St. Cecily. Just when it is ended, two new pilgrims of strange appearance join the company, one a canon, the other his man. Our host immediately makes acquaintance with the latter, and understanding that his master is an alchemist, induces him to tell how they live by that profession. The canon, seeing that he is to be the subject of his man's story, moves off; and the 'Chanon's yeoman' commences his tale—one of the most powerful of the whole collection, and interesting on account of its subject. He is followed by the Manciple, who tells a story of a speaking crow; and the whole is wound up by a sermon from the Parson, on Repentance and the Seven deadly Sins—a production not more striking in itself, than as being the finale to so motley a collection of tales.

We have thus glanced over the whole of Chaucer's works, in a very cursory manner indeed, but still perhaps with sufficient ful-

ness to refresh in some points the memories of those who are acquainted with the poet, and to convey to those who are not acquainted with him, a general idea of his productions. If we have at all succeeded, we are sure that the strongest impression left on the minds of our readers, will be that of the poet's variedness—an impression, never more fittingly expressed than in the following passage from the pen of a living critic:—'Even like the visible creation around us, Chaucer's poetry, too, has its earth, its sea, its sky, and all the sweet vicissitudes of each. Here you have the clear-eyed observer of man as he is, catching 'the manners living as they rise,' and fixing them in pictures where not their minutest lineament is or ever can be lost; here he is the inspired dreamer by whom earth and all its realities are forgotten, as his spirit soars and sings in the finer air and amid the diviner beauty of some far-off world of its own. Now the riotous verse rings loud with the turbulence of human merriment and laughter, casting from it, as it dashes on its way, flash after flash of all the forms of wit and comedy; now it is the tranquillizing companionship of the sights and sounds of inanimate nature of which the poet's heart is full—the springing herbage, and the dew-drops on the leaf, and the rivulets glad beneath the morning ray, and dancing to their own simple music.*

There are three critical observations of a more precise character on the poetry of Chaucer, to which, omitting much else that might be said, we shall confine ourselves; the rather, that they appear to embody in the shape of general propositions much that commentators have naturally dwelt upon in their discourses about Chaucer.

In the first place, it is evident to us, from Chaucer's writings, that in his time very much of the business of poetry was conceived to consist in what may be termed the metrical dissemination of information. All Chaucer's critics have noticed his habit of bringing in, on all occasions where it was possible, a number of instances *apropos* from classical history; as, in the first book of the 'House of Fame,' where the mention of the infidelity of Æneas to Dido leads him to give a list of all the notorious parallel cases of heroes proving false to their mistresses. This habit is frequently indulged to such a degree as to cause what

* Craik's Sketches of the History of Learning and Literature.

in a modern poet would be intolerable prolixness and pedantry. Now it seems to us that the explanation of this is what we have stated; namely, that at the period of the revival of letters in Europe, information, and especially information connected with the history of literature, was so precious, that for a poet to exhibit the extent of his reading in his verses was deemed a perfectly legitimate mode of exciting interest. At such a period, for a poet to permit himself such digressions and long parenthetical passages as those which critics have sometimes found fault with in Chaucer, was to act under one of the most profound feelings of the time, veneration for books and reading; it was to disseminate in an agreeable manner, information deemed rare and valuable. On the same principle it is, that we would explain and vindicate another habit of Chaucer and his poetical contemporaries; the habit, namely, of borrowing sentences and passages from other authors. Numerous instances might be pointed out, in which Chaucer has translated passages from the classics, the romancists, and his great Italian predecessors into his own productions, not to mention those in which he has availed himself merely in a general way of what such writers had done, as for example, when he borrows the plot of a tale from Boccaccio. The fact is, that at that time, a thought, a sentiment, a plot, an image, a description, were all precious to the poet, whencesoever obtained; and that the duty of repeating or translating the fine passages of another author, was more strongly felt than the desire of being original.

We remark, in the second place, a peculiar *largeness*, if we may so express it, about Chaucer's poetry, as if it were written not for men of ordinary stature or moderns, but for giants, or leisurely antediluvians. There is no haste about it, no literary eagerness, no deference to a standard of length or proportion, no subordination of parts to the whole; all is slow, calm, arbitrary, immense, as if an Egyptian temple were a building. If the grief of a child parting from her parents is described, it is done on a scale so large and colossal as literally to fulfil the poet's own hyperbole in the 'Man of Law's Tale':

'I trow, at Troy, when Pyrrhus brake the wall
Or Iliou bren', or Thebes the ci ie,
Ne at Rome for the harm through Hannibal
That Romans hath vanquished times three,
N' as heard such tender weeping for pitie
As in the chamber was for her parting.'

Perhaps the special manifestation of this *largeness* which will most readily strike a reader of Chaucer, is his fondness for minute and elaborate descriptions of scenery, ceremonials, &c. This characteristic may have been in some degree a constitutional peculiarity of Chaucer; we think, however, it may be referred to more general causes. In the age of manuscripts, when a reader could not turn as he pleased from one composition to another, what was written, behoved to be leisurely enjoyed; and the description of a wedding-procession in twenty stanzas, or of an arbor of honeysuckle in six, was less an offence against the feeling of proportion than it would be now. It is remarkable, however, that we do not observe this arbitrariness in the writings of the classics, whose circumstances were so far the same. The reason probably is, that in Chaucer's age the whole process of expressing one's thoughts and feelings in written language was more a mystery; so that it would have appeared more ungracious to interfere with the liberty of an author to gratify his own tastes as to what parts of his composition he should bestow most pains upon. Reviewing had not yet become a craft; and men still used the large incorrect utterance of the early gods. And with regard to Chaucer's attentiveness to the minutiae of external appearances, this appears to have belonged essentially to the spirit of his age, the age of chivalry and heraldry. We are tempted to assert that if a list of all the greatest poets of the world, from Homer downwards, were made out, it would be possible to show in their cases that this feeling of interest in the appearances of inanimate nature has undergone a series of marked modifications in the different ages of the world's progress. To extend the same remark, let us add that there could not in our opinion be a more interesting speculation than that which would arise from viewing the six or seven great poets whom the world has produced, purely in their connexion with their respective ages, with the endeavor to expiscate their profound characteristic differences, and thus to arrive at some feasible law of human development, according to which the great poets of different ages might be exhibited as constituting a natural series of Pythagorean transmutations or Hindoo avatars.

Our third remark is one concerning that *naïveté* and quaintness of expression, which delight us in Chaucer and other old writers, whether of prose or verse. These are to

be accounted for, partly by the fact that the modes of thinking of people in those times were really different from ours, that aspects of things which were then common have now become unfamiliar; but partly also, we conceive, by the fact that at the time when such authors wrote, there was no established literary idiom. At the present day any one, with a little practice, may express himself tolerably upon paper, his memory being stocked with phrases and clumps of words which have for many years done service in print, so that they have been worn quite smooth. It is different when one tries to express himself in writing for the first time. However fluent in oral discourse such a person may be, the work of expression with the pen will be difficult to him; every phrase excogitated will be a victory, every sentence a conquest. Hence the *naïveté* so often remarked in the epistolary performances of illiterate persons. Now in the age of Chaucer, writers had the same difficult task to go through; they had to drive the plough of their ideas through the stubborn soil of an unformed language. And therefore it is that the word *naïveté* becomes less applicable to the productions of English writers after the age of Shakespeare; while it continues applicable to those of Scottish writers to a later period.

From the Athenæum.

POPULAR SUPERSTITIONS OF THE MIDDLE AGES.

Essays on Subjects connected with the Literature, Popular Superstitions, and History of England in the Middle Ages. By Thomas Wright, M. A. 2 vols. J. R. Smith.

THESE volumes, as Mr. Wright informs us, are published with the view of spreading "a more general taste for the study of the literature and history of our forefathers in the Middle Ages;" and, in prosecution of this plan, the earlier portion of the work is devoted to "a popular view of the character of the literature of our island during the 12th and 13th centuries," while the second part consists of essays on popular mythology and superstitions, on the history of romance, the transmission of popular

stories, on the Robin Hood ballads, and on our political songs. Here is a tolerably extensive bill of fare;—the promise is good, let us look at the performance.

The first essay belongs to a period centuries earlier than the one specified; for it traces the progress of Anglo-Saxon poetry, and gives a few extracts from Cædmon, and that noble poem, 'Beowulf.' The next should rather have been entitled notices of the French jongleurs, than "Anglo-Norman Poetry," since, while we have only a line or two from Wace, and a few couplets from Benoit St. More—these originally appeared in Mr. Turner's History of England, and have done duty in some dozen works since—while, too, we have not a single notice of Marie of France, of Denis Pyramus, or Waddington, all affording illustrations, not only of the Anglo-Norman school of poetry, but, more valuable by far, of English opinions and manners,—we have an account of an old romance about Charlemagne—(what did Saxons, or even Anglo-Normans, care about *him*, when they had their own King Arthur to boast of?)—together with some Middle-Age tales, which are tolerably well known already, and several extracts from the verses of a jongleur, named Rutebeuf, who, as he resided at Paris, and described French manners, could scarcely be expected to throw much light upon English. As Wace, admirable and characteristic a trouvère as he is, had been passed over in this chapter, we thought that in the following essay, devoted to "the historical romances of the Middle Ages," amends might be made to him, more especially as some portions of his 'Brût d'Angleterre' illustrate both our popular traditions and our mediæval usages; but no,—with a perverse partiality for French illustrations, Mr. Wright commences with the epitome of a "roman," entitled 'Garin de Lorraine.' In its place, this may doubtless be considered a valuable relic of French popular literature; but to pass over the numerous Anglo-Norman remains, written by Englishmen, or at least residents in England, and celebrating the deeds of British heroes, for a story about King Thierry, and King Pepin, is a strange sort of illustration. In his next specimen, Mr. Wright at length comes upon English ground, in the story of King Horn, although, singularly enough, he begins with the later French version, and then turns to the old original English. And this is all! Without noticing one of the numerous romances about Arthur, without even mention-

ing those curious ones relating to 'King Alysaundre,'—both classes so popular among our forefathers,—the essay, bearing the interesting title of "*Chansons de Geste, or Historical Romances,*" concludes.

With the same strange love for the foreign, rather than the indigenous, Mr. Wright, in his next essay, "*On Proverbs and Popular Sayings,*" actually travels to Bayeux, in company with M. Plaquet, to bring back the important information, that to find a horse-shoe is lucky; that thirteen persons at dinner is unlucky; and that "Little and little makes mickle" is a proverb common both to Normandy and England. Now, as during this period much Oriental knowledge, in the form of tales, circulated throughout Europe, we surely need not be surprised that the same proverbs and popular sayings are found amongst the people both in France and England.

As to the notion of *thirteen* being an unlucky number, we believe it to have arisen from the recollection that, including Judas, the number of the apostles would be *thirteen*. It is true that a successor was not appointed until after his death, and that subsequently a second was called; but we must bear in mind, that Scriptural knowledge was very confused in those ages, and men accustomed to the phrase of "the twelve blessed Apostles," and yet equally accustomed to view Judas the traitor as one of them, might free themselves from the difficulty by believing him to have been the thirteenth—a belief quite sufficient to account for the actual alarm with which our fathers viewed *thirteen* at table.*

In regard to proverbs, although many afford even valuable illustrations of national character and popular usages, yet most of them are the result of common observation on common affairs. "Every bird loves its own nest," "Strike the iron while it is hot," and such like, are figures which must occur to every one who had seen a bird's nest, or a smith's forge. Such, therefore, are scarcely worth the tracing from one language to another. The essay on the Latin poetry of the 12th century, although of but little interest to the *general* reader, is at least not out of place, which is more than can be said of "Abelard and the Scholastic Philosophy."

* We might offer also another solution. Until Judas went out, there were, including "the matter of the feast," exactly *thirteen* at the Last Supper.

In his essay on Grimm's German Mythology—(why could not Mr. Wright give us an essay on *English* mythology?)—he labors earnestly to prove that "much of the popular mythology of the French was probably, as we suspect *also is the case with that of the Scotch, Welsh and Irish, essentially Teutonic.*" Now, we should think that as Britain was colonized by the Celts long ere any of the Teutonic tribes set a foot on the land, our most ancient and most widely diffused superstitions would of necessity be *Celtic*. And so they are—even by Mr. Wright's showing. The worship of trees, the keeping watch beside wells, both obtained among the earliest inhabitants; and these are among the most ancient of superstitions, brought, not improbably from the East, by the Celtic tribes in their earliest migration from thence. The following appears in a Saxon homily against witchcraft,—it is curious:—

"We are ashamed," says the writer, 'to tell all the scandalous divinations that every man useth through the devil's teaching, either in taking a wife, or in going a journey, or in brewing, or at the asking of something when he begins any thing, or when any thing is born to him.' And again, 'Some men are so blind, that they bring their offerings to immoveable rocks, and also to trees, and to wells, as witches teach, and will not understand how foolishly they do, or how the lifeless stone or the dumb tree may help them, or heal them, when they themselves never stir from the place.' 'Moreover,' he goes on to say, 'many a silly woman goes to the meeting of ways, and draweth her child through the earth, and so gives to the devil both herself and her offspring.' In fact, as the same early writer observes, 'Every one who trusts in divinations either by fowls, or by sneezings, or by horses, or by dogs, he is no Christian, but a notorious apostate.'"

The following extract, too, from a Latin Penitentialia in the British Museum, is also worthy notice; not as proving the *Teutonic* source of these forbidden acts, but their purely Oriental origin:*

* Most of the acts mentioned here will be found among the decrees of various continental councils of a still earlier period. One of these gives the substance of the second paragraph, in the following terms: "Let no woman boast that she rides by night with the Lady Hera or Benzoria, with an innumerable multitude, for this is an illusion of the demon." This fanciful belief was linked with a wild fable, which still more proves its oriental derivation. It was, that this "innumerable company" were always bound to Palestine; for she among them who should *first* dip her hands in Jordan would become mistress of the world.

"He who endeavors by any incantation or magic to take away the stores of milk, or honey, or other things belonging to another, and to acquire them himself.—He who, deceived by the illusion of hobgoblins, believes and confesses that he goes or rides in the company of her whom the foolish peasantry call Herodias or Diana, and with immense multitude, and that he obeys her commands.—He who prepares with three knives in the company of persons, that they may predestine happiness to children who are going to be born there.—He who makes his offering to a tree, or to water, or to any thing, except a church.—They who follow the custom of the pagans in inquiring into the future by magical incantations on the first of January, or begin works on that day, as though they would on that account prosper better the whole year.—They who make ligatures or incantations and various fascinations with magical charms, and hide them in the grass, or in a tree, or in the path, for the preservation of their cattle.—He who places his child on the roof or in a furnace for the recovery of his health, or for this purpose uses any charms or characters, or magical figments, or any art, unless it be holy prayers, or the liberal art of medicine.—He who shall say any charm in the collecting of medicinal herbs, except such as the paternoster and the credo."

Now, the very names in the second paragraph, "Herodias, or Diana," disprove the *Tuetic* theory. It is curious, however, thus to trace the first beginning of that strange notion, to which, in the 16th and 17th centuries, so many an old woman fell a victim; and how, in the lapse of ages, the company of wild and joyous spirits, presided over by "the lady Diana" herself, degenerated into a squalid troop of witches, mounted on their broomsticks.

The English fairies, according to Mr. Wright, are of Teutonic origin; notwithstanding that he acknowledges Giraldus Cambrensis, to whom we are chiefly indebted for these tales, to have considered them as British. Here is one of his stories of a species of Puck:—

"These hobgoblins sometimes appeared visibly; and one in Pembrokeshire, where they were very common, took up his abode in the house of one Elidor Stakepole, in the form of a red boy, who called himself Simon. Master Simon began, 'impudently,' says our author—by taking the keys from the butler, and usurping his office. However, he was himself so provident a butler, that, while he held the office, every thing seemed to prosper. He never waited to be told to do any thing; but whatever his master or mistress were thinking of calling for, he brought it immediately, saying, 'You want so and so; here it is.' More-

over, he knew all about their money and their secret hoards; and often did he upbraid them on that account, for he hated nothing more than avarice, and he could not bear to see money laid up in holes which might be employed in good and charitable uses. There was nothing, on the contrary, he liked better than giving plenty to eat and drink to the rustics; and he used to tell his master, that it was right he should be free in giving to them those things which by their labors he himself obtained. Indeed, Simon was an excellent servant: but he had one failing, he never went to church, and he never uttered a single 'Catholic word' (*nec verbum aliquid Catholicum unquam pronunciabat*). One remarkable thing was, that he never slept in the house at night, though he was always at his post by daybreak. Once, however, he was watched, and found to take up his lodging about the mill and the milldam. The next morning Simon came to his master, delivered up his keys, and left the house, after having filled the post of butler for about forty days. (Girald. Cam. Itin. lib. i. pp. 852, 853.)"

Here is another story, from the manuscript chronicle about the beginning of the thirteenth century, of Ralph, of Coggeshall:—

"During the reign of the first Richard, there appeared frequently, and for a long space of time, in the house of Sir Osbern de Bradwell, at Dagworth in Suffolk, 'a certain fantastical spirit,' who conversed with the family of the aforesaid knight, always imitating the voice of an infant. He called himself Malkin; and he said that his mother and brother dwelt in a neighboring house, and that they often chided him because he had left them and had presumed to hold converse with mankind. The things which he did and said were both wonderful and very laughable, and he often told people's secrets. At first the family of the knight were extremely terrified, but by degrees they became used to him, and conversed familiarly with him. With the family he spoke English; and that, too, in the dialect of the place; but he was by no means deficient in learning; for, when the chaplain made his appearance, he talked in Latin with perfect ease, and discoursed with him upon the Scriptures. He made himself heard and felt too, readily enough, but he was never seen but once. It seems that he was most attached to one of the female part of the family, a fair maiden, who had long prayed him to show himself to her; at last, after she had promised faithfully not to touch him, he granted her request, and there appeared to her a small infant, clad in a white frock. He also said that he was born at Lavenham; that his mother left him for a short time in a field where she was gleaning; that he had been thence suddenly carried away, and had been in his present condition seven years; and that after another seven years he should be restored to his former state. He said that he and

his companions had each a cap, by means of which they were rendered invisible. This is the German *tarn-kappe*. He often asked for food and drink, which, when placed on a certain chest, immediately disappeared. The writer from whom this story is quoted asserts that he had it from the chaplain who figures in it."

The words in the foregoing, "this is the German *tarn-kappe*," are an interpolation introduced, we should imagine, for the mere purpose of helping out the "Teutonic" theory. Mr. Wright should, however, have remembered that the power of rendering themselves invisible, by means of cap, hood, mantle, or ring, is an attribute common to the supernatural beings of all ages and countries.

Friar Rush, although he had a passing degree of popularity about the close of the fifteenth, and during the sixteenth century, when the first little printed books introduced *Ulenspiegel*, and *Reynard the Fox*, and such like, to the English reader, cannot be placed among the objects of *English* popular belief. Still less can we believe that he was ever identified with *Robin Goodfellow*. In the twelfth essay we have a very desultory account of the history and transmission of popular stories. The chief illustration, that of the little *Hunchback* of the Arabian tales, has often been alluded to. Another, less known, is curious, as showing how the transmitted tale often loses its point:—

"A simple countryman carried a lamb to market, and six rogues agreed together to cheat him of his merchandise. They took their station in the six streets of the town through which he had to pass, and each accosted him in turn with the question, 'For how much will you sell your dog?' At first the rustic asserts resolutely that it is a lamb; but, finding so many persons in succession taking it for a dog, he becomes terrified, begins to believe that the animal is bewitched, and gives it up to the last of the six inquirers, in order to be relieved from his apprehensions. This story, in its original form, is found in the Indian collection entitled *Panchatantra*: and we there understand better why the man abandoned the animal when he was persuaded that it was a dog, because this in the Brahminic creed is an unclean animal. Three rogues meet a Brahmin carrying a goat which he has just bought for sacrifice: one after another they tell him it is a dog which he is carrying; and, at last, believing that his eyes are fascinated, and fearing to be polluted by the touch of an unclean animal, he abandons it to the thieves, who carry it away. The same story is found in several Arabian collec-

tions, and from them, no doubt, it came to the West."

The following story, from the "*Gesta Romanorum*" is worth transcribing:—

"There was a rich smith, who lived in a certain city near the sea; he was very miserly and wicked, and he collected much money, and filled the trunk of a tree with it, and placed it beside his fire in every body's sight, so that none suspected that money was contained in it. It happened once when all the inhabitants were hard asleep, that the sea entered the house so high that the trunk swam, and when the sea retired it carried it away; and so the trunk swam many miles on the sea, until it came to a city in which was a certain man who kept a common inn. This man rose in the morning, and seeing the trunk afloat drew it to land, thinking it was nothing more than a peice of wood thrown away or abandoned by somebody. This man was very liberal and generous towards poor people and strangers. It happened one day that strangers were entertained in his house, and it was very cold weather. The host began to cut the wood with an axe, and after three or four blows he heard a sound; and when he discovered the money, he rejoiced, and placed it under safe keeping, to restore it to the rightful owner, if he should apply for it. And the smith went from city to city in search of his money, and at last he came to the city and house of the innkeeper who had found the trunk. When the stranger spoke of his lost trunk, his host understood that the money was his, and he thought within himself, 'Now I will try if it be God's will that I should restore him his money.' The host caused to be made three pasties of dough; the first he filled with earth, the second with dead men's bones, and the third with the money which he found in the trunk. Having done this, he said to the smith, 'We will eat three good pasties of excellent flesh which I have; you shall have which you choose.' And the smith lifted them one after another, and he found the one filled with earth was the heaviest, and he chose it, and said to the host, 'If I want more, I will choose that next,' placing his hand on the pasty full of dead men's bones, 'you may keep the third pasty yourself.' The host seeing this, said in his heart, 'Now I see clearly that it is not the will of God that this wretch should have the money again.' He immediately called together the poor and the weak, the blind and the lame, and, in the presence of the smith opened the pasty, and said, 'Behold, wretch, thy money, which I gave thee into thy hands, yet thou hast chosen in preference the pasties of earth and of dead men's bones, and thou hast done well, for it has not pleased God that thou shouldest have thy money again!' And immediately the host divided the money before his eyes among the poor: and so the smith departed in confusion."

The remaining essays, some of which have lately appeared in periodicals, might be passed over, but Mr. Wright's strange theory respecting the grand hero of our peasantry, Robin Hood, cannot be overlooked. A certain French gentleman, M. Barry, some twelve years since, wrote a "Thèse de Littérature," on the Robin Hood ballads, a meagre and blundering work enough.* Still, he did not scruple to give bold Robin an actual existence; only he chose to suppose him one of the oppressed Saxons, who had fled to the woods on the Norman Conquest of England; and hence his hatred to nobles and clergy. Had M. Barry known more about his subject, he would have found, that in the chief essential of Saxon hatred—detestation of the monarch—Robin is wholly wanting. It is his proud, but hearty spirit of rivalry with the upper classes; his utter contempt of the *established* clergy, still always conjoined with great respect for the king,—characteristics which the reader, even in spite of their modernization, will perceive in almost every ballad, that have always appeared to us, a strong corroboration of the popular opinion, that Robin Hood flourished during the thirteenth century.

At that important period, the populace took a greater share in public affairs, and, in consequence, assumed a bolder tone than they had before ventured on. The established clergy, mostly foreigners, and mostly rapacious, were objects of general detestation,—a detestation which was encouraged by the mendicant orders; while "the merry greenwood," no longer fenced about by the ferocious laws of the Norman monarchs, became to our forefathers the scene of "all manner of freedom and joyous liberty." What wonder was it that, during the strife of King John's reign, or those of his son's, some bold yeoman, in Sherwood or Charnwood, should have organized his band of merry men, and reigned as a king among them? No, says Mr. Wright, "the legends of the peasantry are the shadows of a very remote antiquity. They enable us to place our Robin Hood, with tolerable certainty, among the personages of the early mythology of the Teutonic people!" Truly the "mythic" system can go no further than this. We might willingly concede to Mr. Wright, and this vaunted system, "Goosy

Goosy Gander," "The House that Jack Built," and that tale, the admiration of our childhood, "Jack and the Bean-Stalk," nay, even "Jack the Giant Killer," but bold Robin, that hero of the English peasantry, their type indeed—just as King Arthur is type and exemplar of the knights of the Middle Ages—Robin who maintained the same love for poor men, the same "homage aux dames," the same heartfelt spirit of devotion, to which chivalry pledged the knight, at the foot of the altar, to set *him*, somewhere in the heavens, like the Great Bear, as King Arthur has been; or Adonis-like, to preside over the vernal equinox, because in spring time his favorite games of archery took place, is somewhat extravagant.

We cannot say much in favor of the remaining essays. That "On old English political Songs" affords nothing that is new; except, perhaps, the assertion that the adherents of the Parliament,—including, as the reader will remember, Milton, Marvel, and George Withers,—“were more given to praying than song-writing; since as an old song tells us,—

And if they write in metre,
They think there's nothing sweeter,
Unless it be old Tom Sternhold."

From which illustration we infer that Mr. Wright is unaware that Sternhold, as well as the "Book of Common Prayer," was sent to the right about by the Puritans. Such songs as "When this old cap was new," "The old courtier of the Queen," and "Jock is grown a gentleman," independently of being scarcely *political* songs, in the strict acceptation, have been too often used to be allowed a place in a work which professes so much as the one before us. The whole concludes with an essay on the Scotch Poet, Dunbar;—thus exhibiting to the end a sufficient variety of subjects, although we cannot say much for the value of the information.

FAMINE IN JERUSALEM.—Recent accounts from Jerusalem state that city and the country round to be suffering from great scarcity, having during the last season very little rain, and a plague of vermin. The same measure of wheat which cost sevenpence had risen to three shillings; and wheat and rice were daily distributed to prevent the poor from starving.—*Lit. Gaz.*

* One illustration may be sufficient. He actually derives the word *yeoman*, from *yew* man, which he supposes to mean an archer.

From Fraser's Magazine.

CONTEMPORARY ORATORS.

WHATEVER may be suggested to the contrary by personal or political antipathy, it will be generally admitted by men of all parties, who are conversant with the subject, that Sir James Graham stands next to Sir Robert Peel and Lord John Russell in the degree of influence he exercises over the debates in the House of Commons. It is not as an orator, more than respectable though his pretensions be, that he ranks thus high; for there are many, even among his inferiors as statesmen, who in eloquence far transcend him. Nor is it because he has, in the course of his long and chequered career, developed those higher qualities, either of character or of intellect, which lead men in the aggregate to wait upon the judgment of the individual, yielding themselves to his guidance; for the public life of Sir James Graham has been singularly unpropitious to the accomplishment of that glorious distinction. Nor is it that his reputation has grown with the growth or identified itself with the successes of any great national party, whose gratitude would have given him a following, and that following an audience prepossessed in his favor; for there is scarcely a public man of the day who has been so deeply and irrecoverably inconstant to political alliances, or the virulence of whose temporary opposition may with more precision be gauged by the fervency of his former support. On none of the received grounds, in fact, can his influence—popularity it cannot be called—with the House of Commons be accounted for. Such as it is, it depends on himself alone. It is anomalous, like his position.

The solitary, self-created, almost undisputed sway wielded by Sir Robert Peel, one can understand. He has been the foremost man of his time. Always the leader of, even in adversity, the most powerful party of his countrymen, he has never, except, perhaps, in the single instance of the Reform question, run counter to the feelings of the nation.

There are principles and sentiments which, even in the hour of the uttermost estrangement, he held in common with his opponents; there was always some neutral ground for reconciliation. If events proved that his advocacy could not always have been sincere, no one could point to habitual virulence and acrimony assumed to give the color of earnestness. He soothed,

flattered, cajoled, played off parties and opinions against each other with delicate finesse, but never directly outraged deep-rooted prejudices or long-established opinions. And so, indeed, it is with him in the present hour. While ruling his political contemporaries with a power so absolute as to be almost without parallel in representative assemblies, and, at the same time, so well masked as to require all the envenomed ingenuity of a disappointed partisan ere it could be discovered, much less believed in, Sir Robert Peel has contrived to avoid exhibiting most of the harsher symbols of his sway. His despotism has not been obtrusive, or his tyranny odious. He has made men enslave each other, without himself standing forth as the confessed cause of the general degradation. If he has no natural or personal followers, so also he has no organized opponents,—at least their organization melts away at his approach; they are valiant only behind his back.

The more genial, mild, and natural influence of Lord John Russell with his followers is also to be accounted for; nor is it at all surprising, that he should be a favorite as a speaker with the House generally. Of the Whig party, first the *protégé*, then the pupil, and now the leader, he has always been the firm and consistent supporter. Of one side of the House he possesses the favor by every right of political service, and party is not slow to be grateful, however wanting it may be in other political virtues. To his opponents and the House generally, he has always exhibited a deference and respectful consideration, which, if it sprang from policy, was wise in the extreme, for it has secured a degree of prepossession on personal grounds which is not enjoyed even by Sir Robert Peel himself, and often acts as a counter-balancing make-weight for mental and physical short-comings in his oratory.

Sir James Graham's influence in the representative branch of the legislature is not to be attributed to any of the causes which have secured its favors for these two distinguished men. Like Sir Robert Peel, he has constantly been in antagonism with parties and opinions to which he has at some other time, before or since, given his most hearty support. But his changes of opinion and of policy have been made under very different circumstances, and the tone and character of his advocacy and opposition have been of a very different na-

ture. Sir Robert Peel's first great act of inconsistency, however it may have exasperated his followers at the time, still bore the stamp of statesmanship; inasmuch as it was the application of a great and, in some respects, a desperate remedy to a state of things to which the history of the constitution afforded no parallel. It carried with it, also, to most minds the justification of an overpowering necessity. His subsequent deviations from the line of policy professed by him in early life, and while still the leader of the old Tory party, have, in like manner, been to a great extent the result of circumstances which he could not control. Many compromises of principle are forgiven in the regenerator of a great party. And Sir Robert Peel, too, has always kept his motives so free from suspicions. His ambition is, at least, of an ennobling and exalting character. He has never been the mere partisan, or allowed politics to become a passion with him, but has preserved his dignity amidst all the heats of party strife. Personal motives are seldom assigned to him when he sees fit to change his policy. He has preserved in an eminent degree the respect both of parliament and the public.

Not so Sir James Graham; and the fact affects his position with the House of Commons, or it would not be so broadly stated in this paper, which, with the others of the series, treats of public men with reference to their personal position and their influence as speakers, and not with any political bias. Upon the same principle that high praise has been given to Lord John Russell or to Mr. Macaulay, although Whigs, because they are fairly entitled to it, the faults in the character of Sir James Graham, and the flaws in his position, will be dealt with without reserve, notwithstanding that he is so distinguished and so useful a member of a Conservative government. Sir James, we repeat, has not, amidst his many changes of opinion and party, preserved the same high character, the same freedom from the imputation of partisanship, the same presumption of stainless motive, that have upheld Sir Robert Peel, and retained for him the personal favor of the House of Commons, even in the most critical and dangerous periods of his fortunes. Still less has he observed that steady devotion to early received and possessed opinions, that tolerant and liberal appreciation of principles and views entertained and professed by opponents, that gently repulsive retirement from stage

to stage of party defence in the face of the advancing enemy, which, together with many personal qualities of an amiable character, have secured for Lord John Russell so much of the regard of foes as well as of friends. Sir James Graham has acted on wholly opposite tactics. There has been more (so to speak) of brigandage, more of the loose policy of the Free Lance, in his political life. His attacks have always been fierce and virulent in inverse proportion to what has proved to be the depth of his convictions, and to the apparent necessity of the case; his defences have always been distinguished by a blind and passionate obstinacy; his compromises and abandonments of professed opinions have always been sudden. These are great defects of character in the eyes of Englishmen, and they react upon Sir James Graham, and lessen his consequence as a statesman, to this hour, in spite of his commanding talents and great position.

Sir James Graham has made enemies of almost every party in the legislature. It has not been because he has opposed them from time to time, for other men who are much more popular have for many years done so more effectually. But it has been on account of the extreme virulence of his opposition. His fighting has always been *à l'outrance*. He has been too prone to disdain the courtesies of political warfare; fictions though they be, yet agreeable ones and humanizing. He has always appeared to import his passions into party conflicts, as though he were not merely fighting the battle of opinions, but also maintaining his own personal quarrel. And yet he has never succeeded in impressing one with the idea of his being in earnest. That would have rendered pardonable, language otherwise too severe. His harangues while in opposition, and indeed all his party speeches, rather seem the elaborate efforts of one having little real sympathy with the themes he is discussing or the views he is urging, but who has worked himself up to a state of fictitious enthusiasm or moral indignation, in order the more effectually to gratify political vindictiveness, or advance personal ambition, by obtaining the applause of audiences willing to be misled under cover of those high-sounding pretences. But, whether simulated or real, some of the speeches here more particularly referred to—and to which, it must be added, no one could listen without being struck with admiration

at their boldness, skill, and sustained energy—were scarcely reconcilable with that liberal and charitable interpretation of the motives of opponents, which is one of the first duties of public men to each other. Nor has Sir James Graham, while conducting his combats in this spirit, been at all choice in the weapons he used. Any mis-sive that came to hand was hurled indiscriminately at the foe. No epithet, however heavy its imputation (always, of course, saving that it is parliamentary); no taunt, however bitter or exasperating, whether to individuals, to parties, to opinions, or even to whole nations; no general charge, however grave as against the policy of a party, or however damnatory of the motives of his opponents in their councils or their conduct; and, finally, no manœuvre that could by any stretch of license be accounted not inconsistent with parliamentary honor, even to the extent of partial statements of opponents' opinions, or partial quotations or withholdings of justificatory matter; not one such expedient, however little to be approved in fair and free public discussion, by which a temporary triumph could be won, or a rival for the hour put down, was ever rejected by Sir James Graham from any delicacy of temperament; or from any high and fastidious sense of honor, such as restrains some men from grasping the victory which is theirs on such conditions; or even from that constitutional love of fair play and open, stand-up fighting which is the Englishman's boast, and which is covertly the guiding principle in all the debates in parliament.

It will be observed that blame is imputed to Sir James Graham, not merely because in the course of a long and very stormy political life he has changed his opinions. Men have always been held at liberty to do that; and of late it is becoming quite a fashion. It is on account of the extreme virulence and unscrupulousness with which he has from time to time advocated the opinion or the party object of the hour, and the suddenness with which he has changed those opinions and objects, that he has failed to secure his fair share of the respect of his contemporaries, at least far more than his great talent. A very cursory glance at his speeches will fully confirm the view here put forward. Look at his earlier political career, when as "the Cumberland Baronet," he frightened the isle from its propriety, by the violent and unconstitutional tendency of his writings and

speeches. Who could have suspected that a man whose sentiments breathed so much of the very spirit of license, would in comparatively few years stand before the world one of the favored leaders of the party he was then denouncing so violently, and as the most arbitrary home-secretary the country had known for many years? Again, his attacks upon the landed interest in the earlier part of his career were so harsh and virulent, that one can scarcely believe, though the fact stares one in the face, that the same man has been, for twelve or fourteen years, one of the chief counsellors and leaders of those whom he then treated as the pests and enemies of their country. Furthermore, let us look at the zealous partisanship with which, when he was a member of the Whig government, he attacked on the one hand the Radicals, of whom at least, in opinion, he might once have been accounted a leader; and on the other the Conservatives, in whose ranks he was so soon to hold one of the most distinguished posts. Nor can it be forgotten how when in power as a Conservative minister, he has stood out in marked relief from his colleagues, in the virulence of his attacks on those with whom he had so lately held office, and towards whom he at least, and Lord Stanley, should have been restrained in resorting to the more even-tempered hostilities of party. It cannot be attributing too much importance to the effects of this constant antagonism on his part to the convictions or the self-love of his contemporaries, when we say, that they detract very materially from the estimation in which he is held, and preclude the possibility of his being popular in the House of Commons, however much his eloquence, his debating powers, or his extraordinary aptitude for business, may cause him to be admired, and render him valuable as a minister and a statesman.

It has been in the face of all these self-created obstacles, in spite of drawbacks and disadvantages which would have long since consigned an ordinary man to oblivion, that Sir James Graham, after having deserted his post in the van of one party—the party with whom his early political life was spent, and to whom he was indebted for his position—has forced his way to the very leadership of another; of a party distinguished for the possession of talent, legitimately occupying its ranks and not at all dependent upon chance recruits for the figure it makes before the country. Without a following,

after having violently discarded the political friendships of his youth and manhood, and in spite of an habitual, almost a studied avoidance of all the ordinary arts of popularity, which at times has almost gone the length of courting public odium, we find Sir James Graham the right hand and confidential counsellor of the most powerful minister this country has known since Pitt; the absolute dictator of all the internal administration, and of much of the internal policy, and the originator, or at all events the arbiter, of the internal legislation, of this great kingdom. More than of any other living statesman it may be said of him that he has made his own position. It was probably the object of his early ambition; yet, if we look at his career, how unpropitious was its commencement for such a close! So much the more merit, then, in an intellectual point of view, is due to him who could thus compel circumstances to his purposes. It is to his talents alone that he is indebted for the high post he holds, and the distinguished position he enjoys among his contemporaries. He has literally fought his way up; and a hard fight he has had. If he has multiplied the natural obstacles of such a career, so much the greater is the talent and the determination of purpose by which they have been overcome. What Mr. Macaulay has won by his eloquence and capacity for statesmanship, Sir James Graham has attained by the same spirit of self-dependence, working out its mission in the more active and stormy scenes of political excitement, by more bold and dangerous ventures, and more skilful and daring pilotage.

Sir James Graham has always been equal to his position. Various as have been the parts he has played in that political drama of his time, he has always glided naturally into them, and distinguished himself as one of the first actors, rising naturally to the top. His speeches from time to time afforded an accurate barometer of his political position. On whichever side of politics they were made, they have always been marked by great aptitude, readiness, tact, vigor, and power. Except Lord Brougham and O'Connell, he has been, perhaps, the most actively militant orator of his day. When he was down he attacked those who were uppermost; now he is in power, he wages perpetual war with those who are out. Whether attacking institutions or defending them, however, he has shown equal ability and determination to conquer at all hazards.

When he was a Radical, or at least so very ultra a Whig that the steady ones of the party were almost ashamed or at least afraid of him, he was so thoroughly uncompromising in his denunciations, that Mr. Duncombe, whom he is now nightly striving to extinguish with all the awful terrors of law and order, would have been by his side but a mere wretched shadow of a demagogue. In fact, we have no such Radicals now as Sir James was then. They are all fat, jocular men, growing wealthy upon corner-ships, and such like abominations; or *blasé* dandies in search of an excitement. Some of the speeches of Sir James Graham, whether in parliament, at the hustings, or at public meetings, at the time referred to, would in the present day be accounted almost too bold for the most determined aspirant for the honors of political martyrdom. For they were unredeemed by the philosophy of liberalism; they had not even the dignity and tone of Chartism. They were simple, unadulterated, partisan speeches, made to serve a purpose, and forgotten as soon as uttered. But about their talent there was no mistake. It was not that they were distinguished for high eloquence, but for power and downright hard hitting. They gave the speaker a claim on the rising party of the time; and in a few years the *quasi*-demagogue shot up into a minister.

And a capital minister he made. His most determined enemies do not deny this. Whatever may be thought of Sir James Graham as a politician, no one hesitates to admit that he is one of the best administrative officers this country has for many years produced. The same talent, the tact and aptitude, which had made him so clever an assailant of the former government, rendered him immediately fit for office. He was here, as before, equal to his position. As a speaker on behalf of the government, too, he proved himself a most valuable ally,—turning the flank of his quondam Radical associates with provoking skill and unerring precision. But the prior claims of those who were already designated as the successors to the chief posts in the Whig party still kept Sir James in the background, and forbade the hope of his taking that distinguished position for which his talents and ambition alike indicated him. The reorganization of the party at that time, and their adoption of a policy of dangerous progress, afforded an opportunity for a change, and accordingly, in a very short time we

find Sir James Graham (after a short time spent in a chrysalis state) a full-blown Conservative. Here, again, he was fully equal to his position; and as it was during the long and glorious struggle of the Conservative opposition headed by Sir Robert Peel, Lord Stanley, and Sir James Graham, that the latter made his best speeches, a better opportunity cannot be taken to treat of his peculiarities as an orator—which was the part he then laid himself out to fill—before attempting to describe him as he now is in his new character of repressor-general of the insubordinates in the House of Commons, or “crusher”-in-chief to the ministry.

The Conservative speeches of Sir James Graham, made when fighting side by side with Sir Robert Peel and Lord Stanley against the Whigs, were admirable specimens of what may be done by highly cultivated powers, extensive acquaintance with the best models of eloquence, persevering care, and elaborate preparation, without oratorical genius, or that earnestness and sincerity of purpose which will often advantageously supply its place. Assuming them to have been deliberately got up to serve a certain purpose, it would be impossible to withhold admiration from the power, tact, and aptitude, with which the means were made subservient to the end. Upon the supposition that the speaker was really sincere, it was difficult to account for the absence, even in the most solemn appeals to the religious feelings of the auditory, or to their cherished constitutional prepossessions, of those touches of deep feeling which are the utterances of the soul, not the promptings of art, and which act like a talisman upon the sympathies. The speeches referred to were, many of them, superior as compositions to those of Sir Robert Peel or Lord Stanley, containing more of the great argument on which the whole movement of the Conservative party was based. For, although Sir James Graham evinces so little readiness to bend his will to those around him, he shows an almost chameleon-like power of reflecting their sympathies, opinions, or prejudices. They were in this respect admirable manuals for the party, and no doubt did good service in the country. But the impetuous eloquence of Lord Stanley, and the admirable persuasive art of Sir Robert Peel, enabled them to achieve more, with materials which in justice to Sir James Graham we must admit are not superior to those

which are to be found in his speeches of that period. What detracted from the effect of the declamatory passages was a somewhat pompous and stilted tone, a too evident affectation of solemnity and earnestness; which might have been partly natural, arising from physical causes, and therefore not fairly the object of criticism, though materially marring the effect of the speeches. But allowing for all these defects, they were yet remarkable efforts of oratorical skill, which raised Sir James to a level with the best speakers in the House of Commons. The exordiums and perorations always bore marks of the most careful preparation, and were usually models of fine composition; the quotations were most apt, and often from recondite sources; the poetical passages delivered with a fine emphasis and full appreciation of the rhythm. As a debater, rising at a late hour, perhaps, to reply suddenly to the arguments of a previous speaker or speakers, where the novelty of the topics precludes all preparation, and the real powers of the orator are therefore tried to the utmost, Sir James showed himself the possessor of the very highest order of talent,—in readiness of argument, retentiveness of memory, suddenness of quotation, quickness of retort, in invective, sarcasm, repartee, declamation, he was seldom or never at fault, and was always the antagonist most dreaded by the ministers. Perhaps one reason for this might be the virulence of tone, and unscrupulousness in the use of weapons, of which mention has already been made, as one of the chief faults of Sir James Graham.

But all these successes as a politician, and all these triumphs as a speaker, will not account for or justify the assertion with which these observations commenced,—that Sir James Graham's influence over the House of Commons is only second to that of Sir R. Peel or Lord John Russell. For influence he does possess, although in the face of all that has been here said to his disadvantage, it is most difficult to trace it to its source, seeing that there is no man in the house who appears less to court popular favor than Sir James Graham. Looking back at his career while joint leader of the Conservative opposition, it was certainly then impossible to predict that he would develope into the sort of character he has exhibited as minister and home-secretary. Prominent as his position then was, he was rather the servitor of party than otherwise: he

never assumed to take the lead. Still less would you have supposed that he would have had the boldness to flout the house as he has since done; or so ostentatiously to defy the sovereign people through their representatives. All honor to him for his courage, though it might have been exercised in a better cause. It is because Sir James Graham affects or really feels an indifference to the good opinion of the house, that they submit so spaniel-like to his caprices or his studied coldness and indifference, and pay so much attention, often so much deference, to his opinion.

A hardness and impassability of temperament, which is to censure or obloquy as adamant or rhinoceros-hide, joined to a wonderful knowledge of human nature, great talents, clear perception, readiness, determination of purpose, and a steady resolution to seize all opportunities and yield none, give him great advantage in an assembly where the average of ability is not above mediocrity, and where there are so few who have the courage or feel the inclination to stand forth as champions. With the exception of Mr. Duncombe, Mr. Ferriand, and Mr. Wakley, the members generally bend before his consistent will and determination of purpose, which, in such a place, are almost tantamount to a strong or superior mind. If they would say the truth, they are not a little afraid of him. At the same time it must not be forgotten that such a man as Sir James is in these times particularly useful. Utilitarianism, on which are grafted some of the colder and harsher doctrines of political economy, has become the political religion of our public men. Centralization, with its train of paralyzing evils, has become the fashionable machinery of government. The farther the ear and eye are removed from the actual scene, the less chance there is of the evil being seen or the complaint heard. The selfishness of classes needs excuses. It thinks to hide its naked hideousness in systems. Weaker natures fear to lay down, still more to carry out principles, which this selfishness would fain see adopted. A firmer spirit, which, perhaps, because it has faith in such principles, asserts them broadly and maintains them in act, through good and evil report, becomes a powerful and valuable ally. A Sir James Graham will be clung to, in an instinctive deference for his vigor of mind and boldness of purpose. Such a man serves, to rule. Less remote causes of his influence may, however, be

found; causes on the surface quite sufficient in the present state of things to account for his contradicting all the usual calculations on which ministerial popularity is based.

His demeanor in the house is a study. As he enters below the bar, his red dispatch-box in hand, his figure towers above most of the members, notwithstanding that of late years he has contracted a slight stoop. Extreme hauteur, tempered by a half-sarcastic superciliousness, is his prevailing characteristic; and, as he slowly drags along his tall and massive frame, which still retains much of the fine proportion of youth, in his heavy-measured, almost slipshod tread, towards his seat at the right of the Speaker's table, there is a self-satisfied, almost inane expression of countenance, produced by a peculiar fall of the nether lip and a distorted elevation of the eyebrows, that does not by any means prepossess you in his favor, or suggest any high idea of his intellect. He rather looks like some red-tape minister of the Tadpole school, or some pompous placeman, conceited of his acres. But by and by you learn to separate the more fixed habit of the features from this odd expression of the countenance, till you see that the superciliousness is real, though exaggerated by the physical peculiarity. There are no traces of ill-nature in the face; but, on the other hand, there is nothing to encourage. — Meanwhile he has seated himself, placed his red box on the table before him, stretched himself out to his full length, and awaits, with arms folded and hat slouched over his face, the questioning to which he knows he will be subjected at this particular hour, from half-past four to half-past five. He is not left long in his moody silence. Some one has put a question to him. It is Mr. Duncombe, who, if one is to judge by the malicious twinkle in his eye, and his affected tone of moral indignation, has got hold of some grievance — some letter-opening delinquency, or some case of magisterial cruelty and Home-Office indifference, with which he has worked upon the members who do the 'British-public' part in these little political dramas, for they are crying "hear! hear!" with a forty-John-Bull power. Does the home-secretary start up to answer? Is he indignant at the insinuations thrown out by his smart and ready antagonist? Does he burn to relieve himself of the odium of having sanctioned a system of espionage, or of having neglected

to redress some wrong—as he, the poor man's *ex-officio* trustee, is bound to do? Oh, no! he is no hurry. The breath of the questioner has full time to cool, and the voice of moral indignation to abate its energy ere he stirs. Then he uncoils himself, rising slowly to his full height, and confronting his antagonist with a well-assumed consciousness of the extreme absurdity of his question, and the absolute impregnability of the defence; if, indeed, he shall condescend to make any answer at all; for you are left in doubt a moment, whether he will not allow his supercilious expression to expand into a contemptuous laugh, and so sit down again. However, such things not being allowed by the sovereign people, and, as ministers, however despotically disposed, must answer questions, the next thing to be accomplished is to give as homœopathic a dose of information as possible, conveyed in the largest possible amount of indifference, superciliousness, and wholesome parliamentary contempt. There are stereotyped forms. The initiated know almost the words. The cool, phlegmatic, impassable style is, of course, peculiar to the particular Home-Secretary of whom we speak. His idea of the functions of his office seems to be, that he is to exercise the utmost possible power with the least possible accountability. He is to know nothing, see nothing, do nothing, but what he is absolutely compellable to know, see, or do. If the enemy can ferret out a fact and prove it, so much the better for his case. Then, perhaps, it *may* be admitted. But the usual course is for Sir James, in his low, monotonous voice, and steady, determined manner, to give an elaborate, formal statement of words, with as few facts as possible, and leaving the matter as nearly as possible where he found it. This course has its advantage; for the questions put are often unmeaning, and even detrimental to the public service. Sometimes, however, matters grow more serious. The cool, hard, impassable functionary is compelled by a sense of duty to make a more elaborate statement, and then it is you perceive his superiority as a minister. The clearness, firmness, extent of information, and sound knowledge of his duty he displays, show him to be not deficient, either in act or in explanation, when he thinks it necessary. His questioner is then put *hors de combat*, and he himself gets a sort of license for that superciliousness and apathetic indiffer-

ence to popular censure, which are so fatally urged to his prejudice. In still more dubious cases, as, for instance, in that of Mazzini, Sir James Graham has carried this impassibility and indifference to an insulting extent. If he believed himself right, of course he showed great moral courage; but moral courage in a bad cause is scarcely distinguishable from obstinacy; and Sir James Graham's conduct in that case laid him open to great obloquy, much of which was deserved. Yet the determination he showed under such circumstances rather increased than diminished his influence with the house. If it made him, politically speaking, hated by many, it also made him feared. Such steady self-possession, joined to such talents and information, and to such debating powers as he has in his former career displayed, though now he rarely exercises them, are quite sufficient to account for that influence which we have ascribed to him; in the absence of personal respect which, generally speaking, he does not command; or of party gratitude, which he has done little to deserve on the one hand, and so much to forfeit on the other.

From the Foreign Quarterly Review

ALGERIA, PAST AND PRESENT.

1. *The French in Algiers, and Abd-el-Kader.* Murray, London. 1845.
2. *Abd-el-Kader's Prisoners; or, a Five Months' Captivity among the Arabs.* By Mons. A. De France. Translated by R. F. Porter. Smith, Elder, and Co. London: 1846.

IF Africa owns one peculiar district on which her ancestral curse is specially entailed, it is surely that portion of the southern shore of the Mediterranean flanked by the pathless sands of the Desert of Sahara, which is known by the modern appellation of 'Algeria.' In former times, indeed, the hand of the Algerines 'hath been against every man'—and foul were the outrages and cruelties which rendered their city a byeword, and their name a reproach.

"Ergo exercentur, pœnis, veterumque malorum
Supplicia expendunt."

Rhadamanthus himself could not inflict

a severer expiation for former license, than their present condition. The red pennon of the pirate is forgotten in the aggressions of the tri-color. Providence—or ambition—has assigned to the 'Great Nation' the task of avenging, and that, perhaps, altogether too ruthlessly, the ancient insults of the lawless corsairs of Algiers.

We propose, in the present article, to take a rapid review of the rise and fall of this piratical state, and to enter into some brief considerations of the position and prospects of its French conquerors.

The north-western coast of Africa has undergone, perhaps, more than the usual vicissitudes to which national as well as individual life is subjected. Mauritania Cæsariensis—for such was the name which that district which we now term Algeria received from the Romans, when the battle of Thapsus reduced Numidia under their sway, is a region whose most prominent feature is the two parallel chains of mountains which traverse the country from west to east. The southern and more lofty of the two is called the *Great*, and that which fringes the Mediterranean coast, the *Lesser Atlas*. Ancillary ridges, usually stretching north and south, unite at unequal intervals the two Atlases, and enclose within their arms valleys and table-lands of exquisite fertility; while the northern slopes of the lesser Atlas are covered with the rich and varied vegetation of the East, and yet preserve some of the peculiar advantages of more temperate climates.

This productive colony was lost to the Western Empire, under the third Valentinian. Bonifacius, the imperial governor in Africa, desirous to revolt, but diffident of his own resources, resolved upon an experiment, which is never tried but once, and invoked the aid of a foreign power. Genseric and Gonderic, the young and ambitious leaders of the Vandals, having already devastated Spain, cheerfully promised their assistance; and these princes established on the ruins of the kingdom they were summoned to preserve, a dynasty which (though at one time menaced by the famous Belisarius,) continued to sway the north of Africa, until its conquest was achieved, at the close of the seventh century by the enterprising khalifs of Arabia.

The reduction of the West had indeed been attempted by the Saracens somewhat earlier; for in the year 647 Abdallah, the foster-brother of Othman, led thither an army of 40,000 men; and though this ex-

pedition was not entirely successful, it paved the way for future attempts; and Hassan, the Governor of Egypt, established a nominal Arabian supremacy over an immense region, more than 2300 miles in length, comprising under the general name of Barbary, the states of Morocco, Fez, Algiers, Tripoli, and Tunis.

But though the Arabs overcame the resistance of the aboriginals and of the Romans who still*remained in the country; and though their half-disciplined and predatory tribes roamed at pleasure through these fertile districts; it was not in the power of such an unconnected and marauding people, whose principal strength lay in their fervent but evanescent religious enthusiasm, to form any lasting projects for the subjugation of the provinces they overran. Many, indeed, settled in the country they had invaded, and in time became exposed, in their turn, to aggressions, such as those by which they had themselves profited. But the greater number preferred the wild charms of a desert life to the sober pleasures to which alone a citizen can aspire. Princes, however, of Arabian blood,—the Zéirides,—reigned over the north-western coast till the beginning of the twelfth century; and it was under their patronage that Abdallah, the marabout,* implanted in the bosom of his countrymen that love of Islamism, which,—if it has imparted to the resistance of their hardy descendants the ferocity of a religious war,—has also stamped it with a generous self-devotedness which irresistibly challenges our admiration and our sympathy.

But, in addition to the aboriginal tribes, the remaining Roman colonists, the Vandals, and their Arabian conquerors—and we must add to our list the ubiquitous Jew—another people combined to swell the heterogeneous throng, which dwelt in these regions. The Spanish Moors, driven from their native fields in Granada and Andalusia, found here a temporary refuge where they might brood over vain hopes of future revenge.

This confused mass, in course of time, subsided into separate and independent kingdoms—of which Algiers, Morocco,

* A marabout is the Levite of the Arabs. The distinction is hereditary and is confined to a particular tribe. He is considered a saint both before and after death, and enjoys many privileges and a vast degree of influence. The word *marabout* is indifferently applied to the tomb or the saint after death.

and Tunis, were the most considerable. The history of the two last must from this period be abandoned in order to pursue the fortunes of Algiers itself.

Exposed to all the temptations, which situation, poverty, and the hereditary craving for wild and hazardous adventure conspired to afford, it is not strange that the coast of Barbary became the dread of every Mediterranean cruiser; but the maritime depredations of its occupants, however daring, did not attain any formidable degree of organization till the commencement of the sixteenth century; when the restless ambition of two brothers, in humble station, laid the foundation of that lawless power—'friends of the sea, but enemies of all that sailed thereon'—as they exultingly proclaimed themselves, which for nearly three centuries rendered the name of Algiers at once an object of hatred and of terror.

A potter in the island of Lesbos enjoys the ambiguous celebrity of being the father of these youths. Horuc and Hayraddin have not been the only truants who have shrunk from a life of industry; but seldom has truancy been attended by such disastrous consequences to mankind. Both brothers joined the pirates of the Levant, and Horuc, the elder and more determined villain of the two, soon learned how high a premium, bravery, when united with a total want of humanity and principle, bore among those roving adventurers. With wickedness sufficient to overawe, and with daring to fascinate, their comrades, the young Lesbians gained rapidly in resources and influence;—but, in all probability, would never have aspired beyond the command of a few privateers, had not a fortunate conjuncture of circumstances opened to them a field for more permanent conquest.

Spain, even before she sank to the condition of a third-class state in Europe, was never remarkable either for the justice of her arms, or the liberality of her counsels. Not content with persecuting the unhappy Moors with relentless fury, couched under a pretended zeal for the furtherance of Christianity, Ferdinand V., guided by his clever and ambitious minister the Cardinal Ximenes, pursued them even to their African retreats. In the year 1505 he despatched to the coast of Barbary a powerful force, under Peter, Count of Navarre; who subdued Oran—a town which has given its name to one of three Regencies into which

Algeria is at present divided, placed there a Spanish garrison and menaced the capital itself.

The Algerines in this extremity summoned to their assistance a prince of Arabian extraction, Selim Eutemi; who enjoyed great influence among the tribes of the desert. This chieftain accepted the sovereignty they offered him, and for a while enabled them to resist the efforts of the generals of Ferdinand. But, in a few years, it was again necessary to resort to foreign aid, and in an ill-advised moment Selim begged succor from Barbarossa (to whom we have already alluded under his more proper name of Horuc,) who at that time had become one of the most notorious of the Mediterranean corsairs. The pirate came; and the infatuated Selim went with open arms to greet his future murderer.

Barbarossa, on his arrival, took the command of the fleet and army, and spared no pains to ingratiate himself with the Algerines. A mixture of cruelty and liberality was peculiarly attractive to a people already predisposed to piracy; and when Barbarossa caused Selim to be stabbed in his bath, and himself to be proclaimed king, he found no more serious opposition than a few subsidiary murders, and the distribution of a few bags of sequins, were sufficient to extinguish.

History has not failed to embellish this crime, in itself sufficiently treacherous, with the incidents of romance. It is said that other passions, besides that of ambition, impelled Barbarossa to shed the blood of his suppliant and his host. The innocent incendiary was Zaphira, Selim's Arabian bride, who, on the murder of her husband, repelled with a noble indignation the amorous overtures of the usurper, and—a second, but a purer Cleopatra—preferred death itself to rewarding his crimes with her love.

But Barbarossa, though immediately successful in his projects, had not gained possession of a quiet throne. The Spaniards, masters of the province of Oran, attacked him with European skill and Eastern perseverance; and the self-elected sovereign of Algiers found his piratical bands, however superior on their native element, totally unable to cope with soldiers regularly disciplined. It was in vain that the fierce usurper fought with a courage that should animate only the bosom of a patriot; in vain did he scatter his ill-gotten treasure on the banks of the Sinan, in the hope of ar

resting the steps of his merciless pursuers: Heaven could not suffer the prolonged existence of such a monster: and in dying the death of a soldier he experienced a fate far too lenient for his crimes.

Hayraddin, his successor, known (as well as his brother) by the *soubriquet* of Barbarossa, was less cruel in disposition, and was an equally enterprising commander. Finding himself unable to contend single-handed against Spain, he became a vassal of the Grand Seignior in return for his protection; and so ingratiated himself with the Turkish court by his matchless skill in naval tactics that Solyman raised him to the dignity of a pasha, sent him against the celebrated Genoese admiral, Andrew Doria; and as he proved successful in his operations against this formidable commander, the grateful sultan assisted him to gain the neighboring kingdom of Tunis by a manœuvre very similar to that which had wrested the sovereignty of Algiers from the family of Selim. The Bey of Tunis, however, Muley Haschen, had the good fortune to escape from the clutches of Hayraddin, and make his way to Spain, where he claimed the assistance of Charles V. His petition was successful; for the emperor, ambitious of the renown which in those days attached to every expedition against a Mahomedan state, fitted out an immense armament to effect his restoration.

On the 16th of July, 1535, Charles sailed from Sardinia with more than 30,000 troops on board his fleet. The Goletta at Tunis had long been considered one of the strongest forts on the Mediterranean, and Barbarossa had intrusted its defence to Seiran, a renegade Jew, of unquestioned courage and ability. But the numerical preponderance of the Christian army was too overwhelming to allow of any prolonged resistance. The Goletta was taken by a *coup-de-main*; and the tardy loyalty of the inhabitants of Tunis began to declare itself against the usurper. In this extremity Barbarossa risked all in a pitched battle. The impetuous onsets of the Moors and Arabs, though led on by the fierce janissaries of the sultan, failed to break the serried ranks of Charles's veterans, and the sudden apparition of a body of Christian slaves, who had taken advantage of the confusion to free themselves from their fetters, accelerated a victory that had hardly ever been doubtful; Barbarossa was compelled to abandon Tunis, and save himself, by a hasty flight, from the dungeons of Madrid.

This expedition, one of the most successful exploits of Charles's eventful reign, levelled for a time the power of Barbarossa to the dust. Ten thousand Christian slaves spread the fame of their deliverer through every state of Europe, and Spain for once enjoyed the sweetest triumph a nation can taste; that of having been the successful and disinterested champion of humanity and legitimate warfare. But other engagements soon diverted the attention of Charles from the humbled pirates; and with a pertinacity peculiarly their own, they were soon bolder and more prosperous than ever.

Barbarossa in person indeed no longer directed the affairs of his capital. His duties as the Turkish high admiral detained him at the court of Solyman, but his place at Algiers was ably filled by Hassan Aga, a Christian renegade; and it was when commanded by this general, that the pirates taught Charles a lesson which deeply mortified that haughty prince, and amply revenged them for their former disasters at Tunis.

The occasion of this fresh invasion by the emperor was the atrocities committed by the pirates on the coast of Spain; and the forces which he assembled were even more numerous than before. Every thing apparently conspired to its success. The audacious Algerines had forgotten to spare the dominions of the Pope; and his Holiness promised absolution to all who took part in the expedition, and the crown of martyrdom to those who should fall. The chivalry of Spain, and many of the gallant knights of Malta, crowded on board the fleet as volunteers, and even ladies of birth and character did not disdain to share the hardships of the voyage. But as the army was disembarking, a violent storm produced that disorder which is fatal to an ill-arranged project; and the torrents of rain which poured for several days together, proved an important auxiliary to the spirited sallies of Hassan. Day by day the immense host became more demoralized and broken; the prestige of former success was dispelled; and at length, without receiving any fatal blow, it melted insensibly away as 'snow on the mountain,' and Charles, having lost all, *not* excepting his honor, was glad to re-embark the shattered remains of troops that had conquered at Pavia.

Very dolorous is the narrative of this ill-fated expedition, which has been transmitted to us by the pen of an English volunteer, Sir Nicholas Villagnon, who,—while

he extols the 'high enterprise and valeantness' of the emperor—bewails 'the miserable chaunces of wynde and wether, with dyverse other adversities dable to move even a stonye heart to pray to God for his ayde and succor.'

The exultation of the pirates at their success knew no bounds. With sarcastic profusion, an *onion* became the market-price of a captive Spaniard; and the situation of Charles was such during the remainder of his reign, that he could make no further attempt to redeem his lost laurels in Algeria.

But though unattempted by the government of Spain, such a fair field for chivalrous enterprise could not remain long unoccupied. John Gascon, a young Valentian noble, was the next who volunteered to break a lance for the security of travellers. His plan, though rash, was not ill-imagined. Assembling a few adventurous friends, he sailed straight to Algiers, and, favored by the night, approached unchallenged the famous Mole-gate. Had his machinery been equally prompt with his courage, he would have avoided his subsequent fate, and the questionable advantage of ranking among the martyrs of Spain. But gunnery and all the arts subsidiary to it were at that period in their infancy, and bad powder marred many a hopeful design, and sacrificed many a brave soldier. The fire-ships destined to blow up the Algerine fleet would not explode, and the chivalrous Gascon scorning to escape unperceived, struck his dagger into the Mole-gate, and left it sticking there, in fatal derision of their careless sentinels. A race for life or death followed; but the long polaccas of the pirates gained rapidly on the Spanish vessels, though urged with all the energy of despairing men; and a torturing death, to which it would be useless to do more than allude, ended the career of the gallant but rash Valentian.

The Quixotic attempt of John Gascon was not the only one directed against Algiers by the prowess of individuals. In the year 1635, four young Frenchmen resolved to win renown by reducing this nest of freebooters with a single privateer. Their expedition, though not so tragical in its termination as that we have just related, was not more successful. Its only effect was to leave in the minds of the Algerines a rankling enmity to the French flag, which in time surpassed their hereditary dislike to that of Spain. This feeling first

openly displayed itself when in the year 1652, a French fleet was forced by stress of weather into their harbor, and the admiral demanded the release of all his countrymen who happened to be confined in the town. A contemptuous refusal was the only answer vouchsafed by the pirates; and the Frenchman retaliated this insult by carrying off in durance the Turkish viceroy and his principal *cadi*. Maddened by this abduction, the Algerines swept the coast of France with fire and sword; and a buccaneering warfare commenced between the two coasts of the Mediterranean. Louis XIV. at length determined to chastise the insolence of the corsairs in the most signal manner, and he announced his intention of laying Algiers in ashes. The reply of the dey to this threat tells more for his humor than his patriotism. 'Let him,' quoth he, 'send me half the money it would cost him, and I will do it for him more effectually.' The pirate's coolness, however, did not avail him, for the celebrated Du Quense, with the aid of bomb-vessels (which had then been recently invented by Bernard Renaud, a young French artisan) found little difficulty in fulfilling the threat of his sovereign; and the humbled and frightened inhabitants, after having endeavored to atone for their resistance by murdering its promoter—a common expedient enough in despotic governments—obtained peace from France, and leisure to recruit their coffers by depredations elsewhere.

It was not, however, only by the secular arm that efforts were from time to time made to rescue unhappy Christians from paynim bondage. The court of Rome exerted its influence in their cause, and under her auspices, a society of monks—the Maturin Trinitarian Fathers—established themselves at Fontainebleau, from whence from time to time they despatched bands of missionary traders to traffic with the slave-merchants of Algiers. Their design was humane, and it would be unjust to sneer because the friars yearned after the acquisition of sequins, as well as of communicants. Philemon de la Motte is the Chaucer of these ambi-dextrous pilgrimages, and he evidently considers the chance of reward for himself and his associates in another world, as unaffected by the trivial circumstance of their having 'made it answer' in the present. And perhaps he is right.

The immediate effect, however, of this

philanthropic bartering was unfortunate; for the Algerines found the traffic so much to their mind, that to replenish their stock more rapidly than they could do by casual captures on the sea, they commenced again harassing the coast of Spain with marauding incursions; and their spoliation became at length such a disgrace to the government of that country, that in 1775 Charles III. resolved to give the whole piratical states of Barbary such a decisive blow as would cripple their resources for the future. For this purpose a large fleet was fitted out, and the command intrusted to Count O'Reilly, an Irish adventurer of some reputation, in conjunction with Don Pedro Castejon. But 'Ferdinand Count O'Reilly' did *not* take Algiers. He landed his troops in disorder, kept them for some days in a state of inaction, exposed to the harassing attacks of the Algerines, and then hastily re-embarked them and returned home. The discomfited Spaniards tried to console each other, not only for dishonor, but for 'infinite loss,' by alternately cursing the climate of Africa, and the policy of employing a hot-headed and quick-footed soldier of fortune.

Hitherto the states of Europe alone had been insulted by the corsairs, but we have now to recount their relations with a trans-Atlantic power. On the first appearance in the seas of the white stars of the United States, the dey inwardly rejoiced, and promised himself and his associate thieves most thoroughly to despoil the infant republic then struggling into existence. An American vessel was soon captured, and with a coolness that recalls to the mind the grim politeness sometimes recorded of the more civilized 'minions of the moon,' his highness consoled his captives, while superintending the riveting of their manacles, with praises of the 'immortal Washington,' and conjured Congress, in answer to its demands for their liberation, to send him that general's portrait, 'that he might always have before his eyes the asserter of independence and liberty.'

America, although in no mood for jesting, was at that time unable to resent this impertinence of Omar, son of Mohammed. Her contest with England had, indeed, proved triumphant; but another such victory would have been her ruin, and she had emerged from the conflict crippled and resourceless. Though sorely against her will she was compelled to 'eat the leek' proffered her by the insolent dey. Wash-

ington did not, indeed, send his picture, but he despatched deputies with plenary powers to purchase, at any reasonable price, the captured Americans. But the bill was heavy, and made out with commercial accuracy:

For 3 Captains	at 6000 dollars each	. 18,000
2 Mates	at 4000	" . 8,000
2 Passengers	at 4000	" . 8,000
14 Seamen	at 1400	" . 19,600
		<hr/> 53,600
For Custom 11 per cent.		. 5,896
Total		<hr/> 59,496

This was more than America could at that time afford, and several years elapsed before such of the prisoners as had survived their treatment, were liberated.

Hitherto we have seen the wicked 'flourishing like a green bay-tree;' but the climax is past; humanity re-asserts her rights; and we are about to record the Punishment,

During the struggle between Napoleon and the allied powers, Algiers was but little heeded. In vain did the expectant pirates,

"Gaze where some distant sail a speck supplies,
With all the thirsting eye of enterprise."

For under the policy of Buonaparte commerce languished almost to inanition—and at a crisis when the liberties of Europe hung suspended in the balance, few vessels cared to cross the seas unless guarded by the all-sufficient protection of an English frigate. But when the fall of Napoleon gave tranquillity once more to the world, and men began again to busy themselves with trade, and in the pursuit of riches, the piracies committed by the states of Barbary became once more the subject of remark and indignation.

England, which had just chastised, at such a fearful cost to herself, the great arch-robber of Europe, was not likely to permit the petty depredations of a few insignificant states to remain any longer unproved. To her, as the constituted protectress of the civilized world, seemed naturally to belong the office of exterminating this nest of robbers. Accordingly, in the year 1816, a discussion arose in parliament, on the motion of Mr. Brougham, as to the propriety of our compelling the piratical governments of Algiers, Tripoli and Tunis, to observe the conventionalities of the law of nations in their intercourse with other

states. Up to this period our own relations with them had been on the whole amicable. In the time of Elizabeth, indeed, Sir E. Mansel had conducted thither an expedition, which he mismanaged so much as to weaken in some degree the influence of our flag; and Admiral Blake still later had stormed the Goletta, at Tunis, in revenge for some insults offered to vessels under our protection, and had presented himself before Algiers, and demanded satisfaction from that city also. The Algerines bid him do his worst; and Blake, after having 'curled his whiskers,' (his constant custom, it is said, when irritated,) captured two of their vessels, and compelled them to sue for peace. These misunderstandings, however, had been only temporary: and in the reign of Charles I. a treaty had been concluded with them, which was then still subsisting, and had been adhered to on their parts with tolerable fidelity. Some, therefore, urged, that, under these circumstances, it was inconsistent with good faith on our part to commence hostilities; and it was moreover, suggested that, waiving the question of right or wrong, success itself would be doubtful; for it was by no means an easy exploit to bombard a city in which all the houses were flat-roofed, and built of stone, after the fashion of Rosetta and Buenos Ayres.

To these arguments, however, it was replied with irresistible force by the promoters of the Algerine expedition, that the pirates, by indiscriminately attacking all nations they fancied weaker than themselves, had become *hostes humani generis*, and out of the pale of ordinary treaties; that we merely owed our own exemption from insult to the salutary dread they entertained of British guns; that as to the difficulty of the enterprise, it did not become those who had sustained the hostility of Europe, to flinch from punishing half-disciplined barbarians; and, finally, that it was not intended to interfere with their independence, but simply to compel their adherence to those principles, in their foreign intercourse, which humanity and justice rendered imperative on every government.

These considerations prevailed; in the summer of the same year, a fleet was placed under the command of Edward Pellew, Admiral Lord Viscount Exmouth; and that officer was directed to obtain from the several states of Algiers, Tripoli, and Tunis, if possible by negotiation, but fail-

ing that, by force of arms: first, the unequivocal abolition of Christian slavery; secondly, the recognition of the Ionian Islands as possessions of our crown; and lastly, an equitable peace for the kingdoms of Sardinia and Naples.

The appearance of the English squadron off the coast of Barbary apparently sufficed to obtain all these concessions. With regard, indeed, to the article respecting slavery, the Dey of Algiers demurred, and suddenly remembering his allegiance as a vassal of the Ottoman empire, which had long since become merely nominal in its character, suggested the necessity of obtaining the concurrence of the Sublime Porte.

Lord Exmouth, on the dey's first answer, which was a point blank refusal, had vigorously prepared for hostilities; but this latter proposal threw him off his guard. His lordship's honest English heart was no match for the cunning of the Algerine, whose only object was to gain time for finishing the defences of his capital. Unsuspicious of this ulterior object, he even placed a frigate at his command, in order that the desired permission might be more speedily obtained—and, contenting himself with stipulating for a final answer to his demands at the end of three months, sailed back to England, where the fleet was paid off.

Hardly, however, had this been accomplished, when tidings arrived of an outrage so cruel and unprovoked, that we scarcely know whether to admire the folly or the treachery of the dey under whose orders it was perpetrated.

The town of Bona, to the east of Algiers in the province of Constantina, has from a very early period* been famous for the excellence and abundance of the coral found in the gulf of the same name on which it is situated. These fisheries had been formerly in the hands of the Catalans, then of the Genoese, and afterwards of the French, under whom the 'Compagnie d'Afrique' at one time rivalled in wealth and prosperity our own 'Hudson's Bay Company.' Oregon however is not the only debatable territory in the world, and those coral banks often changed masters. At length, in 1807, England was duly invested by the dey with the seignorial possession of this fishing sta-

* The coral fisheries of Bona are mentioned by Aboulfeda, who flourished about the year 700 of the Hejra, in his '*Description du Pays du Magreb*.'

tion; and at the time of Lord Exmouth's expedition it was occupied for the most part by Genoese, Neapolitan, or Sardinian traders, under the protection of our flag.

Upon this defenceless colony, as soon as the now hated sails of the English fleet had disappeared, the dey of Algiers, with all the wayward folly of a child, poured out his pent up indignation. His soldiers laid waste the town, massacred many of the inhabitants and enslaved the remainder; and, failing there, wreaked their vengeance upon the English flags, which they tore to ribbons and dragged through the mire in insane triumph.

The commotion excited in England by this burst of foolish fury may easily be imagined. It had at least the effect of silencing those disposed to advocate conciliatory measures with the pirates, and Lord Exmouth set off again for the Mediterranean with the full determination not to be again deceived by his highness.

On arriving at Gibraltar, Lord Exmouth was joined by the Dutch admiral Van Cappellen, who had been ordered by his government to co-operate with the British commander, and the combined fleet set forward in company for the coast of Barbary. The dey now felt that he must throw away the scabbard; and on a frigate appearing in the port of Algiers to take off the English consul, Mr. Macdonald, he placed that gentleman in chains, and hearing to his vexation that his wife and daughter had effected their escape in the dresses of midshipmen, he ordered two boats belonging to the frigate which happened to be in the harbor to be detained with their crews. When these fresh misdemeanors were reported by the fair fugitives on their arrival on board the fleet, they of course added new fuel to the general indignation, and on the 17th of August, Lord Exmouth anchored his fleet, which consisted of twenty-five English and five Dutch vessels, three or four leagues from Algiers, in no mood to digest any further coquetry on the part of the dey.

His lordship's interpreter, M. Salemé, was immediately despatched with a letter containing the ultimatum of the English admiral. His demands were brief and stern; though not more so than the conduct of his highness fully justified. In addition to our previous requisitions, they comprised stipulations for the immediate delivery of all Christian slaves without ransom; for the settlement of the grievances of the Sardinian, Sicilian and Dutch gov-

ernments; and for ample satisfaction for the insults offered to our own. Three hours were all that was to be allowed the dey for deliberation, and M. Salemé was directed to return at the expiration of that time if no answer was previously given. Even this short interval was considered too long by the gallant spirits on board our fleet. 'Salemé,' playfully exclaimed an officer of the *Queen Charlotte*, as the interpreter stepped over the side into his boat, 'if you return with an answer from the dey, that he accepts our conditions without fighting, we will kill you instead!' And that the same ardor animated the whole fleet, their subsequent conduct abundantly testified.

At the expiration of the appointed time, Salemé returned without any reply from his highness, and at the same instant a light breeze springing up, Lord Exmouth gave the signal for advance. Turning the head of his own ship towards the shore he ran across the range of all the batteries without firing a shot, and lashed her to the main-mast of an Algerine brig which lay about eighty yards from the mole that enclosed the inner harbor. The other vessels followed in the wake of the *Queen Charlotte*, and took up their allotted stations with admirable precision.

A dead silence prevailed during these evolutions; the Algerines were taken by surprise, and their guns were not shotted, so that a brief interval elapsed during which the scene must have been one of the most thrilling interest.

This frightful repose was soon broken. The Algerines took the initiative, and a gun fired athwart the poop of the admiral's vessel begun the battle. A furious cannonade on both sides continued for several hours without intermission. The bomb-boats belonging to our fleet pressed forward close under the batteries, and caused immense havoc among the troops which crowded the mole; and, when at last the enemy's fire became more slack, an explosion ship which had been kept in reserve was brought forward close under the walls, and the devastating effects it produced completed their confusion.

The total cessation of the enemy's fire towards the close of the evening convinced Lord Exmouth that his victory was complete, and he therefore drew off his vessels out of gun-shot, and early the next day despatched Salemé with a second note to the dey, reiterating the demands which had been treated so disdainfully the preceding morning. At

the same time preparations were made for renewing the bombardment, but they were unnecessary. The haughty Algerine was effectually humbled. The greatest part of his capital was reduced to ashes, and his very palace at the mercy of our troops; his ships were burnt or taken, and his numerical loss was very great. Under these circumstances no alternative remained to him. A gun was fired in token of his acceptance of the terms offered, and an officer was sent on shore to superintend the embarkation of the liberated slaves, and the restoration of the immense sums the dey had from time to time exacted from the Sardinian and Neapolitan governments as ransom for their captured subjects. The demeanor of his highness on this trying occasion was very entertaining. The most bitter pill appears to have been the apology, which we required on behalf of our consul. Seated cross-legged on his divan, the dey sulkily gave the requisite orders for the freedom of the slaves, and even the delivery of the treasure; but when Salemé hinted that now was the proper time to ask pardon of Mr. Macdonald for the insults to which he had been exposed, his highness shook his head, and puffed his chibouque in all the bitterness of wounded pride. But the English officer was inexorable, and Omar at length muttered, that M. Salemé might say for him what he pleased. 'This is not sufficient,' was the answer, 'you must dictate to the interpreter what you intend to express.' And the dey at last complied. More than a thousand slaves on this occasion were restored to liberty, and as they embarked on board the vessels employed to convey them to Europe, they exclaimed in grateful chorus: 'Viva il Red' Ingliterra, il padre eterno! è il ammiraglio Inglese che ci ha liberato di questa secondo Inferno!' Among them were inhabitants from almost every state of Europe, but singularly enough not a single Englishman.

The punishment which England thus inflicted seemed severe enough to have produced caution, if not penitence; but the habits of the Algerines were too inveterate to be changed. Under Ali, the successor of Omar, who did not long survive his disasters, they returned to their old courses; and so early as 1819, a combined fleet of French and English vessels were compelled to threaten a second bombardment, if their flags were not respected. But from the moment that the last Dey of Algiers, Hassein Pasha, succeeded to the divan, it

became evident that even plunder had become a secondary object with the Algerine government; and that hatred to the French power was now the ruling passion by which it was actuated. Among the signs which from time to time gave evidence of this hostile feeling was a tax, which in 1824 Hassein Pasha levied on all French goods of whatever description; and as may easily be imagined, the French, the most irascible people in the world, bore with the utmost impatience these marks of enmity, and eagerly longed for some occasion for an open rupture. When both sides were thus ripe for a quarrel, an opportunity was sure to present itself, and the petulant ill-temper of the dey furnished a *causa belli* perfectly legitimate. Upon some trivial dispute with the French consul, his highness so far forgot his dignity and his safety, as to strike him across the face with a fly-flap he held in his hand; and this outrage being followed by an attack on some French establishments near Bona, war was declared. A blockade commenced which continued for three years, greatly to the expense of France, but not much to the annoyance of the Algerines, who being able to draw boundless resources from the interior, treated the blockading fleet with contempt, and at length fired on the ship of Admiral de la Bretonniere, which had approached their harbor bearing offers of accommodation.

This unpardonable breach of the laws of legitimate warfare put all France in commotion. The national honor had been outraged in the most open manner, and it must be as openly vindicated. It was therefore resolved, not only to visit the authors of this crime with condign punishment, but also to take that opportunity of repairing the recent dismemberment of the French colonial possessions, by reducing Algeria itself to a province, and establishing there a permanent French supremacy. This project pleased every body. The patriot exulted in the idea of rivalling, if not eclipsing the splendor of England in the East; the philanthropist anticipated the blessings which would enure to Africa from European civilization; and the speculatist already saw himself possessed of the rich plain of the Metidja, and the orange gardens of Koleh and Blidah, whose fame had even at that time penetrated to Paris, and had there excited a mania for foreign acquisitions not unlike that which raged in the days of Law and the Mississippi Scheme.

Having thus determined upon the subju-

gation of Algeria, neither pains nor money were spared to insure the success of the expedition. The minister of war, the Count de Bourmont, with more heroism than he afterwards thought proper to display in the course of the campaign, placed himself at its head: and on the 28th of May, 1830, the army effected an undisturbed disembarkation at Sidi-El-Ferruch, a small promontory about five leagues to the west of Algiers.

As the projects of the French embraced occupancy as well as conquest, and an attempt at 'colonization made easy,' by the aid of wealth and science, the ingredients of the immense host thus poured forth upon Africa were necessarily very miscellaneous, and even chaotic in their character. Engineers to map out the country; *savans* to philosophize on their discoveries; antiquarians to search after Roman relics; farmers, fond of experimentizing, to cultivate the land as it was conquered; emigrants with their title-deeds to farms yet in the future tense firmly secured in their knapsacks, mingled with the more regular elements of an invading army: while crutches for the disabled, wooden legs for the mutilated, and air balloons for the adventurous, bore witness to the foresight and ingenuity of the Parisian war-office.

The first military operations on the African coast took place on the same day that the army disembarked. A small fort on the promontory appeared to the French engineers to present an obstacle which must be overcome. Approaches were made in form—a storming party threw themselves, with promising bravery, on the breach as soon as practicable—but alas! *parturiunt montes*, and the young aspirants for fame received more raillery than praise when they emerged with the garrison—two hens and a litter of puppies!

But more formidable enemies were not wanting, and soon made themselves felt, though not seen. It was the policy of the dey to allow the French to land, for the sake of plundering their baggage after he should have beaten them; but it formed no part of his design to allow them to sleep in peace when that landing was effected. As night drew on, the tired soldiers addressed themselves to repose—but in vain. Continual alarms prevented their closing their eyes. Sentries mistook their comrades for Bedouins; partial attacks were made from time to time upon detached portions of the line; out-posts were surprised; and at

length the confusion became so great, and the casualties so numerous, that if it had been January instead of June, the consequences would have been very serious. It would, perhaps, have been happy for Hassen Pasha if he had persevered in this mode of warfare. It was suited to his resources, his talents, and his troops. But he had formed an inordinate estimate of his own military skill, and resolved to risk his fortunes in a battle.

The plain of Staweli appeared to offer considerable advantages as a theatre for this combat. Somewhat elevated above Sidi-El-Ferruch, it afforded the Mussulmans the opportunity of charging down hill—a consideration of no slight moment in the onset of troops, each man of whom fought as his own fancy or fortune directed him, and who despised regular manœuvres as much as the Highlanders at Preston-Pans.

The French army consisted of three divisions, each of which was, about four o'clock in the morning of the 17th of June, simultaneously attacked by the enemy; and on each wing the success of the Turks was at first decisive. Against the left the charge was led most gallantly by the Aga in person, at the head of his Janissaries. Urging their horses at full speed down the declivity, and leaping the barricade, behind which the French were entrenched, in a style which Lord Gardiner might envy, their first onset was irresistible; and if it had not been for the opportune arrival of General D'Arcine, with the 29th, the fortune of the day might have been different, and 'Flodden had been Bannockburn!' On the right, too, the Bey of Constantina, by creeping up some small ravines clothed with brushwood, approached unperceived within a hundred yards of the French line, and all but achieved the capture of a park of artillery which was there posted.

But among undisciplined troops there is no surer prelude to ruin than a partial success, and at this moment General Lahitte—for the Count de Bourmont had contented himself with surveying the action from the beach with the aid of a telescope—took on himself the responsibility of ordering the whole of the right wing to advance in *echelon*, so as to coop up the Arab army between the two French divisions. This movement was completely successful, although the left forgot to act merely as a *pivot*, and advanced simultaneously with

the right. This error, which, with more skilful antagonists might have been fatal, had in fact a happy result; and the barbarians, broken and disheartened, retreated in the utmost disorder. The French army bivouacked for the night in the Algerine camp; and if their general had pushed on immediately to Algiers, there is little doubt he would have carried it by a *coup-de-main*.

But the Count de Bourmont was not a prompt, nor, as we have already hinted, a very courageous soldier. The battle of Staweli was fought and won on the 17th of June, at the distance of only four leagues from Algiers, but it was not till the 28th that the French army was ordered to take Mount Bujareah, the summit of which commanded the capital. This important position was carried in a night skirmish, and rapid preparations were now made for investing Algiers itself. No nation in the world excels France in military engineering; and at daybreak on the 4th of July, the batteries of De Bourmont opened their fire at point-blank distance upon the devoted city, with splendid precision and effect. The dey and his janissaries fought like lions; but the fortifications of Algiers on the land side, erected merely with a view to the rude assaults of insurgent Arabs, were quite unfitted to withstand a scientific attack—and the issue of the combat was not for a moment doubtful. By nine o'clock, the fire from the emperor's fort, which overhung the town, was silenced; and the French engineers had already broken ground for new works against the remaining stronghold—the Kassaubah—when a flag of truce from the dey announced that he had abandoned the hopeless conflict, and suspended further operations.

The terms which were granted the unfortunate old pirate, were more clement than he could reasonably have expected. His personal property was secured to him, and he was permitted to retire to Naples, which he chose for his future residence. One article of the convention concluded on this occasion is important; as it must influence our opinion of the subsequent conduct of the French in Algeria. It is to this effect—'The exercise of the Mohammedan religion shall remain free: the liberty of the inhabitants of all classes, their religion, property, commerce, and industry, shall receive no injury; their women shall be respected; the general takes this on his own responsibility.'

Algiers being thus reduced, and the dey expelled, the French began to congratulate each other on their conquest; to survey its resources, and to deliberate as to its future fate. No great acumen, however, was requisite in the opinion of the politicians of Paris to mark out their future course. The end was obvious, and the means easy. Algeria must be colonized. The Arabs must be flattered or forced into submission; and European energy, with the aid of science, must supply the ravages or the lethargy of barbarism. True, they argued, we have hitherto been unfortunate in our colonies; they have been one by one wrested from us by the arms or jealous diplomacy of other states; but here we have nothing to fear. England, the only power able to molest us, feels secure in the possession of Gibraltar, Malta, and Corfu, and will view with indifference our acquirements in the west. If Algeria is not, as Egypt, on the high road to India, or to any mighty emporium of wealth, still it enjoys redeeming advantages. Napoleon himself would not have disdained a country so rich in tropical productions, at the distance of only three days' sail from Marseilles. Once let us establish our *Nouvelle France* on the other side of the Mediterranean, and who shall limit our empire? Who can calculate the results that will flow from such a virgin field for wealth and enterprise?

These were bright and not unnatural hopes—yet how signally have they failed! Since the capture of Algiers, in 1830, the north of Africa, instead of conferring riches and prosperity upon France, has been a constant object of anxiety and disappointment, and an incessant drain on her resources. The profound tranquillity which has reigned in Europe, has alone enabled her to maintain in Algeria 100,000 troops with any regard to prudence. We could almost venture to predict, that in the event of a continental war, she would be compelled, before six months elapsed, to abandon all her African interior possessions to the Arab tribes she is now endeavoring to crush.

It is the coast alone that is at present conquered. Oran, Algiers, Bona, Phillipville, Constantina are hers—but at the distance of ten miles from any of these towns the farmer cannot visit his cattle; the husbandman cannot till his ground, without the protection of a patrol—and not even then without a very fair chance of being riddled by a bullet, or being dismembered by a

yataghan.* And this is the state of things after an occupation of fifteen years—after the expenditure of money France can ill afford to spare from her internal economy—and after the perpetration, on both sides, of outrages which humanity shudders to remember!

That, as far as the Algerines were concerned, the French were justified in expelling the dey, and in taking possession of those territories to which he had a rightful claim, we are prepared to admit. A piratical state has a *caput lupinum*, and may be exterminated by the first who is sufficiently powerful; nay, he who accomplishes the feat is entitled to the gratitude of the rest of the civilized world.† England might with equal fairness have annexed Algiers to her colonial possessions in 1816; and, that we did not, resulted, perhaps, more from a cautious regard to the national reputation, than from a consideration of the best interests of Europe. England felt at that period all the conscious pride of the popular school-boy. We had ‘tamed the pride’ of the overgrown bully of Europe, and we felt unwilling to hazard our well-earned character by any achievements, the motives of which might be questioned. Perhaps, too, the reflection, that while we retained our possessions in the Mediterranean, we might securely abandon the north-west-

ern coast of Africa, was not without its influence in strengthening this commendable coyness.

France, however, had the advantage of being entirely unfettered by the trammels of propriety. She had no character to lose; and therefore did not hesitate to seize the opportunity of enriching herself, by spoiling the Philistines. And, under the circumstances, she decided rightly. Her colonization, as well as reduction, of Algiers and its circumjacent territory, cannot, we think, be censured by even a severe moralist. But we can go no further. *Qui non habet ille non dat.* The dey of Algiers had neither right nor title (not even that of seigniorial possession) to the country south of the plain of the Metidja; and we must confess our sympathy with the efforts which the Kabyles of the highlands, and the Bedouins of the plains, are making to preserve that independence which they have enjoyed so long; and which would seem intended by Providence to be a kind of birth-right to the inhabitants of such regions, as a partial compensation for the rugged and nomadic life they are destined to lead.

But their opposition would have long ago succumbed under the immense resources brought to bear against them, if they had not possessed a leader who had influence among them sufficient to organize that partial degree of combination which alone is suited to their genius. Unfortunately for France, such a man appeared at the precise moment when his presence became indispensable, if the Arabs were to offer any effectual resistance. His name is familiar to all the world. There are few, indeed, who have not heard of Abd-el-Kader.

The father of this extraordinary man was a marabout of great celebrity, and lineally descended from Muley Abd-el-Kader, who is revered among the Arabs as the *Elisha* of Mahomet. His mother too, who is still alive, is remarkable for her grace and intelligence, and the young Abd-el-Kader enjoyed the advantage of an extremely cultivated Eastern education. While yet a mere youth he thoroughly understood the character of his countrymen, and used every effort to obtain that reputation for sanctity, without which he knew no permanent influence among the Arab tribes could be hoped for; and to which his position as a marabout and a pilgrim to Mecca entitled him to aspire.

On the death of his father, in 1836, the happy effects of this foresight, and youth-

* “Nul ne peut se hasarder à une certaine distance sans être armé jusqu’aux dents. On va chercher de l’eau à la fontaine voisine, le fusil sur l’épaule; on se visite l’arme au bras d’une propriété à l’autre. Cette impossibilité de se transporter à la moindre distance, sans être accompagné d’une escorte, est un supplice indéfinissable et qui ne permet pas de se croire un seul instant dans un pays civilisé.” ‘Rapport, &c., par M. Blanqui,’ p. 17.

† The arrogance of the Algerines, and the amount of contribution they levied from different states as a species of *blackmail*, is most surprising. And it is curious to observe the effect of mutual jealousy among the continental powers in elevating to such factitious importance a mere den of robbers. France, indeed, since the time of Henry IV., paid no tribute except under color of rent for the coral banks of Bona; and the Roman states enjoyed an equal freedom. Turkey, too, prohibited any depredations on Austrian or Russian vessels. But Sweden, Denmark, Portugal, Tuscany, the Two Sicilies, Sardinia, and Hanover, paid very heavily for the nominal friendship of the dey; and it is a disgraceful fact that England, even so lately as 1806, made him a present of 600*l.* whenever she changed her consul, an event which of course the Algerine government contrived to render tolerably frequent.—Vide ‘L’Algérie,’ par Baron Baude, vol. i. p. 264.

ful austerity were immediately perceptible. He was unanimously elected emir of his own tribe; and when he unfurled the banner of Mahomet, proclaimed a holy war, and undertook to drive the unbelievers from Africa, immense masses of tribes crowded to his standard from every quarter; and the young sultan was enabled to commence that determined opposition to the French arms, the issue of which is even yet doubtful, and which has fixed on him the attention of the whole world. His career since that epoch has been chequered with disasters, but has been on the whole successful. It is evidently not his policy to risk his undisciplined troops in pitched battles against the French, and accordingly he has seldom attempted it; and in the few instances in which he has, even when supported, as at Isly, by the neighboring empire of Morocco, a signal defeat has been his fate. But in vain have general after general attempted his destruction. A victory however decisive has failed to crush him—has been barren of the usual consequences. In some quarter where he is least expected, the ubiquitous emir is certain to reappear after the apparent demolition of his forces; to revenge himself for his previous discomfiture by some *coup de main* at once rash and successful, and to vanish as suddenly when his exploit is achieved: while the editor of the 'Moniteur Algerien' endeavors, with the legerdemain of a French annalist, to turn defeat into victory, and a rapid retreat into a daring *razzia*! The butcheries of Clauzel, Barthezene, and Savary—the courteous urbanity and judicious measures of Lamoricière—and the pompous manifestoes of Bugeaud have proved equally inefficacious. Not only in the more distant provinces, such as Oran and Constantina, but even in the immediate vicinity of Algiers itself, ebullitions and outbreaks of the most dangerous character are continually occurring, and every thing evidences the determination of the Mussulman to shake off the hated yoke of the French on the earliest opportunity.

The 'Journal des Debats' of the 12th of December, 1845, contains an instructive exposition of this hostility, from the mouth of Mohammed Abdallah, when a prisoner under sentence of death. He had been convicted of instigating revolt among the Beni-Zoug-Zougs, and was at one time supposed to be the famous Bou-maza, though afterwards ascertained to be only that chieftain's brother. The prisoner enu-

merates thirty-four different tribes who had pledged their faith to his brother, who is, in fact, (though this has been denied,) one of Abd-el-Kader's numerous emissaries; and on being asked what had his countrymen to complain of on the part of the French, made this reply: 'The Arabs detest you because you are of a different religion; because you are strangers; because you now take possession of their country, and to-morrow will demand their virgins and their children. They said to my brother, lead us, and let us recommence the war. Every day which passes consolidates the Christians. Let us have done with them at once.' 'Whatever you may say,' rejoined the mortified official, 'there are many Arabs who appreciate and are devoted to us?' 'There is but one God,' was the answer of the obstinate catechumen, 'my life is in His hands, and not in yours. I shall, therefore, speak candidly. Every day you find Mussulmen come to tell you that they are attached to you, and that they are your faithful servants. Do not believe them; they lie through fear or through self-interest. If you were to give every Arab a slice of roast meat every day, which they love so well, cut from your own flesh, they would not the less detest you; and every time that a chief arises whom they believe capable of vanquishing you, they will all follow him were it proposed to attack you in Algiers itself.' 'Do you not believe,' persisted his interrogators, 'that the Arabs will tire of dying for an enterprise which can never have any chance of success?' But the question remained unanswered: refusing to be baited any longer, the prisoner wrapped himself up in his *haick*, and relapsed into that obstinate silence from which it is hopeless to attempt to arouse a child of the desert.

To this account of the state of the French prospects in Algeria, we give implicit credit; for the course of events during the period of their occupation, bears with it concurrent testimony. The speculative dreams to which the African expedition in 1830 gave birth have faded away. Algeria is yet an unsubdued, an uncolonized, and an unproductive country.

It would have been vexatious if the gallant Arabian, who has directed this opposition, had been either ugly or ferocious; and we are happy to be able to acquaint our readers, on the authority of M. de France (to whom we owe an apology for this tardy notice), that he is by no means

either the one or the other. That gentleman has detailed his adventures among the Arab tribes, after having been taken prisoner while absent from his ship on a shooting party, in a simple and unaffected style which adds to the interest of his story. The following is his portrait of Abd-el-Kader, which, considering it is from the pen of a Frenchman and a captive, is sufficiently attractive.

"Abd-el-Kader is little, being not more than five feet high; his face long, and of excessive paleness; his large black eyes are mild and caressing; his mouth small and graceful; his nose aquiline. His beard is thin, but very black. He wears a small moustache, which gives his features, naturally fine and benevolent, a martial air, which becomes him exceedingly. The *ensemble* of his physiognomy is sweet and agreeable. M. Bravais has told me that an Arab chief, whose name I have forgotten, being one day on board the 'Loiret,' in the captain's state-room, on seeing the portrait of a woman, Isabeau de Baviere, whom the engraver had taken to personify Europe, exclaimed, 'There is Abd-el-Kader.' Abd-el-Kader has beautiful small hands and feet, and displays some coquetry in keeping them in order. He is always washing them. While conversing, squatted upon his cushions, he holds his toes in his fingers, or, if this posture fatigues him, he begins to pare the bottom of the nails with the knife and scissors of which the mother-of-pearl handle is delicately worked, and which he constantly has in his hands.

"He affects an extreme simplicity in his dress. There is never any gold or embroidery upon his *bernous*.* He wears a shirt of very fine linen, the seams of which are covered with a silken stripe. Next to his shirt comes the *haïck*.† He throws over the *haïck* two *bernous* of white wool, and upon the two white *bernous* a black one. A few silken tassels are the only ornaments which relieve the simplicity of his costume. He never carries any arms at his girdle. His feet are naked in his slippers. He has his head shaved, and his head-dress is composed of two or three Greek caps, the one upon the other, over which he throws the hood of his *bernous*."—p. 28.

The testimony paid by M. de France to the courtesy, kindness and humanity of the emir, is equally strong. The cruelties indeed practised by the Arabs upon such unfortunate Christians as fall within their clutches, are most revolting in their de-

tails; but it does not appear that their enormities are authorized, or even known by their sultan,* though doubtless his power rests on too precarious a tenure to enable him to hold the reigns of discipline with too unyielding a hand.

But, though Sidi-el-Hadj-Abd-el-Kader-Mahidin (which is his name in full) has been a very powerful obstacle to the progress of the French in Africa, he is by no means the only one with which they have had to contend; and we are inclined to doubt whether if he had never existed they would have had better fortune; or whether, if he were to be slain to-morrow, their success would be materially accelerated.

Among the primary causes of the failure of the projected colonization of the north of Africa, may be classed the profound ignorance which prevailed among the French, on their first arrival, of the nature of the country in which they found themselves. Intoxicated with the reports of the fertility of Algeria, they forgot the unhealthiness which is usually its concomitant, and which, in fact, prevails in very many parts of the Regency to a fearful extent. Immediately south of Algiers lies the Sahel, which is an immense elevated tract of country, lying between the Mediterranean and the plain of the Metidja. Its surface is crowded with little valleys and intersected by deep ravines. Its general appearance is rugged, sterile, and broken. Here we find health indeed, though no greater susceptibility of culture than is afforded by similar mountainous regions. But, behind this stretches the vast plain of Metidja, which science and combination might render available, but, which in its present state, confided to the isolated enterprise of individuals, is more fatal to life than even the Arab bullets.†

* An English vessel had been wrecked off the African coast; the crew were on the point of being sacrificed by the natives, when a detachment opportunely arrived from Abd-el-Kader, the officer in command of which thus addressed the Arabs:—"Unhappy people! What are you about? In sacrificing these men you would commit a most wicked action—an offence against God. Dread then the anger of your sultan. These sailors are not of the same religion as our enemies, the French; on the contrary, their prophet is acknowledged by ours." So completely overawed were these ignorant people, that their prisoners were conducted in safety to Abd-el-Kader, who, after furnishing them with clothes, &c., sent them to Gibraltar.—'Times' Newspaper, 14th of January, 1846.

† "Malheur au voyageur imprudent qui s'est

* The *bernous* is a woollen mantle without sleeves, but with a hood.

† The *haïck* is a covering of very thin wool, worn as a wrapper over the head and shoulders.

The disappointment and reaction which followed the insalubrity of the 'land of promise' were greatly increased by the rash eagerness of the first emigrants to purchase land from the Mussulmen, though they did not understand the nature of the interests they were buying, and were, in fact, entirely ignorant of the tenure of real property among the Algerines. Dispositions of estates, entailed by a species of mortmain, were extremely common. M. Blanqui, who was deputed by L'Academie des Sciences at Paris to investigate the causes of the failure of colonization in Algeria, informs us that those properties are called *habous* or *engagés*, of which the legal estate has been vested by some individual in an eleemosynary or other corporation, while the beneficial interest is reserved to himself and his successors in some determinate line. The confusion which would flow from this separation of the legal ownership from the actual enjoyment, in the alienation of land, may easily be imagined when we reflect, that in general its existence was unsuspected by the credulous emigrant, and undisclosed by the roguish vender! The effect of these improvident or fraudulent transactions has been to render the titles to property throughout the Regency extremely insecure; and this, combined with the destructive influence of malaria, has deprived France of that nucleus of enterprising and thriving colonists, without which any attempt to radiate over a more extended region must be futile, or at best unstable.

But as if France had been determined to afford her infant colonies on the African coast no aid she could possibly withhold, she has thought fit to fetter their foreign traffic, by the perfect freedom of which they could alone have hoped to surmount their other disadvantages, with trammels which are only suited to a city in its maturity. The

tariff, which is only an incentive to the opulent traders of Marseilles, damps the enterprise of the Algerines. They might well have imitated our example at Singapore, which, itself also formerly a mere nest of pirates, has, from the simple expedient of throwing open its ports, become a thriving city of 30,000 inhabitants: but the French, by establishing a *douane* before there was any commerce to tax, have rendered the first nugatory, and have paralyzed the latter.

The peculiarities of the people among whom they were thrown, presented additional difficulties to the French. The features of the Arab character are strongly defined; and in a general way attach to the Kabyles, the Bedouins, the Beni Ammer, the Flittahs, and all that host of tribes, with the names of which the despatches of Marshal Bugeaud have made us familiar. Avarice, restlessness, treachery, and fanaticism: hospitality, hardihood, intelligence, and devotion, are some of the antagonistic traits which an Arab of the desert exhibits. In person, too, they all bear to each other a strong family resemblance. Well formed, clean limbed, muscular, and of middle stature, they are the very build for guerrilla troops. Their complexion is of a clear olive tint, often deeply browned by exposure to the sun; their eyes are dark and sparkling; their hair black, coarse, and luxuriant. Their senses are sharpened by constant exercise to a degree rivalling the acuteness of the North American Indians. A Bedouin will hear the murmuring of distant warfare, or detect in a cloud of dust an approaching caravan, where a European is utterly at fault. So far from dreading war, it is their choice and their pastime. An Arabian in his war-saddle would not exchange his seat for the softest divan in Persia. To slay a Christian he exultingly sacrifices his own life—for he well believes, that

aventuré sans guide et sans précaution sur ce terrain en apparence si uni et si facile à parcourir! S'il y aborde au temps des hautes herbes, il court le risque d'être enseveli dans ces forêts de graminées colossales qui paraissent de loin un tapis de gazon: S'il y circule à l'époque des chaleurs de l'été, la terre entr'ouverte lui envoie des bouffées de gaz pestilentiels qui donnent la fièvre et la mort: enfin, dans la saison des pluies, tout se change en cloaques fangeux ou en marais profonds qui recèlent autant de pièges et qui sont plus dangereux que la fièvre."—*Algerie*, Par M. Blanqui, p. 12. The attention of the French government has lately been ably called to the necessity of systematic cultivation. Vide *Memoires au Roi sur la Colonisation de L'Algerie* par L'Abbé Landmann. Paris. 1845.

"They that shall fall in march or fight,
Are called by Allah to realms of light;
Where in giant pearls the hours dwell,
And reach to the faithful, the wine-red shell;
With their words so sweet, and their forms so fair,
Their gazelle-like eyes, and their raven hair;
Where the raptured ear may drink its fill
Of the heavenly music of Izrahil;
And bending from Allah's throne on high
Is the Tree of Immortality."

Such is the crafty creed which the Koran inculcates; and the Moslem too often shames the Christian in his choice between the Future and the Present.

Thus warlike in their tastes, the Arabs have thrown themselves heart and soul into the *melée*. Religion and interest, duty and pleasure, point towards the same path; and it would require far more tact and circumspection than the French seem disposed to exert to divert them from its pursuit.

But the truth is, that our volatile neighbors have not the gift of colonization. They never have, and never will, succeed in attaching the affections of a foreign people. The feelings of a nation, when conquered, are in a high state of irritation. That irritation must be allayed; but a Frenchman has neither tact nor perseverance to do so. Again; when once the solid fruits of victory have been obtained, a wise foe will refrain from glorying over his opponent; but a Frenchman's vanity is stronger than his prudence, and the bombastic manifestoes of Bugeaud have uselessly exacerbated the enmity of the emir and his followers. Once more: there is no feeling stronger in the Arab bosom than a veneration for domestic ties, and a regard for female purity. The French have violated the one, and have outraged the other;* and the result has been a loathing hatred of French habits and domination, which seems to leave no hope of conciliation. The war must now be one of extermination. The only alternative is that of abandonment—a measure that adverse circumstances may hereafter force France to embrace—but which we fear it would be vain to hope from her moderation or her magnanimity.

* "Le grand argument," says M. Blanqui, p. 101, "des puritains Maures ou Arabes a toujours été la corruption de nos mœurs plutôt que la différence des deux religions."

RELIGIOUS TOLERATION IN CHINA.—A letter has been issued by K'ying, the high imperial commissioner of the Celestial ruler of the Chinese Empire, granting toleration to all sects of Christians throughout the five ports (and, we presume, wherever they are permitted to be), in which this great functionary proclaims the following liberal principles:—"I do not understand drawing a line of demarcation between the religious ceremonies of the various nations; but virtuous Chinese shall by no means be punished on account of the religion they hold. No matter whether they worship images or do not worship images, there are no prohibitions against them, if, when practising their creed, they act well. You, the honorable envoy, need therefore not to be solicitous about this matter, for all western nations shall in this respect certainly be treated upon the same footing and receive the same protection."

From Tait's Magazine.

NOTES ON GILFILLAN'S "GALLERY OF LITERARY PORTRAITS."*

BY THOMAS DE QUINCEY.

[Continued.]

"A Gallery of Literary Portraits." By George Gilfillan. Edinburgh: Wm. Tait.

JOHN KEATS.

MR. GILFILLAN introduces this section with a discussion upon the constitutional peculiarities ascribed to men of genius; such as nervousness of temperament, idleness, vanity, irritability, and other disagreeable tendencies ending in *ty* or in *ness*; one of the *ties* being "poverty;" which disease is at least not amongst those morbidly cherished by the patients. All that can be asked from the most penitent man of genius is, that he should humbly confess his own besetting infirmities, and endeavor to hate them: and as respects this one infirmity at least, I never heard of any man (however eccentric in genius) who did otherwise. But what special relation has such a preface to Keats? His whole article occupies twelve pages; and six of these are allotted to this preliminary discussion, which perhaps equally concerns every other man in the household of literature. Mr. Gilfillan seems to have been acting here on celebrated precedents. The "*Omnes homines qui sese student præstare cæteris animalibus*" has long been "smoked" by a wicked posterity as an old hack of Sallust's, fitted on with paste and scissors to the Catilinarian conspiracy. Cicero candidly admits that he kept in his writing desk an assortment of moveable prefaces, beautifully fitted (by means of avoiding all questions but "the general question") for parading, *en grand costume*, before any conceivable book. And Coleridge, in his earlier days, used the image of a man's "sleeping under a manchineel tree," alternately with the case of Alexander's killing his friend Clitus, as resources for illustration which Providence had bountifully made inexhaustible in their applications. No emergency could by possibility arise to puzzle the poet, or the orator, but one of these similes (please Heaven!) should be made to meet it. So long as the manchineel continued to blister with poisonous dew those who confided in its shel-

ter, so long as Niebuhr should kindly forbear to prove that Alexander of Macedon was a hoax, and his friend Clitus a myth, so long was Samuel Taylor Coleridge fixed and obdurate in his determination that one or other of these images should come upon duty whenever, as a youthful writer, he found himself on the brink of insolvency.

But it is less the generality of this preface, or even its disproportion, which fixes the eye, than the questionableness of its particular statements. In that part which reviews the *idleness* of authors, Horace is given up as too notoriously indolent: the thing, it seems, is past denying: but "not so Lucretius." Indeed! and how shall this be brought to proof? Perhaps the reader has heard of that barbarian prince, who sent to Europe for a large map of the world accompanied by the best of English razors: and the clever use which he made of his importation was, that, first cutting out with exquisite accuracy the whole ring-fence of his own dominions, and then doing the same office, with the same equity, (barbarous or barberous,) for the dominions of a hostile neighbor, next he proceeded to weigh off the rival segments against each other in a pair of gold scales; after which, of course, he arrived at a satisfactory algebraic equation between himself and his enemy. Now, upon this principle of comparison, if we should take any *common* edition (as the *Delphin* or the *Variorum*) of Horace and Lucretius, strictly shaving away all notes, prefaces, editorial absurdities, &c. all "flotsom" and "jetsom" that may have gathered like barnacles about the two weather-beaten hulks; in that case we should have the two old files undressed, and *in puris naturalibus*: they would be prepared for being weighed; and, going to the nearest grocer's we might then settle the point at once, as to which of the two had been the idler man. I back Horace for *my* part; and it is my private opinion that, in the case of a quarto edition, the grocer would have to throw at least a two ounce weight into the scale of Lucretius, before he could be made to draw against the other. Yet, after all, this would only be a collation of quantity against quantity; whilst, upon a second collation of quality against quality, (I do not mean quality as regards the final merit of the composition, but quality as regards the difficulties in the process of composition,) the difference in amount of labor would appear to be as between the weaving of a blanket and the

weaving of an exquisite cambric. The *curiosa felicitas* of Horace in his lyric compositions, the elaborate delicacy of workmanship in his thoughts and in his style, argue a scale of labor that, as against any equal number of lines in Lucretius, would measure itself by months against days. There are single odes in Horace that must have cost him a six weeks' seclusion from the wickedness of Rome. Do I then question the extraordinary power of Lucretius? On the contrary, I admire him as the first of demoniacs; the frenzy of an earth-born or a hell-born inspiration; divinity of stormy music sweeping around us in eddies, in order to prove that for us there could be nothing divine; the grandeur of a prophet's voice rising in angry gusts, by way of convincing us that prophets were swindlers; oracular scorn of oracles; frantic efforts, such as might seem reasonable in one who was scaling the heavens, for the purpose of degrading all things, making man to be the most abject of necessities as regarded his causes, to be the blindest of accidents as regarded his expectations; these fierce antinomies expose a mode of insanity, but of an insanity affecting a sublime intellect.* One would suppose him partially mad by the savagery of his headlong manner. And most people who read Lucretius at all are aware of the traditional story current in Rome, that he did actually write in a delirious state; not under any figurative disturbance of brain, but under a real physical disturbance caused by philtres administered to him without his own knowledge. But this kind of super-

* There is one peculiarity about Lucretius, which even in the absence of all anecdotes to that effect would have led an observing reader to suspect some unsoundness in his brain. It is this, and it lies in his manner. In all poetic enthusiasm, however grand and sweeping may be its compass, so long as it is healthy and natural, there is a principle of self-restoration in the opposite direction: there is a counter state of repose, a compensatory state, as in the tides of the sea, which tends continually to re-establish the equipoise. The lull is no less intense than the fury of commotion. But in Lucretius there is no lull. Nor would there *seem* to be any, were it not for two accidents: 1st, the occasional pause in his raving tone enforced by the interruption of an episode; 2dly, the restraints (or at least the suspensions) imposed upon him by the difficulties of *argument conducted in verse*. To dispute metrically, is as embarrassing as to run or dance when knee-keep in sand. Else, and apart from these counteractions, the motion of the style is not stormy, but self-kindling and continually accelerated.

natural *afflatus* did not deliver into words and metre by lingering oscillations, and through processes of self-correction: it threw itself forward, and precipitated its own utterance, with the hurrying and bounding of a cataract. It was an *æstrum*, a rapture, the bounding of a *mœnad*, by which the muse of Lucretius lived and moved. So much is known by the impression about him current amongst his contemporaries: so much is evident in the characteristic manner of his poem, if all anecdotes had perished. And upon the whole let the proportions of power between Horace and Lucretius be what they may, the proportions of labor are absolutely incommensurable: in Horace the labor was *directly* as the power, in Lucretius *inversely* as the power. Whatsoever in Horace was best—had been obtained by *most* labor; whatsoever in Lucretius was best—by *least*. In Horace, the exquisite skill co-operated with the exquisite nature; in Lucretius, the powerful nature disdained the skill, which, indeed, would not have been applicable to *his* theme, or to *his* treatment of it, and triumphed by means of mere precipitation, of volume, and of headlong fury.

Another paradox of Mr. Gilfillan's under this head, is, that he classes Dr. Johnson as indolent; and it is the more startling, because he does not utter it as a careless opinion upon which he might have been thrown by inconsideration, but as a concession extorted from him reluctantly: he had sought to evade it, but could not. Now, that Dr. Johnson had a morbid predisposition to decline labor from his scrofulous habit of body,† is probable. The ques-

tion for us, however, is, not what nature prompted him to do, but what he did. If he had an extra difficulty to fight with in attempting to labor, the more was his merit in the known result, that he *did* fight with that difficulty, and that he conquered it. This is undeniable. And the attempt to deny it presents itself in a comic shape, when one imagines some ancient shelf in a library, that has groaned for nearly a century under the weight of the doctor's works, demanding, "How say you? Is this Sam Johnson, whose Dictionary alone is a load for a camel, one of those authors whom you call idle? Then Heaven preserve us poor oppressed book-shelves from such as you will consider active." George III. in a compliment as happily turned as if it had proceeded from Louis XIV. expressed his opinion upon this question of the doctor's industry by saying, that he also should join in thinking Johnson too voluminous a contributor to literature, were it not for the extraordinary merit of his contributions. Now it would be an odd way of turning the royal praise into a reproach, if we should say; "Sam, had you been a pretty good writer, we, your countrymen, should have held you to be also an industrious writer: but, because you are a *very* good writer, therefore we pronounce you a lazy vagabond."

Upon other points in this discussion there is some room to differ from Mr. Gilfillan. For instance, with respect to the question of the comparative happiness enjoyed by men of genius, it is not necessary to argue, nor does it seem possible to prove, even in the case of any one individual poet, that, on the whole, he was either more

* "*Habit of body*:" but much more from mismanagement of his body. Dr. Johnson tampered with medical studies, and fancied himself learned enough to prescribe for his female correspondents. The affectionateness with which he sometimes did this, is interesting; but his ignorance of the subject is not the less apparent. In his own case he had the merit of one heroic self-conquest; he weaned himself from wine, having once become convinced that it was injurious. But he never brought himself to take regular exercise. He ate too much at all times of his life. And in another point, he betrayed a thoughtlessness, which (though really common as laughter) is yet extravagantly childish. Every body knows that Dr. Johnson was all his life reproaching himself with lying too long in bed. Always he was sinning, (for he thought it a sin :) always he was repenting; always he was vainly endeavoring to reform. But why vainly? Cannot a resolute man in six weeks bring himself to rise at *any* hour of the twenty-four? Certainly he can; but not without appropriate means. Now the

Doctor rose about eleven A. M. This, he fancied was shocking; he was determined to rise at eight, or at seven. Very well; why not? But will it be credited that the one sole change occurring to the Doctor's mind, was to take a flying leap backwards from eleven to eight, without any corresponding leap at the other terminus of his sleep. To rise at eight instead of eleven, presupposes that a man goes off to bed at twelve instead of three. Yet this recondite truth, never to his dying day dawned on Dr. Johnson's mind. The conscientious man continued to offend; continued to repent; continued to pave a disagreeable place with good intentions, and daily resolutions of amendment; but at length died full of years, without having once seen the sun rise, except in some Homeric description, written [as Mr. Clifton makes it probable,] thirty centuries before. The fact of the sun's rising at all, the Doctor adopted as a point of faith, and by no means of personal knowledge, from an insinuation to that effect in the most ancient of Greek books.

happy or less happy than the average mass of his fellow men: far less could this be argued as to the whole class of poets. What seems *really* open to proof, is, that men of genius have a larger *capacity* of happiness, which capacity, both from within and from without, may be defeated in ten thousand ways. This seems involved in the very word *genius*. For, after all the pretended and hollow attempts to distinguish genius from talent, I shall continue to think (what heretofore I have explained) that no distinction in the case is tenable for a moment but this: viz. that genius is that mode of intellectual power which moves in alliance with the *genial* nature, *i. e.* with the capacities of pleasure and pain; whereas talent has no vestige of such an alliance, and is perfectly independent of all human sensibilities. Consequently, genius is a voice or breathing that represents the *total* nature of man; whilst, on the contrary, talent represents only a single function of that nature. Genius is the language which interprets the synthesis of the human spirit with the human intellect, each acting through the other; whilst talent speaks only from the insulated intellect. And hence also it is that, besides its relation to suffering and enjoyment, genius always implies a deeper relation to virtue and vice: whereas talent has no shadow of a relation to *moral* qualities, any more than it has to vital sensibilities. A man of the highest talent is often obtuse and below the ordinary standard of men in his feelings; but no man of genius can unyoke himself from the society of moral perceptions that are brighter, and sensibilities that are more tremulous, than those of men in general.

As to the examples* by which Mr. Gilfillan

* One of these examples is equivocal, in a way that Mr. Gilfillan is apparently not aware of. He cites Tickell, "whose very name" [he says,] "savors of laughter," as being, "in fact, a very happy fellow." In the first place, Tickell would have been likely to "square" at Mr. Gilfillan for that liberty taken with his name; or might even, in Falstaff's language, have tried to "tickle his catastrophe." It is a ticklish thing to lark with honest men's names. But, secondly, *which* Tickell? For there are two at the least in the field of English literature: and if one of them was "very happy," the chances are, according to D. Bernoulli and De Moivre, that the other was particularly miserable. The first Tickell, who may be described as Addison's Tickell, never tickled any thing, that I know of, except Addison's vanity. But Tickell the second, who came into working order about fifty years later, was really a very pleasant fellow. In the time of Burke he diverted the whole nation by his poem of "*Anticipa-*

supports his prevailing views, they will be construed by any ten thousand men in ten thousand separate modes. The objections are so endless, that it would be abusing the reader's time to urge them; especially as every man of the ten thousand will be wrong, and will also be right, in all varieties of proportion. Two only it may be useful to notice as examples, involving some degree of error, viz. Addison and Homer. As to the first, the error, if an error, is one of fact only. Lord Byron had said of Addison, that he "died drunk." This seems to Mr. Gilfillan a "horrible statement;" for which he supposes that no authority can exist but "a rumor circulated by an inveterate gossip," meaning Horace Walpole. But gossips usually go upon some foundation, broad or narrow; and, until the rumor had been authentically put down, Mr. Gilfillan should not have pronounced it a "malignant calumny." Me this story caused to laugh exceedingly; not at Addison, whose fine genius extorts pity and tenderness towards his infirmities; but at the characteristic misanthropy of Lord Byron, who chuckles as he would do over a glass of nectar, on this opportunity for confronting the old solemn legend about Addison's sending for his step-son, Lord Warwick, to witness the peaceful death of a Christian, with so rich a story as this, that he, the said Christian, "died drunk." Supposing that he *did*, the mere physical fact of inebriation, in a stage of debility where so small an excess of stimulating liquor (though given medicinally) sometimes causes such an appearance, would not infer the moral blame of drunkenness; and if such a thing were ever said by any person *present* at the bed-side, I should feel next to certain that it was said in that spirit of exaggeration to which most men are tempted by circumstances unusually fitted to impress a startling picturesqueness upon the statement. But, without insisting on Lord Byron's way of putting the case, I believe it is generally understood that, latterly, Addison gave way to habits of intemperance. He suffered, not only from his wife's dissatisfied temper, but also (and probably much more) from *ennui*. He did not walk one mile a-day, and he ought to have

tion," in which he anticipated and dramatically rehearsed the course of a whole parliamentary debate, (on the king's speech,) which did not take place till a week or two afterwards. Such a mimicry was easy enough, but *that* did not prevent its fidelity and characteristic truth from delighting the political world.

walked ten. Dyspepsy was, no doubt, the true ground of his unhappiness: and he had nothing to hope for. To remedy these evils, I have always understood that every day (and especially towards night) he drank too much of that French liquor, which, calling itself *water of life*, nine times in ten proves the water of death. He lived latterly at Kensington, viz. in Holland House, the well-known residence of the late Lord Holland; and the tradition attached to the gallery in that house, is, that duly as the sun drew near to setting, on two tables, one at each end of the long *ambulachrum*, the right honorable Joseph placed, or caused to be placed, two tumblers of brandy, somewhat diluted with water: and those, the said vessels, then and there did alternately to the lips of him, the aforesaid Joseph, diligently apply, walking to and fro during the process of exhaustion, and dividing his attention between the two poles, arctic and antarctic of his evening *diaulos*, with the impartiality to be expected from a member of the Privy Council. How often the two "blessed bears," northern and southern, were replenished, entered into no *affidavit* that ever reached *me*. But so much I have always understood, that in the gallery of Holland House, the ex-secretary of state caught a decided hiccup, which never afterwards subsided. In all this there would have been little to shock people, had it not been for the sycophancy which ascribed to Addison a religious reputation such as he neither merited nor wished to claim. But one penal reaction of mendacious adulation, for him who is weak enough to accept it, must ever be, to impose restraints upon his own conduct, which otherwise he would have been free to decline. How lightly would Sir Roger de Coverley have thought of a little sotting in any gentleman of right politics! And Addison would not, in that age, and as to that point, have carried his scrupulosity higher than his own Sir Roger. But such knaves as he who had complimented Addison with the praise of having written "no line which, dying, he could wish to blot," whereas, in fact, Addison started in life by publishing a translation of Petronius Arbiter, had painfully coerced his free agency. This knave, I very much fear, was Tickell the first; and the result of his knavery was, to win for Addison a disagreeable sanctimonious reputation that was, 1st, founded in lies; 2d, that painfully limited Addison's free agency; and 3dly, that prepared insults

to his memory, since it pointed a censorious eye upon those things viewed as the acts of a demure pretender to piety, which would else have passed without notice as the most venial of frailties in a layman.

Something I had to say also upon Homer, who mingles amongst the examples cited by Mr. Gilfillan, of apparent happiness connected with genius. But, for want of room,* I forbear to go further, than to lodge my protest against imputing to Homer as any personal merit, what belongs altogether to the stage of society in which he lived. "They," says Mr. Gilfillan, speaking of the "Iliad" and the "Odyssey," "are the healthiest of works. There are in them no sullenness, no querulous complaint, not one personal allusion." No; but how *could* there have been? Subjective poetry had not an existence in those days. Not only the powers for introverting the eye upon the *spectator*, as himself, the *spectaculum*, were then undeveloped and inconceivable, but the sympathies did not exist to which such an innovation could have appealed. Besides, and partly from the same cause, even as objects, the human feelings and affections were too broadly and grossly distinguished, had not reached even the infancy of that stage in which the passions begin their processes of intermodification, nor *could* have reached it, from the simplicity of social life, as well as from the barbarism of the Greek religion. The author of the "Iliad," or even of the "Odyssey," (though doubtless a product of a later period,) could not have been "unhealthy," or "sullen," or "querulous," from any cause, except *psora*, or *elephantiasis*, or scarcity of beef, or similar afflictions with which it is quite impossible to inoculate poetry. The metrical roman-

* For the same reasons, I refrain from noticing the pretensions of Savage. Mr. Gilfillan gives us to understand, that not from want of room, but of time, he does not (which else he *could*) prove him to be the man he pretended to be. For my own part, I believe Savage to have been the vilest of swindlers; and in these days, under the surveillance of an active police, he would have lost the chance which he earned of being hanged, by having previously been transported to the Plantations. How can Mr. Gilfillan allow himself in a case of this nature, to speak of "universal impression" (if it had really existed) as any separate ground of credibility for Savage's tale? When the public have no access at all to sound means of judging, what matters it in which direction their "impression" lies, or how many thousands swell the belief, for which not one of all these thousands has any thing like a reason to offer?

ces of the middle ages have the same shivering character of starvation, as to the inner life of man; and, if *that* constitutes a meritorious distinction, no man ought to be excused for wanting what it is so easy to obtain by simple neglect of culture. On the same principle, a cannibal, if truculently indiscriminate in his horrid diet, might win sentimental praises for his temperance; others were picking and choosing, miserable epicures! but he, the saint upon earth, cared not what he ate; any joint satisfied *his* moderate desires; shoulder of man, leg of child; any thing, in fact, that was nearest at hand, so long as it was good, wholesome human flesh; and the more plainly dressed the better.

But these topics, so various and so fruitful, I touch only because they are introduced, amongst many others, by Mr. Gilfillan. Separately viewed, some of these would be more attractive than any merely personal interest connected with Keats. His biography, stripped of its false coloring, offers little to win attention; for he was not the victim of any systematic malignity, as has been represented. He met, as I have understood, with unusual kindness from his liberal publishers, Messrs. Taylor and Hessey. He met with unusual severity from a cynical reviewer, the late Mr. Gifford, then editor of *The Quarterly Review*. The story ran, that this article of Mr. G.'s had killed Keats; upon which, with natural astonishment, Lord Byron thus commented, in the 11th canto of *Don Juan*:—

John Keats who was kill'd off by one critique,
Just as he really promised something great,
If not intelligible,—without Greek,
Contrived to talk about the gods of late,
Much as they might have been supposed to speak.
Poor fellow! his was an untoward fate:
'Tis strange the mind, that very fiery particle,
Should let itself be snuffed out by an Article.

Strange, indeed!—and the friends who honor Keats's memory, should not lend themselves to a story so degrading. He died, I believe, of pulmonary consumption; and would have died of it, probably, under any circumstances of prosperity as a poet. Doubtless, in a condition of languishing decay, slight causes of irritation act powerfully. But it is hardly conceivable that one ebullition of splenetic bad feeling, in a case so proverbially open to revision as the pretensions of a poet, could have overthrown any masculine life, unless where that life had already been *irrecoverably* un-

dermined by sickness. As a man, and viewed in relation to social objects, Keats was nothing. It was as mere an affectation when he talked with apparent zeal of liberty, or human rights, or human prospects, as is the hollow enthusiasm which many people profess for music, or most poets for external nature. For these things Keats fancied that he cared; but in reality he cared not at all. Upon them, or any of their aspects, he had thought too little, and too indeterminately, to feel for them as personal concerns. Whereas Shelley, from his earliest days, was mastered and shaken by the great moving realities of life, as a prophet is by the burden of wrath or of promise which he has been commissioned to reveal. Had there been no such thing as literature, Keats would have dwindled into a cipher. Shelley, in the same event, would hardly have lost one plume from his crest. It is in relation to literature, and to the boundless questions as to the true and the false arising out of literature and poetry, that Keats challenges a fluctuating interest; sometimes an interest of strong disgust, sometimes of deep admiration. There is not, I believe, a case on record throughout European literature, where feelings so repulsive of each other have centred in the same individual. The very midsummer madness of affectation, of false vapory sentiment, and of fantastic effeminacy, seemed to me combined in Keats's *Endymion*, when I first saw it near the close of 1821. The Italian poet Marino had been reputed the greatest master of gossamery affectation in Europe. But *his* conceits showed the palest of rosy blushes by the side of Keats's bloody crimson. Naturally, I was discouraged from looking further. But about a week later, by pure accident, my eye fell upon his *Hyperion*. The first feeling was that of incredulity that the two poems could, under change of circumstances or lapse of time, have emanated from the same mind. The *Endymion* displays absolutely the most shocking revolt against good sense and just feeling that all literature does now, or ever *can*, furnish. The *Hyperion*, as Mr. Gilfillan truly says, "is the greatest of poetical torsos." The first belongs essentially to the vilest collection of wax-work filigree, or gilt gingerbread. The other presents the majesty, the austere beauty, and the simplicity of Grecian temples enriched with Grecian sculpture.

We have in this country a word, viz. the word *Folly*, which has a technical appro-

priation to the case of fantastic buildings. Any building is called "a folly,"* which mimics purposes incapable of being realized, and makes a promise to the eye which it cannot keep to the experience. The most impressive illustration of this idea, which modern times have seen, was, undoubtedly, the ice palace of the Empress Elizabeth—†

"That most magnificent and mighty freak,"

which, about eighty years ago, was called up from the depths of winter by

"The imperial mistress of the fur-clad Russ."

Winter and the Czarina were, in this architecture, fellow-laborers. She, by her servants, furnished the blocks of ice, hewed them, laid them: winter furnished the cement, by freezing them together. The palace has long melted back into water; and the poet who described it best, viz. Cowper, is not much read in this age, except by the

* "*A folly*." We English limit the application of the term to buildings: but the idea might as fitly be illustrated in other objects. For instance, the famous galley presented to one of the Ptolemies, which offered the luxurious accommodations of capital cities, but required a little army of four thousand men to row it, whilst its draft of water was too great to allow of its often approaching the shore; this was "a folly" in our English sense. So again was the Macedonian phalanx: the Roman legion could form upon any ground: it was a true working tool. But the phalanx was too fine and showy for use. It required for its manœuvring a sort of opera stage, or a select bowling-green, such as few fields of battle offered.

† I had written "the Empress Catherine:" but, on second thought, it occurred to me that the "mighty freak" was, in fact, due to the Empress Elizabeth. There is, however, a freak connected with ice, not quite so "mighty," but quite as autocratic, and even more feminine in its caprice, which belongs exclusively to the Empress Catherine. A lady had engaged the affections of some young nobleman, who was regarded favorably by the imperial eye. No pretext offered itself for interdicting the marriage; but, by way of freezing it a little in the outset, the Czarina coupled with her permission this condition—that the wedding night should be passed by the young couple on a mattress of her gift. The mattress turned out to be a block of ice, elegantly cut by the court upholsterer, into the likeness of a well-stuffed Parisian mattress. One pities the poor bride, whilst it is difficult to avoid laughing in the midst of one's sympathy. But it is to be hoped that no ukase was issued against spreading seven Turkey carpets by way of under blankets, over this amiable nuptial present. Amongst others who have noticed the story, is Captain Colville Frankland, of the navy.

religious. It will, therefore, be a sort of resurrection for both the palace and the poet, if I cite his description of this gorgeous folly. It is a passage in which Cowper assumes so much of a Miltonic tone, that, of the two, it is better to have read his lasting description, than to have seen, with bodily eyes, the fleeting reality. The poet is apostrophizing the Empress Elizabeth.

—No forest fell,
When *thou* wouldst build: no quarry sent its
stores
To enrich thy walls: but thou didst hew the
floods,
And make thy marble of the glassy wave.

Silently as a dream the fabric rose:
No sound of hammer or of saw was there:
Ice upon ice, the well-adjusted parts
Were soon conjoin'd, nor other cement ask'd
Than water interfus'd to make them one.
Lamps gracefully disposed, and of all hues,
Illumin'd every side; a watery light
Gleam'd through the clear transparency, that
seem'd
Another moon new-risen:—

—Nor wanted aught within
That royal residence might well befit
For grandeur or for use. Long wavy wreaths
Of flowers, that fear'd no enemy but warmth,
Blush'd on the panels. Mirror needed none,
Where all was vitreous: but in order due
Convivial table and commodious seat
(What *seem'd* at least commodious seat) were
there;
Sofa, and couch, and high-built throne august.
The same lubricity was found in all,
And all was moist to the warm touch; a scene
Of evanescent glory, once a stream,
And soon to slide into a stream again.

The poet concludes by viewing the whole as an unintentional stroke of satire by the Czarina,

—On her own estate,
On human grandeur, and the courts of kings.
'Twas transient in its nature, as in show
'Twas durable; as worthless, as it seem'd
Intrinsically precious: to the foot
Treacherous and false,—it smiled, and it was
cold.

Looking at this imperial plaything of ice in the month of March, and recollecting that in May all the crystal arcades would be weeping away into vernal brooks, one would have been disposed to mourn a beauty so frail, and to marvel at a frailty so elaborate. Yet still there was some proportion observed: the saloons were limited in number, though *not* limited in splendor. It was a *petit Trianon*. But what if, like Versailles, this glittering bauble, to which

all the science of Europe could not have secured a passport into June, had contained six thousand separate rooms? A "folly" on so gigantic a scale would have moved every man to indignation. For all that could be had, the beauty to the eye, and the gratification to the fancy, in seeing water tortured into every form of solidity, resulted from two or three suites of rooms, as fully as from a thousand.

Now, such a folly, as *would* have been the Czarina's, if executed upon the scale of Versailles, or of the new palace at St. Petersburg, *was* the Endymion: a gigantic edifice (for its tortuous enigmas of thought multiplied every line of the four thousand into fifty) reared upon a basis slighter and less apprehensible than moonshine. As reasonably and as hopefully in regard to human sympathies, might a man undertake an epic poem upon the loves of two butterflies. The modes of existence in the two parties to the love-fable of Endymion, their relations to each other and to us, their prospects finally, and the obstacles to the *instant* realization of these prospects,—all these things are more vague and incomprehensible than the reveries of an oyster. Still the unhappy subject, and its unhappy expansion, must be laid to the account of childish years and childish inexperience. But there is another fault in Keats, of the first magnitude, which youth does not palliate, which youth even aggravates. This lies in the most shocking abuse of his mother-tongue. If there is one thing in this world that, next after the flag of his country and its spotless honor, should be holy in the eyes of a young poet,—it is the *language* of his country. He should spend the third part of his life in studying this language, and cultivating its total resources. He should be willing to pluck out his right eye, or to circumnavigate the globe, if by such a sacrifice, if by such an exertion he could attain to greater purity, precision, compass, or idiomatic energy of diction. This, if he were even a Kalmuck Tartar, who by the way *has* the good feeling and patriotism to pride himself upon his beastly language.* But Keats was an Englishman;

* Bergmann, the German traveller, in his account of his long rambles and residence amongst the Kalmucks, makes us acquainted with the delirious vanity which possesses these demi-savages. Their notion is, that excellence of every kind, perfection in the least things as in the greatest, is briefly expressed by calling it *Kalmuckish*. Accordingly, their hideous language, and their vast na-

Keats had the honor to speak the language of Chaucer, Shakspeare, Bacon, Milton, Newton. The more awful was the obligation of his allegiance. And yet upon this mother tongue, upon this English language, has Keats trampled as with the hoofs of a buffalo. With its syntax, with its prosody, with its idiom, he has played such fantastic tricks as could enter only into the heart of a barbarian, and for which only the anarchy of Chaos could furnish a forgiving audience. Verily it required the *Hyperion* to weigh against the deep treason of these unparalleled offences.

From the Foreign Quarterly Review.

STATE OF POLITICAL PARTIES IN SPAIN.

Queen Isabella II.'s Speech to the Cortes of 1846.

THERE is, we believe, a sect in this country which still puts faith in human perfectibility, and teaches that we have all of us long been on the high road to angelic completeness. It is just within the limits of possibility that it may be right; Goodwin, if we remember well, had a notion of that sort, and there are sundry gentlemen beyond the Atlantic, encouraged by the high state of morals in Pennsylvania and other repudiating states, who re-echo the sentiments of the perfectionists on this side of the water.

If diligently sought for, more than one philosopher of this school might, no doubt, be found also in Spain, where things have been wearing so promising an aspect for the last century or so. The rare merit of the theory of perfectibility is, that it is founded on experience.

tional poem, [doubtless equally hideous,] they hold to be the immediate gifts of inspiration: and for this I honor them, as each generation learns both from the lips of their mothers. This great poem, by the way, measures (if I remember) seventeen English miles in length; but the most learned man amongst them, in fact a monster of erudition, never read farther than the eighth mile-stone. What he could repeat by heart was little more than a mile and a half; and, indeed, *that* was found too much for the choleric part of his audience. Even the Kalmuck face, which to us foolish Europeans looks so unnecessarily flat and ogre-like, these honest Tartars have ascertained to be the pure classical model of human beauty,—which, in fact, it is, upon the principle of those people who hold that the chief use of a face is—to frighten one's enemy.

All history shows that men were exceedingly demoniacal at their first starting on this globe, and that they have gone on improving their tempers and their practices from that day to this, so that at present there is scarcely an ounce of the old man left in them. There are no tyrants or cannibals in the world now. None who persecutes for conscience' sake, no thirst for conquest, no appetite for war or bloodshed. We all of us sit down under our vines and under our fig-trees, and there is no such thing as faction or an union workhouse in the land. Gentlemen with white waistcoats legislate for us, gentlemen in hair-cloth shirts preach to us at the universities, and take charge of our ethical habits, and determine the relations in which we are henceforward to stand to the Bishop of Rome. Clearly we have very few steps to take to reach that supercelestial state towards which the advocates of perfectibility assure us we are hastening; a state in which there will be no circulating libraries, in which gentlemen will buy books for themselves and read them; the millennium of printers and paper-makers, the holiday of soldiers, the long vacation of lawyers.

Meanwhile, there is a slight jarring of the system in Spain, where General Narvaez, the Pythagoras of the Peninsula, has for some time been endeavoring to inculcate into the press the necessity of preserving a five years' silence. He considers free discussion a very pernicious thing, and objects to juries, because they are apt to take views of political errors and delinquencies somewhat different from those of the government. There was a time when similar fancies possessed gentlemen in office here, in our own island, though they had exceedingly few converts among the people. There is therefore progress, it may be said, or in other words, a tendency towards perfection.

We fancy the human race very much resembles a traveller, who progressing perpetually has some timesto traverse long level plains, steppes or downs, and sometimes to climb steep acclivities, or to ascend the pinnacles of mountains; but sometimes also, when he has got up as high as he can go or as there is a rock or a glacier to stand upon, it becomes his duty, painful or pleasant as the case may be, to descend, to plunge into sombre valleys or toil drearily along over morasses and swamps. Civilization, at its best, cannot make a silk purse out of a sow's ear. It is the greatest pos-

sible mistake to suppose that man is as yet an unhatched perfectibility, and that he will by and by break his shell, put forth a powerful pair of wings, and soar away after some transcendental fashion into what Mr. Shelley calls the 'intense inane.' At all events the upholders of this notion act so as to excite in us but little hopes; they philosophize as the witch repeats her prayers—backwards, and imagine that the best means of fitting us for mounting upwards is to strip our nature of every thing ethereal and spiritual.

Our own opinion is that modern society does not intend to climb much higher. It seems to be rapidly becoming practical, to be surrounding itself with conveniences, in one word, to be making itself comfortable,—a temper of mind highly adverse to ambitious speculation. Nations which look up the plane of possibility, which contemplate a high and distant level, and are resolved to reach it, gird up their loins and prepare for a struggle. They think little of ordinary enjoyments, present or prospective. Their delight is in intellectual and moral activity, in building up systems of philosophy or government, in subduing the actual by the speculative, in mounting over the steps of their own theories to the loftiest regions of thought. But throughout Christendom humanity is evidently in the attitude of Lot's wife. It regrets the circle of traditions, emotions, creeds, and philosophies out of which it has blundered, and longs passionately to re-enter it. We live in an age of re-actions. But as time never retraces its steps, so neither can mankind. In endeavoring to reproduce what formerly existed, they are impelled by irresistible principles into something new, inferior, or superior to what has been, but not at any rate the same.

With respect to Spain, the great point of interest is to ascertain, if possible, whether its progress towards constitutional freedom is to be pacific or bloody, or, in other words, whether moral objects are to be effected by moral and intellectual means, or by exhibitions of physical force, and a perpetual cycle of revolutions. Some appear to think, that because the action of society has there for many years past been greatly disturbed, we are to look for a constant recurrence of the same phenomena. It may be however that it has now passed through the period of turbulence and anarchy, and entered upon that of repose. Many features in the aspect of the country would

appear favorable to this conclusion. The masses seem weary of violence, of *pronunciamientos*, of bootless insurrections, of street fights and fierce personal struggles in coffee-houses. They have made the discovery that little is to be gained by such doings. No thanks to Narvaez, or Senor Pidal, or Senor Mon, or the Bank of San Fernando. The tranquillity of the present period is the offspring of events, as was the confusion of that which preceded it. General Espartero and his colleagues were the martyrs of circumstances. They aimed at bestowing institutions on Spain, but failed; because the passions of the people kindled by civil war could not be suddenly allayed or reduced to order.

Should matters in the Peninsula take a fortunate turn, infinitely more credit will be given to the Narvaez administration than it has any claim to. Since its accession to power, which took place under very peculiar circumstances, no formidable attempt has been made to renew the state of anarchy, not so much owing to the unsparing policy of the government, which however has evinced its determination to purchase quiet at any sacrifice, as owing to a new turn taken by the public mind. The fierier and more destructive passions had burnt themselves out, and whoever had remained in power, or succeeded to it, the effect had been nearly the same. After the exhaustion of the public and private resources of the country, the necessity of renewing them was universally felt, so that the minds of all classes were turned towards commerce and industry. They perceived that while they were knocking each other in the head, the rest of Christendom was enriching itself, submitting new lands to the plough, calling forth fresh harvests, building new factories, constructing new ships, founding new colonies or establishing new institutions calculated to promote public prosperity. The knowledge of these facts slowly surmounted the Pyrenees, or stole in with the contraband cotton goods over the sea-board of Andalusia. Among other revolutions there was then effected a revolution of opinion, which, at the outset, enabled the moderados to triumph over their rivals, but in the end will prove fatal to their power.

Up to this moment the Spaniards have entertained but crude notions of civil government. When they had an absolute king, they thought it their duty to practise the most complete abnegation of self, to

deposit their estates, and even their reputations, at the foot of the throne, and, with a sort of practical idolatry, to worship the prince. All Spanish history may be regarded as a realization of this feeling. The proudest nation of Europe was of nothing so proud as of its complete subjection to the throne, which by degrees undermined its energy, corrupted its morals, extinguished all love of industry, and gave universal currency to a barbarous taste for display and gross physical excitement. When the state had, through these means, been reduced to the lowest pitch of weakness and degradation, a reaction took place, monarchy became the object of general aversion, and the secret of national prosperity was sought for in the opposite extreme of that which had once been regarded as the supreme good.

Hence the rise of the republican party, which supposed that society could be turned inside out, like a coat, and that names were a sort of talisman, which could effect miracles by mystical processes, unknown to political science. The leaders of this party in Spain, as every where else, were generally honest and able men, who, deeply versed in theory, sometimes disdained to study the occasions and modes of its application. They refused to believe that political constitutions are slower of growth than the oak, that they are but the complete expression of the national character, that they are planted in a country with the first germ of its population, and that though they may at different times assume different phases, they are essentially among any given people, one and the same, till the utter extinction of nationality.

Still, whatever degree of freedom Spain may hereafter enjoy, she will be indebted for it to the republican party, who, though they aimed at too much, actually created something. They infused into the public mind the belief that the Spanish monarchy, like an old house, required to be pulled down and built up again; and if they had been chosen to superintend the operation, and could have freely acted according to their own plan, would have taken care it should have had more than one chimney.

But the elements of political change are seldom homogeneous in any country. If there was in one quarter a powerful tendency towards democracy, in another there was a counteracting impulse, and the result was a compromise, a recognition of the popular principle, a limitation of the royal

prerogative, in one word, a sort of constitution, which, however imperfect, was rather in advance of the age.

It is now a matter of the utmost difficulty to discover the condition of the public mind in Spain. We cannot trust safely to the interpretation which may appear to be given by events. These are rather the result of material forces, more or less nicely balanced, than of that curious and delicate mechanism of thought which the leading statesmen and politicians of the country have been endeavoring to introduce, and on which we bestow the name of public opinion. Neither, unfortunately, can we trust to those who have travelled there and undertaken to report on the existing state of things, their wishes being much too obviously the parents of their theories. Few minds are sufficiently capacious to take in all the multiplied relations of a great people. Still fewer are capable of basing a sort of divination on their experience, and foretelling what is to be from what is. We approach the subject with diffidence. Our own leanings and partialities are all on the side of freedom, and therefore, when we desire to satisfy ourselves respecting the future destiny of any people, our hopes are apt to preponderate over our fears. It must not, however, be dissembled that there exist in the case of Spain many causes of apprehension, and that the most patient, laborious, and conscientious inquiry may possibly lead to a too favorable conclusion, when the tendencies of the mind are such as we confess ours to be.

In the process of regenerating a people, there is a work for all classes of statesmen, and all kinds of administrations. Without, therefore, believing in the doctrine of political necessity, or imagining that certain men are born to effect certain purposes and no others, we may affirm, upon the whole, that as Espartero was well fitted to manage the public affairs of Spain, during a certain critical period, so Narvaez is aptly qualified to remain in the ascendant during another phasis of public opinion, in its nature, perhaps, transitory. The Progresista party, though essentially popular in its principles, had highly unpopular work to perform; for while a great majority of the Spanish people were vehement Papists, swayed by all the prejudices of Romanism, and habitually directed by their clergy, it was found necessary for the promotion of national prosperity, to take measures highly unpalatable to the pope, as

well as to the great body of the clergy. The partisans of the movement in Spain would appear to be situated nearly as the commonwealth's men were in England, during the contest for liberty under Charles I. Possessing superior knowledge, superior principles, and superior personal character, they are yet inferior in the essential requisite of numbers, and are disliked by the many, because the cure of the state is not to be effected without occasioning considerable pain and discomfort. They took the lead for a time, because, as a party, they displayed more intelligence and greater energy than their opponents, but were overthrown because, by undertaking church reform, they enlisted against them the prejudices of the majority, and even appeared to be inimical to religion itself. It is not at all improbable, moreover, that being accidentally placed in opposition to the Church, they may in some instances have misunderstood the necessities of their position, and have really become irreligious from imagining that it was requisite for the antagonists of the clergy to be so. At any rate we discover in this antagonism the weak point of the Progresistas, who have now discovered their error, and, yielding to their natural impulses as Spaniards, have reconciled themselves to the Church, and are seeking to work in conjunction with it.

Nor is there any reason to doubt the sincerity of their reconciliation. From the very nature of things, the advocates of political progress are impassioned and imaginative, prone to subtle theorizing, addicted to speculation, and more inclined to seek their happiness in the worship of abstractions, in gratifying the sense of duty in the lofty domains of ideal truth, than in the bleak and chilly mazes of skepticism. To all such men religion is a necessity and an enjoyment, not, however, the religion of shows and ceremonies, not a literal faith in arbitrary creeds, but that high, poetical, spiritual belief, which burns like a pure flame upon the loftiest summits of the intellectual world, and lights up the interspace between earth and heaven. No men have so much need of religion as the votaries of popular institutions. All the force of worldly principles is with their enemies. Power has an affinity with power. Church establishments may support despotism, but religion never does or can. It is the last resource of the oppressed, the comfort of the afflicted and persecuted. It takes

refuge at the hearth of the poor, travels from cottage to cottage, sits on the highway with the beggar, accompanies the victim to his dungeon, stands beside him on the scaffold, supporting and strengthening his soul under all trials, the greatest as well as the least.

We say then that the Progresistas in Spain must be a religious party; though it may be long before the Roman Catholic clergy become friendly to them. Still some steps have already been taken towards so desirable a consummation. The secret of the Moderados has transpired. It has been discovered that they are a cold, calculating faction, inimical at heart to the Church, not because it is the depository of doctrines, which when properly understood are hostile to their principles, but because it stands up as the rival of the state, for the affections and resources of the country.

Narvaez and his colleagues are far more unfriendly to the pope than the Progresista leaders ever could be. It is only because the queen's Camarilla is a sort of petty vestibule of the Vatican, that they consent to hold communication with His Holiness. They are possessed, no less than their predecessors, by the conviction that the clergy must submit to reformation before there can be any internal peace for Spain; that they must be subjected to a double discipline, that, in the first place, of involuntary poverty, which by degrees may possibly bring them to their senses; and, secondly, that of education, the expense of which must be defrayed by the state. To be really useful in his calling, the priest must pamper less his appetite and cultivate infinitely more his intellectual faculties and the affections of his heart. He must cease to be a gross worshipper of the table and the bottle, and familiarize himself with that practice which 'with gods doth diet.' He must be poor in spirit as in purse, the friend and companion of the indigent, the lowly inhabitant of a lonely dwelling. He must rescue his divinity from the worms, and once again pore diligently over those pages, into which neither he nor his predecessors can truly be said to have looked for centuries. No body of men ever stands in so invidious a light as that of a priesthood squabbling for temporalities. It is impossible to ward off from it, under such circumstances, the blighting suspicion of hypocrisy, the fear that the golden key of the Scriptures is only used to unlock the treasury of mammon, and that little appe-

tite is felt for those riches which are laid up 'where neither moth nor rust doth corrupt, and where thieves do not break through or steal.'

We have said that the Moderados look with no kindliness either towards Rome or the clergy, and it is equally certain that His Holiness is of this opinion, for which reason the mission of Senor Castillo y Ayense has hitherto been productive of little fruit.

It is true that Maria Christina, like many other personages of corrupt manners, is ready to do penance for sensual indulgences by the grovelling practices of superstition. Having nearly exhausted the irregular pleasures of this world, and, in the intemperate pursuit of them, weakened her understanding, never too strong, she now fancies that the road to Paradise lies between files of priests and monks, and that the odor of incense and the sonorous chantings of the mass will be accepted in lieu of the perfume of a good life and the harmonies of virtuous deeds. The court, therefore, is a mixture of frivolity and fanaticism, of trivial shows and mechanical austerities, regarded with supreme contempt by every member of the cabinet. Narvaez is a careless and dissipated man, who has no serious thought, save how he may rise in the world; Martinez de la Rosa is a French philosopher, who looks upon the Church as a necessary part of the state machinery, and the clergy as convenient instruments; and M. Mon is a pragmatist economist, whose highest speculations never rise above questions of revenue, whose whole creed is comprehended in his new scheme of finance, and who, probably, watches with more anxiety the operations of the Bank of San Fernando, than the growth of piety or upright principles among his countrymen.

One little trait in the history of this precious cabinet deserves to be mentioned, not as being calculated to illustrate its serious opinions or tendencies, but as betraying the innate frivolity of its leading members. All the world is familiar with the sad condition of Spain for many years past; with the frequency of its sanguinary revolutions; with the unsettling, throughout its whole extent, of the very foundations of society. If it possessed any statesmen, therefore, alive to the duties of their place, solicitous to heal the wounds which a protracted anarchy had inflicted, they would assuredly apply themselves in the first instance to the grave necessities of

the times; and afterwards, when they had composed the troubles of the kingdom, restored the finances, re-established public credit, and reconciled class with class, would probably bestow some attention on those arts which constitute the most graceful ornaments of a tranquil and flourishing state. But Narvaez and his colleagues, taking an original view of these matters, fancied it would argue superior serenity of mind, to be able, in the midst of political convulsions, to meditate on the correct orthography of the Spanish language. They accordingly published a sage decree on this subject, directing the instructors of youth to watch over the spelling of their pupils, and to see that they conformed in so grave an affair to the rules of the academy. If they neglected this duty, they were to be deprived of their diplomas. With authors, whether philosophers, or political economists, or poets, or novelists, or journalists, they did not interfere. These refractory, but unimportant classes, were abandoned to the error of their ways. If they spelled wrong, it was their own fault, and they must abide the consequences. But in the case of students it was wholly different; they were to be examined with peculiar severity, not only by the commission of public instruction, but by the political chief of Madrid. This brilliant idea must, we think, have originated with Senor Martinez de la Rosa, who has brought all the pedantry of a dramatic coxcomb into the gravest affairs of state. He fancied, no doubt, that ruin was impending over his valuable works, and that it could only be averted by interesting the government of the country in the great question of orthography. Possibly he may have dreaded the revolutionary spirit in the serious business of style. Swift, we know, during the excitement and uncertainty of Queen Anne's reign, addressed a letter to Lord Oxford, expressing his deep anxiety, lest the English language should fall to pieces for want of an academy. But Spain is not in this predicament; it has enjoyed the rare advantage of which Swift regretted our being deprived; and yet has, we find, been visited by so great a confusion in the matter of orthography, that serious apprehensions have come at length to be entertained, lest the most important public documents should cease to be intelligible.

But enough of this: the Narvaez ministry has a dim perception of the truth, that ignorance lies at the root of all the recent

troubles in Spain, but in attempting to remedy the evil, has thought proper to begin at the wrong end. What the Spaniards require to be taught is, that nations cannot possibly be regenerated by the mere exercise of physical force, and that it is altogether useless to overthrow even a bad government, unless you know how to set up something better in its place. We by no means maintain that nations are never to take up arms against their oppressors, and engage in civil wars. It is, on the contrary, our firm conviction, that of all wars, civil wars are generally the most just, though infinitely the most terrible. All we would insist on is this, that the leaders of parties ought never to plunge their countrymen in civil strife, before they have calmly and deliberately convinced themselves, that there exists no other means of establishing or restoring public liberty. Spain is the slave of instinct and impulse. She finds herself uneasy, and is persuaded that bad government is the cause of her discomfort. She, therefore, puts forth her energies, gathers together her populations, arms them with mortal instruments, precipitates them against each other, overthrows the men in power, and obliterates all traces of their errors or their crimes with blood.

A free stage is thus produced. A brilliant opportunity for starting *de novo*, but where are the statesmen? Where are their enlightened supporters? Where are the legislators? Where are the firm, honest, and patriotic electors? Alas! nowhere! Spain has them not. The dreadful cycle, therefore, of misrule, discontent, agitation, insurrectionary movements, civil wars, revolutions, is always in progress, and the fruit we see before us, in the utter demoralization of the country. Still misfortune is a school, as well to nations as to individuals, and afflictions and disasters shed by degrees a bitter enlightenment upon the mind. Under these stern instructors the Spanish people would appear to have profited something, even though they should only have made the discovery, that acts of violence do not necessarily lead to freedom, but may, under certain circumstances, prove rather the harbinger of despotism.

Endeavoring to conjecture the character of the future from the past, we are led to think it probable that there will not soon again be a general breaking up of the established order of things in Spain. Attempts may be made, and partial troubles may arise, but it would very greatly surprise

us to behold the Peninsula traversed again by hostile Spanish armies, each representing a particular theory of government. The attachment to families and dynasties, which is almost indestructible, because it springs rather from instinct than from reason, may yet occasion civil wars, though there would seem to exist among all ranks a considerable abatement of dynastic fanaticism. Nevertheless, it cannot be quite safe to reason upon the movements of a people among whom loyalty develops itself in so extravagant a manner as it does in Spain. No feeling is so dangerous and objectionable as this, because none is so liable to abuse. Men glory in committing acts of folly, in proof of their attachment to princes; which, instead of entitling them to the respect of the rational part of their species, ought to render them the subjects of unmitigated scorn. It is quite right to treat with respect the first magistrates of a free state, if they conduct themselves in an honest and upright manner; but it is beyond measure silly and absurd to suffer that respect to assume an impassioned character. In politics there should be no passion whatsoever, save the love of liberty; every where the parent of whatever is excellent or noble in human institutions.

Loyalty too frequently resembles the attachment of the canine race for man, not being eradicated by ill usage, or contempt, or the incessant assumption of superiority. It is, consequently, the most degrading of all feelings. It places one class of persons below the proper level of humanity, in order to place others above it. It can properly, therefore, have no existence in constitutional states, where, in order to be an object of affection, the sovereign must habitually display good and popular qualities; or, in other words, deserve the attachment which he inspires. In Spain it is not so. They who are interested in reviving the puerile devotion of the people to the old monarchy, seek by all manner of trivial arts to invest the person of Isabella II. with a net-work of political superstition. When she appears on the Prado of Madrid, all the ladies rise in their carriages, all the gentlemen stand uncovered. This may, by some writers, be traced to the old fantastic gallantry of the Spanish people, and on that ground justified. But we cannot admit such a defence. If this kind of civil idolatry were paid only to a queen, we might be induced to tolerate it as significative of the homage paid by strength to feminine gen-

leness. It is not so, however. Had Spain a king, the same ceremonies would be practised, the same devotion felt or affected. It is not to the woman, therefore, but to the wearer of the crown; not to the sex, but to the situation, that the compliment is paid.

Again, when the young Queen of Spain goes to the theatre, through what an ordeal is she compelled to pass! We have not the vanity to suppose that our own queen ought to be set up as a model for the imitation of all other princes upon earth; but in these questions of state, and parade, and show, we think they might most of them profit considerably by observing what she does. For example, when she goes to the theatre, we believe she would gladly be permitted to enjoy the spectacle like any other lady, without being every now and then saluted with the national air, and compelled to rise and bow, and to return the salutes of the audience, till what was meant for pleasure, is converted into a mere toil. Princes should be suffered to taste the same quiet, harmless enjoyments as other people; to pass unnoticed through the street, to appear unnoticed at the theatre, or on the race-course, or wherever else they go in search of amusement. If they act so as to deserve the affection of the people, they will be sure to discover they are beloved by a thousand silent tokens, by the air of satisfaction, and looks of delight exhibited by the people wherever they appear. Noisy demonstrations, hurrahs, *vivas*, are as deceptive as they are ridiculous, since they would be as profusely lavished on a Caligula or a Nadir Shah, as on an Alfred or a Victoria.

One nation, it is true, is seldom competent to pass judgment on the practices of another. We are cold, moreover, here in the north; in us reason predominates. We calculate, we institute laborious comparisons. We weigh our opinions in a balance, we enter philosophically into the *rationale* even of our dissipations. Not so in the south; there, habitually, impulse is the incentive to action, for which reason they have more need than we of well-organized institutions. We could govern ourselves almost without a central government, being political animals, as it were, by nature. To us, public business stands in the place of all other amusements. We are sufficiently entertained by the art of governing ourselves, and take more interest in a parliamentary debate, than in the finest drama, or in any other work of art; we have, in

fact, made the great discovery that the government of a state is the noblest of all arts, the most intensely interesting of all occupations, and as we become absorbed by it, grow indifferent to amusements of every kind. This is the reason of the neglect into which the stage has fallen in England, together with almost every other variety of public entertainment. Thousands upon thousands rush to Covent Garden to hear speeches on political economy, whom the ability of the greatest actor could not tempt to spend a shilling or walk a hundred yards. Nay, to share in the gratification of political excitement, even for a few hours, men travel to London from the remotest corners of the empire in the midst of frost and snow, and all the inclemencies of the winter. Just so has it always been in free states.

Hitherto, however, Spain has exhibited but little of this taste, though from many indications, there appears to be good ground for hoping that she is now in the act of acquiring it. She throws less intensity than formerly into her passion for bull-fights, and even into the milder madness of the stage, which will probably long survive the grosser and more animal enjoyment of the arena. Yet the good people of Madrid seem quite intoxicated with joy when their little queen condescends to share with them the recreations of the theatre, and express their rapture by throwing forth garlands of flowers from their boxes, and letting loose doves and other birds, adorned with bunches of ribbands, to flutter through the open spaces of the building, and be caught perhaps by some enthusiast in pit or gallery. Among the worshippers of pleasure of former ages, a similar practice prevailed, only among them the birds thus let loose were sprinkled with fragrant essences, which, by fluttering to and fro, they diffused agreeably through the air.

Another practice which the Moderados seem anxious to establish is that of consecrating in their families the portrait of the queen, among those of the saints of the Roman Catholic calendar. Possibly Isabella II. may be quite as worthy of admiration as many of those saints, though if her canonization were proposed, and we were required to perform at Rome the part of the devil's advocate in lieu of the reverend cardinal who on such occasions plays that part, we might possibly be able to point out some flaws in her character which would prevent the completion of the cere-

mony. She is indeed as yet too young to be either a saint or a sinner. But if she be the daughter of Maria Christina, whom she herself, by way of paying her a particular compliment, has made a colonel of dragoons, we can reasonably anticipate nothing very exemplary from her, being brought up as she is under the tutelage of that mother, and in the society of those profligates by whom during her whole life she has been surrounded.

Among the better meaning persons who had charge of Isabella during her childhood, there were some who deemed it advisable to inspire her with pity for the poor, and in the execution of this praiseworthy design gave proof of an ingenuity which deserves to be commemorated. It probably occurred to them that it might offend the senses of the royal child to be brought in contact with actual humanity, deformed, and rendered loathsome by the accidents of wretchedness. They therefore erected a cottage in the palace garden of the *Buen Retiro*, and placed in it an inhabitant to co-operate in bringing to maturity the charitable feelings of Isabella. As she entered this lowly dwelling, she beheld by the dim light which pervaded it, a solitary wretch stretched on his pallet of straw. As she advanced reluctantly towards him, he made several ineffectual efforts to get up, either to implore her aid, or to thank her for the interest she seemed to take in him. But then, as through debility or sickness, sank back upon his miserable bed and remained speechless. The exhibition must have been truly edifying. It was an automaton thrown into all the aforesaid attitudes by springs upon which her little majesty's feet pressed as she moved along the floor.

It is not stated to what party the authors of this valuable invention belonged, but they were probably Moderados of the same school with that celebrated preacher who refused to mention hell to ears polite. No doubt the effect on the child's mind was striking enough at first, especially if she had not previously been made aware of the nature of the dumb mechanism. But was real indigence so rare in the vicinity of the palace and throughout Madrid, as to compel the courtly teachers of the young queen to have recourse to so costly a representation? Would not the genuine hovel of some half-famished Castilian peasant have afforded her majesty as true and impressive a lesson? And might not the mo-

ney laid out on this useless toy have been better spent even in indiscriminate charity? Surely there is a blight upon the dwellers in palaces which prevents their minds from ripening, and keeps them for ever in a state of crude infancy.

But there is no necessity to enlarge on the extravagances of the palace, to illustrate the nature of the state of things towards which the Moderados would lead back the Spanish nation. They have inscribed the characteristics of their system on the whole face of the country, in ruined towns and villages, in stormed cities, in battle-fields, whitened by the bones of the dead. They have employed as their instruments the worst men to be found in the Peninsula, men to whom assassination is a pastime, who rejoice at beholding the streets and churches crowded with widows and orphans, and old men rendered childless by the sword. Yet, as generally happens, the great masters of cruelty have found imitators ambitious of practising on their masters the lessons learned from them. Thus assassins have frequently been found to post themselves at night along the streets of Madrid, under the porches of doors, and behind the pillars of churches—whence they have fired at Narvaez as he passed to the opera, riddled his carriage, and picked off some of his outriders and attendants, though hitherto without once touching his person. This is how parties advance their views in Spain. They have no time for arguments, for registering, canvassing, voting, for constitutional agitation, and years of parliamentary debate. They see the opponent of their schemes before them, and shoot him; or, missing their aim, are perhaps shot. The crime gives birth to revenge, and the victors of to-day are perhaps to-morrow victims; the courage of all parties being kept up by the number of deaths it is able to occasion, or of vengeance which it has on its hands.

A highly characteristic anecdote is related of one of the revolutionary chiefs, who still figure in the Cortéz. Having been despatched by his province at the head of a small army to assist in besieging the central government in the capital, he found himself compelled, while yet at some distance, to halt and enter into negotiations. His force was weak, and likely to become weaker by delay, unless he could hit upon some device for at once raising the courage of his followers, and justifying the confidence of those who intrusted him with

command. He felt the necessity of a military execution, but knew not whom to execute, as there was not among his friends a single delinquent, and it was just then no easy task to get hold of one of the enemy. In this dilemma he bethought himself of a splendid stratagem. He invited the central government to send him an agent with whom to treat, and secretly resolved to seize him as soon as he should arrive, form his troops into a hollow square, and shoot him immediately, to keep up their spirits. Not being at all aware of his humane purpose, the ministers despatched a gentleman to his camp, and along with him a person who happened to be a friend of the energetic chief, a circumstance which entirely deranged the plans of the latter. For, notwithstanding his most pathetic entreaties, the general's friend would not consent to have the person for whose safety he was pledged, shot like a dog, in order to establish an influence wholly unintelligible out of Spain.

The tactics of this chief were by no means peculiar. Most of those who have found themselves in the possession of power, during the last thirteen years of confusion and anarchy, have sought to excite in themselves the consciousness of being somebody by putting other people to death. It is said that certain idiosyncracies are gratified by sitting round a cheerful fire, and hearing the footsteps of less fortunate mortals trudging by in the splashing rain or through the drifting snow. And so it appears to be with Spanish political adventurers, who never fancy themselves quite safe but when they are engaged in cutting off their enemies, or persons who might possibly ripen into enemies if left quietly in possession of their heads. The multiplication of enmities under the influence of such a system could not fail to be great. Every person in office must of necessity be the foe of many, not merely of those whom his party had ousted, but of those still more resolute and determined individuals whose friends and relations they had remorselessly sacrificed.

Whilst things are moving in this vicious circle, exhausting the moral energies and paralyzing the material resources of the country, it cannot be matter of surprise that the middle classes should be nearly all of them Progresistas, ever ready and eager to engage in the work of revolution. The opinion of those, however, is quite erroneous, who imagine that the middle classes

love revolution for its own sake. If they desire to pull down, it is that they may build up more firmly. They may be weary of change, but they are still more weary of stagnation. By a sort of instinct implanted by Providence in man they perceive that the establishment of freedom is necessary to the success of industry, and hence they have been the enemies of every administration, with one single exception, that has been formed in Spain for many years past, and will be the enemies of every one that is formed till the rights of industry shall be properly recognized.

Scarcely an event has occurred since the overthrow of Espartero which may not be adduced to prove the strong enmity of the middle classes of Spain to the Moderado party. The evidence of this truth is supplied by the population of all the great towns; for in Spain, as in England, the agricultural classes are centuries behind the rest of the community in enlightenment, and therefore attached to oligarchy. It is generally felt,—in the towns of course we mean—that for the proper development of its resources industry has need of freedom and tranquillity. The conviction is unbroken and is the same now as it was twelve years ago; but experience has taught it to make use of different tactics and different weapons. With the exception of Catalonia, where industrial activity and skill in manufacturing processes run hand in hand with political ignorance, all Spain appears now to be persuaded that oligarchy is to be combated and overcome by intellectual and not by physical weapons. In the production of this feeling the revolutions of Spain seem to have resulted, and they cannot therefore be said to have happened in vain. Even those members of the Narvaez administration whose studies led them to bestow some attention on the interests of the national industry, have thereby been in some measure liberalized and set at variance with the military dictator and his thick and thin upholders. Mon and Pidal, possessing some administrative skill and knowledge of the relation in which all governments ought to stand towards the people, form a sort of opposition, as it were, in the cabinet, from which therefore they seem likely to be ejected.

Yet, like all other finance ministers, Mon is unpopular. He is necessarily the ringleader in the war against the purse, and his manner of conducting operations is often to the last degree vexatious and arbi-

trary. An instance occurred in the beginning of the present year. In casting his eye over the whole frame-work of society to discover every chink through which evils might be made to ooze, he observed the water-carriers of Madrid, and fancied that they had not been made to contribute enough towards the maintenance of Queen Isabella II. and her government. This laborious class of men is composed entirely of Galicians who from time to time leave their rugged mountains and proceed to the capital, in the hope of realizing a little fortune by their brawny strength. They are in some sort the Bæotians of Spain, being as remarkable for the bluntness of their wit as for the herculean proportions of their frames. Nevertheless, if they are dull, they can boast of moral qualities for which the inhabitants of many other provinces would perhaps be glad to be equally celebrated. They are industrious and honest, and therefore, whether as porters or water-carriers, generally contrive to earn a comfortable livelihood, save money, and return to their native mountains, where they spend the remainder of their days in comparative ease and independence.

Such are the Gallegos upon whom Senor Mon, in January last, fastened his financial fangs. The condition of this fraternity may serve to throw some light on the habits and manners of the people of Madrid. Into every house, great and small, they are allowed to enter unquestioned with their water-pails, to pass from court to court, and descend or mount according to the locality of the cisterns which it is their duty to fill. This privilege they obtain through the purchase of a license from the government, which costs somewhere about twenty pounds. Until Senor Mon took their affairs into his hands, they were permitted to dispose of this license to their successors in the craft and mystery of water-carrying, and thus escape a loss which to such persons must be a heavy one. Mandeville long ago made the discovery that private vices are public benefits, and Senor Mon, with equal perspicacity, has described the great truth, that the prosperity of a whole community is augmented by the oppression and ruin of its various parts, or something approaching very nearly to that consummation. He applied this to the water-carriers, and at once increased the price of their licenses, while he took away the right to dispose of them. His excuse was this; bad characters, he said, under pretence of de-

siring to supply their neighbors with water, purchased the licenses from the retiring Gallegos, and obtaining thus an entrance into the greatest houses, perpetrated there all manner of crimes. This single hint of the great finance minister throws open a world of mystery to the imagination. Fancy a man in possession of a Gallego's license, and determined to make the most of it in such a city as Madrid. The ring of Gyges itself could hardly lay open to daring villany a wider field of operations. We trust some of our novelists who have long been woefully in want of new materials for their fictions, will act upon the suggestion here thrown out, and be very careful not to make the slightest allusion to us.

With respect to the water-carriers, being impatient of oppression, yet thoroughly ignorant of all political manœuvres, they determined on having recourse to a very extraordinary form of *Pronunciamento*. They piled up their pails, and sitting still with folded arms, resolved to kill the Madrilenas with thirst. For whole days the fountains were unvisited, the cisterns unfilled. No coffee could be made, no lemonade manufactured. The lips of the prettiest Madrilenas began to look parched and dry, and crowding round their husbands and fathers, with many soft imprecations against Senor Mon, they besought them to appeal to the humanity of the Gallegos, and entreat them not to extinguish all the beauty of Spain at once. The gentlemen adopted a different method. Instead of appealing to the feelings of the injured party, they went to the Corregidor, who on their representation, published a *banda*, commanding the water-carriers immediately to return to their work on pain of fine and imprisonment. This produced the desired effect, the unfortunate mountaineers observing four of their companions seized and put in confinement by way of example, became terrified, and succumbed to authority, only muttering, as they resumed their usual labors, the ineffectual threat that they would enhance their charges.

While we were engaged in celebrating this great achievement of the Asturian financier, intelligence arrived that the cabinet of which he formed a part had been broken up, and for a reason which, if it be the true one, reflects much credit on Senor Mon. It has long been known that the Narvaez ministry was divided into two parties on the subject of the Trappani mar-

riage, and that while Narvaez adopted the views of the court, and was favorable to the union of the uncle with the niece, Senors Mon and Pidal took a wholly different view of the matter, and agreed with a great body of the Spanish people in deprecating such an alliance. The court party has triumphed, and there has been a new distribution of offices, though without those accompaniments of riot and disturbance, which formerly were sure to occur on every change of administration. This circumstance bespeaks some improvement in the condition of Spain. At the same time we must not omit to take into account one fact, which may go far towards explaining it, without presupposing any material advance in civilization. Hitherto the principal agents of insurrection have been those multitudes of *empleados* who, thrown out of employment by each successive cabinet, have immediately swelled the ranks of the disaffected; and while their wounds were yet fresh and smarting, have incited them to acts of violence. As the ministers now going out and coming in, belong equally to the Moderado faction, and have, therefore, for the most part, the same dependants and adherents, there no longer exists any particular necessity for a complete change of underlings. The disturbance, therefore, of the upper strata, in the political world does not always unsettle its foundations, and ministries are formed or dissolved without occasioning a revolution.

It may be necessary to touch briefly on the circumstance which has nominally thrown General Narvaez out of office, though his influence at court remaining undiminished, and his appointment to be generalissimo of all the forces of Spain, giving him more power than ever, he may again become minister whenever he pleases; and will irresistibly sway the decisions of whomsoever may happen to fill that post. All Europe is of course aware that the little Queen of Spain, though still almost a child, requires to be married; which, according to the views taken of such matters by the wisdom of our age, is a thing that ought to interest the whole civilized world. Its consequences, in fact, may produce much good or harm. Maria Christina has a brother in the kingdom of Naples, who, under the name of the Count di Trappani, has of late been frequently mentioned in the journals. Of his character we have been able, after the most diligent inquiry, to learn nothing. It is not exactly known whether

he be tall or short, fair or brown, young or old. All that seems well ascertained is, that he is Christina's brother, and that she is desirous of marrying him to her daughter. People of strict morals may be startled by this design. But they should remember who and what Christina is; should recall to mind the incidents of her life, her history since the death of Ferdinand, her marriage with Munoz, and what preceded and followed it. After which their surprise will be considerably abated.

Christina has now one grand purpose to accomplish, which is despotically to sway the mind of her daughter, and through her to govern Spain. In childhood, she is said systematically to have subdued and weakened her mind, in order to insure her own ascendancy, and now she hopes to reap the fruits of that maternal policy. The Count di Trappani is, probably, an instrument whose stops she understands, and, therefore, she strenuously advocates his interests, in opposition to those of her nephew, Don Enrique, son of the Infante Don Francisco de Paula. The Moderados for the most part side of course with her, while the Progresistas, being more national in their feelings, are favorable to the pretensions of Don Enrique, who in politics, moreover, is said to have adopted their principles. Now without being Progresistas, Mon and Pidal were on this point agreed with them. Not, however, being able, from their position as ministers, openly to offer opposition to the court, in their places in the Cortes they are said to have incited others to do so. No doubt they look with apprehension on the unnatural alliance, and fear lest it should prove a source of many woes to Spain. Hence those altercations and contests in the cabinet, which led to its dissolution, and will probably exercise a powerful influence on the relations of parties in the legislature.

At present the opinions in the Cortes by no means represent those prevailing out of doors; the people, but more especially the middle classes, belong in nine cases perhaps out of ten to the liberal party; while in the Congress there is but one Progresista member, and in the Senate extremely few. So anomalous a state of things can scarcely be expected to last. Senor Orense, the Progresista, who stands alone in the Congress, feels himself supported by much more than his own individual strength, and when he speaks, evidently expresses the convictions of a great

party. He knows that his words will produce an echo throughout Spain, for which reason he does not hesitate at times to set the whole government and Cortes at defiance, and give rise to scenes of tumultuous agitation, which would speedily prove fatal to him, but for the critical situation of the public mind throughout the country. The war of words which recently took place between Senor Orense and General Narvaez shows that the former is regarded as the representative of a party which may soon be dangerous. The triumph of the Moderados in the late elections proves nothing, for when ministers have a point to carry, and can reckon confidently on the army, they coerce the various constituencies of the kingdom, in the most audacious manner. Thus, on one occasion, at Badajoz, a whole battalion of soldiers was distributed among the voters, and compelled to bear down the public by its mercenary suffrages. Similar events are of perpetual recurrence; there is no freedom of election in Spain. What is denominated the constitution, is as yet a mere contrivance for passing power from hand to hand, by a sort of decent juggle, which appears not to implicate the court, while it *seems* to consult the wishes of the people.

Senor Galeano, an apostate from the liberal cause, once disclosed in the Cortes the secret of Spanish parties. He acknowledged that the Moderados were attached to France, and acted under French influence, and this was because, as he said, they were detested in England. He was mistaken. Our leanings are in favor of the Progresistas, because their opinions and policy appear to us better calculated, than those of their political opponents, to bestow prosperity upon Spain. We do not detest the Moderados, we only differ from them in opinion. Of many of their practices it is impossible to approve. We cannot commend the zeal and activity with which they have fabricated conspiracies at Madrid in order to have a pretext for putting to death their political rivals. Nor can we praise the servility with which they have long been doing the work of France, to the detriment of their own country. To be pleased with such proceedings, would argue little conscience or judgment on our part. Both feeling and common sense imperatively require us to condemn them, not because they are hostile to Great Britain, since under certain circumstances that may be their duty, but because they are

bad Spaniards. At the same time we do not advocate their overthrow by violence. The Progresistas we trust will bide their time, and, wisely taking advantage of circumstances, gradually remove the ground from beneath the feet of their adversaries. Until this shall be effected, Spain must continue to be a very inferior power, despised by the rest of the world, as a pitiful appendage to the French monarchy. Its middle classes, however, seem to be bent on delivering it from this humiliating state of dependence. Even by Moderado members questions have lately been put in the Cortes which indicate how uneasily the French yoke sits upon the shoulders of Spain. The middle classes at length desire to have an industry of their own, a commerce and a commercial navy of their own, and ships and steamers of war the property of Spain. In obedience to this national impulse, even the Moderado cabinet has consented to make an effort, and is having several steamers built in England. These, should Spain ever escape from her present state of tutelage, may form the nucleus of a future navy to be employed for or against us, according to circumstances. Meanwhile, we desire it to be most distinctly understood, that the people of this country would view with extreme satisfaction the revival of industry and the establishment of freedom in the Peninsula. We regard it without a particle of jealousy, standing as we do too high for rivalry, too far advanced in the race to be overtaken by any other people, unless we voluntarily relinquish our own advantages, and sit still while others make progress. Taken altogether, we cannot be the rivals of any people; our destinies are peculiar—we stand alone. Our very situation on the globe renders us the masters of its commerce. Our centre is every where, and our circumference nowhere. We are at home in our colonies, and our colonies as yet have no boundaries. They are spreading, they are acquiring strength, they are approximating towards each other, they may touch some day, and coalesce into one prodigious whole, the like of which it has not fallen to the lot of history to describe. From such a position it is quite impossible that we should look upon Spain with any other than a friendly eye. We desire to behold her flourishing and free, our friend, if possible, but at any rate her own friend, and not the slavish handmaid of another state.

From Tait's Magazine.

ON CHRISTIANITY, AS AN ORGAN OF POLITICAL MOVEMENT.

BY THOMAS DE QUINCEY.

FORCES, which are illimitable in their compass of effect, are often, for the same reason, obscure and untraceable in the steps of their movement. Growth, for instance, animal or vegetable, what eye can arrest its eternal increments? The hour-hand of a watch, who can detect the separate fluxions of its advance? Judging by the past, and the change which is registered between that and the present, we know that it must awake; judging by the immediate appearances, we should say that it was always asleep. Gravitation, again, that works without holiday for ever, and searches every corner of the universe, what intellect can follow it to its fountains? And yet, shyer than gravitation, less to be counted than the fluxions of sun-dials, stealthier than the growth of a forest, are the footsteps of Christianity amongst the political workings of man. Nothing, that the heart of man values, is so secret; nothing is so potent.

It is *because* Christianity works so secretly, that it works so potently; it is *because* Christianity burrows and hides itself, that it towers above the clouds; and hence partly it is that its working comes to be misapprehended, or even lost out of sight. It is dark to eyes touched with the films of human frailty: but it is "dark with excessive bright."* Hence it has happened sometimes that minds of the highest order have entered into enmity with the Christian faith, have arraigned it as a curse to man, and have fought against it even upon Christian impulses, (impulses of benignity that could not have had a birth except in Christianity.) All comes from the labyrinthine intricacy in which the *social* action of Christianity involves itself to the eye of a contemporary. Simplicity the most absolute is reconcileable with intricacy the most elaborate. The weather—how simple would appear the laws of its oscillations, if we stood at their centre! and yet, because we do *not*, to this hour the weather is a mystery. Human health—how transparent is its economy under ordinary circumstances! abstinence and cleanliness, labor and rest, these simple laws, observed in

* "Dark with excessive bright." *Paradise Lost*, Book III.

just proportions, laws that may be engrossed upon a finger nail, are sufficient, on the whole, to maintain the equilibrium of pleasurable existence. Yet if once that equilibrium is disturbed, where is the science oftentimes deep enough to rectify the unfathomable watch-work? Even the simplicities of planetary motions do not escape distortion: nor is it easy to be convinced that the distortion is in the eye which beholds, not in the object beheld. Let a planet be wheeling with heavenly science, upon arches of divine geometry: suddenly, to us, it shall appear unaccountably retrograde; flying when none pursues; and unweaving its own work. Let this planet in its utmost elongations travel out of sight, and for us its course will become incoherent: because *our* sight is feeble, the beautiful curve of the planet shall be dislocated into segments, by a parenthesis of darkness; because our earth is in no true centre, the disorder of parallax shall trouble the laws of light; and, because we ourselves are wandering, the heavens shall seem fickle.

Exactly in the predicament of such a planet is Christianity: its motions are intermingled with other motions; crossed and thwarted, eclipsed and disguised, by counter-motions in man himself, and by disturbances that man cannot overrule. Upon lines that are direct, upon curves that are circuitous, Christianity is advancing for ever; but from our imperfect vision, or from our imperfect opportunities for applying even such a vision, we cannot trace it continuously. We lose it, we regain it; we see it doubtfully, we see it interruptedly; we see it in collision, we see it in combination; in collision with darkness that confounds, in combination with cross lights that perplex. And this in part is irremediable; so that no finite intellect will ever retrace the total curve upon which Christianity has moved, any more than eyes that are incarnate will ever see God.

But part of this difficulty in unweaving the maze, has its source in a misconception of the original machinery by which Christianity moved, and of the initial principle which constituted its differential power. In books, at least, I have observed one capital blunder upon the relations which Christianity bears to Paganism: and out of that one mistake grows a liability to others, upon the possible relations of Christianity to the total drama of this world. I will endeavor to explain my views. And the reader, who takes any interest in the subject, will not

need to fear that the explanation should prove tedious; for the mere want of space, will put me under a coercion to move rapidly over the ground: I *cannot* be diffuse; and, as regards quality, he will find in this paper little of what is scattered over the surface of books.

I begin with this question:—What do people mean in a Christian land by the word "*religion*?" My purpose is not to propound any metaphysical problem: I wish only, in the plainest possible sense, to ask, and to have an answer, upon this one point—how much is understood by that obscure term,* "*religion*," when used by a

* "*That obscure term*:"—i. e. not obscure as regards the *use* of the term, or its present value, but as regards its original *genesis*, or what in civil law is called the *deductio*. Under what angle, under what aspect, or relation, to the field which it concerns did the term *religion* originally come forward? The general field, overlooked by religion, is the ground which lies between the spirit of man and the supernatural world. At present, under the humblest conception of religion, the human spirit is supposed to be interested in such a field by the conscience and the nobler affections. But I suspect that originally these great faculties were absolutely excluded from the point of view. Probably the relation between spiritual *terrors* and man's power of propitiation, was the problem to which the word *religion* formed the answer. Religion meant apparently, in the infancies of the various idolatries, that *latreia*, or service of sycophantic fear, by which, as the most approved method of approach, man was able to conciliate the favor, or to buy off the malice of supernatural powers. In all Pagan nations, it is probable that religion would on the whole be a degrading influence; although I see, even for such nations, two cases, at the least, where the uses of a religion would be indispensable; viz. for the sanction of *oaths*, and as a channel for gratitude not pointing to a human object. If so, the answer is easy: religion *was* degrading; but heavier degradations would have arisen from irreligion. The noblest of all idolatrous peoples, viz. the Romans, have left deeply scored in their very use of their word *religio*, their testimony to the degradation wrought by any religion that Paganism could yield. Rarely indeed is this word employed, by a Latin author, in speaking of an individual, without more or less of sneer. Reading that word, in a Latin book, we all try it and ring it, as a petty shopkeeper rings a half-crown, before we venture to receive it as offered in good faith and loyalty. Even the Greeks are nearly in the same *ἀπορία*, when they wish to speak of religiosity in a spirit of serious praise. Some circuitous form commending the correctness of a man, *περι τα θεία*, in respect of divine things, becomes requisite; for all the direct terms, expressing the religious temper, are preoccupied by a taint of scorn. The word *δαίσιος*, means *pious*,—not as regards the gods, but as regards the dead; and even *εὐσεβής*, though not used sneeringly, is a world short of our word "*religious*." This condition of language we need not wonder at: the

Christian? Only I am punctilious upon one demand, viz. that the answer shall be comprehensive. We are apt in such cases to answer elliptically, omitting, because silently presuming as understood between us, whatever *seems* obvious. To prevent *that*, we will suppose the question to be proposed by an emissary from some remote planet,—who, knowing as yet absolutely nothing of us and our intellectual differences, must insist, (as *I* insist,) upon absolute precision, so that nothing essential shall be wanting, and nothing shall be redundant.

What then is religion? Decomposed into its elements, as they are found in Christianity, how many *powers* for acting on the heart of man, does, by possibility, this great agency include? According to my own view, four.* I will state them, and number them.

1st, A form of worship, a *cultus*.

2dly, An idea of God; and (pointing the analysis to Christianity in particular) an idea not purified merely from ancient pollutions, but recast and absolutely born again.

3dly, An idea of the relation which man occupies to God; and of this idea also, when Christianity is the religion con-

language of life must naturally receive, as in a mirror, the realities of life. Difficult it is to maintain a just equipoise in any moral habits, but in none so much as in habits of religious demeanor under a Pagan [that is, a degrading] religion. To be a coward is base: to be a sycophant, is base: but to be a sycophant in the service of cowardice, is the perfection of baseness: and yet this was the brief analysis of a devotee among the ancient Romans. Now, considering that the word *religion* is originally Roman, [probably from the Etruscan,] it seems probable that it presented the idea of religion under some one of its bad aspects. Coleridge must quite have forgotten this Paganism of the word, when he suggested as a plausible idea, that originally it had presented religion under the aspect of a coercion or restraint. Morality having been viewed as the prime restraint or obligation resting upon man, then Coleridge thought that religion might have been viewed as a *religiatio*, a reiterated restraint, or secondary obligation. This is ingenious, but it will not do. It is cracked in the ring. Perhaps as many as three objections might be mustered to such a derivation: but the last of the three is conclusive. The ancients never *did* view morality as a mode of obligation: I affirm this peremptorily; and with the more emphasis, because there are great consequences suspended upon that question.

* "Four;" there are *six*, in one sense, of religion: viz. 5thly, corresponding moral affections; 6thly, a suitable life. But this applies to religion as *subjectively possessed* by a man, not to religion as *objectively contemplated*.

cerned, it must be said, that it is so entirely remodelled, as in no respect to resemble any element in any other religion. Thus far we are reminded of the poet's expression, "Pure religion *breathing* household laws;" that is, not *teaching* such laws, not formally *prescribing* a new economy of life, so much as *inspiring* it indirectly through a new atmosphere surrounding all objects with new attributes. But there is also in Christianity,

4thly, A *doctrinal* part, a part directly and explicitly occupied with *teaching*; and this divides into two great sections, α , A system of ethics so absolutely new as to be untranslatable* into either of the classical languages; and, β , A system of mysteries; as, for instance, the mystery of the Trinity, of the Divine Incarnation, of the Atonement, of the Resurrection, and others.

Here are great elements; and now let me ask, how many of these are found in the Heathen religion of Greece and Rome? This is an important question; it being my object to show that no religion *but* the Christian, and precisely through some one or two of its *differential* elements, could have been an organ of political movement.

Most divines who any where glance at this question, are here found in, what seems to me, the deepest of errors. Great theologians are they, and eminent philosophers, who have presumed that (as a matter of course) all religions, however false, are introductory to some scheme of morality,

* "Untranslatable." This is not generally perceived. On the contrary, people are ready to say, "Why, so far from it, the very earliest language in which the Gospels appeared, excepting only St. Matthew's, was the Greek." Yes, reader; but *what* Greek? Had not the Greeks been, for a long time, colonizing Syria under princes of Grecian blood,—had not the Greek language (as a *lingua Hellenistica*) become steeped in Hebrew ideas,—no door of communication could have been opened between the new world of Christian feeling, and the old world so deaf to its music. Here, therefore, we may observe two preparations made secretly by Providence for receiving Christianity and clearing the road before it; first, the diffusion of the Greek language through the whole civilized world (*ἡ οἰκουμένη*) some time before Christ, by which means the Evangelists found wings, as it were, for flying abroad through the kingdoms of the earth; secondly, the Hebraizing of this language, by which means the Evangelists found a new material made plastic and obedient to these new ideas which they had to build *with*, and which they had to build *upon*.

however imperfect. They grant you that the morality is oftentimes unsound; but still, they think that some morality there must have been, or else for what purpose was the religion? This I pronounce error.

All the moral theories of antiquity were utterly disjoined from religion. But this fallacy of a dogmatic or doctrinal part in Paganism is born out of Anachronism. It is the anachronism of unconsciously reflecting back upon the ancient religions of darkness, and as if essential to *all* religions, features that never were suspected as possible, until they had been revealed in Christianity.* Religion, in the eye of a Pagan, had no more relation to morals, than it had to ship-building or trigonometry. But, then, why was religion honored amongst Pagans? How did it ever arise? What was its object? Object! it *had* no object; if by this you mean ulterior object. Pagan religion arose in no motive, but in an impulse. Pagan religion aimed at no distant prize ahead: it fled from a danger immediately behind. The gods of the Pagans were wicked natures; but they were natures to be feared, and to be propitiated; for they were fierce, and they were moody, and (as regarded man who had no wings) they were powerful. Once accredited as facts, the Pagan gods could not be regarded as other than terrific facts; and thus it was, that in terror, blind terror, as against power in the hands of divine wickedness, arose the ancient religions of Paganism. Because the gods were wicked, man was religious; because Olympus was cruel, earth trembled; because the divine beings were the most lawless of Thugs, the human being became the most abject of sycophants.

Had the religions of Paganism arisen teleologically; that is, with a view to certain purposes, to certain final causes ahead; had they grown out of *forward-looking* views, contemplating, for instance, the furthering of civilization, or contemplating some interests in a world beyond the present, there would probably have arisen, concurrently, a section in all such religions, dedicated to positive instruction. There

would have been a *doctrinal* part. There might have been interwoven with the ritual of worship, a system of economics, or a code of civil prudence, or a code of health, or a theory of morals, or even a secret revelation of mysterious relations between man and the Deity: all which existed in Judaism. But as the case stood, this was impossible. The gods were mere odious facts, like scorpions or rattlesnakes, having no moral aspects whatever; public nuisances; and bearing no relation to man but that of capricious tyrants. First arising upon a basis of terror, these gods never subsequently enlarged that basis; nor sought to enlarge it. All antiquity contains no hint of a possibility that *love* could arise, as by any ray mingling with the sentiments in a human creature towards a Divine one; not even sycophants ever pretended to *love* the gods.

Under this original peculiarity of paganism, there arose two consequences, which I will mark by the Greek letters α and β . The latter I will notice in its order, first calling the reader's attention to the consequence marked α , which is this:—in the full and profoundest sense of the word *believe*, the pagans could not be said to believe in *any* gods: but, in the ordinary sense, they did, and do, and must believe, in *all* gods. As this proposition will startle some readers, and is yet closely involved in the main truth which I am now pressing, viz. the meaning and effect of a simple *cultus*, as distinguished from a high doctrinal religion, let us seek an illustration from our Indian empire. The Christian missionaries from home, when first opening their views to Hindoos, describe themselves as laboring to prove that Christianity is a *true* religion, and as either asserting or leaving it to be inferred, that, on that assumption, the Hindoo religion is a false one. But the poor Hindoo never dreamed of doubting that the Christian was a true religion; nor will he at all infer, from your religion being true, that his own must be false. Both are true, he thinks: all religions are true; all gods are true gods; and all are *equally* true. Neither can he understand what you mean by a false religion, or how a religion *could* be false; and he is perfectly right. Wherever religions consist only of a worship, as the Hindoo religion does, there can be no competition amongst them as to truth. *That* would be an absurdity, not less nor other than it would be for a Prussian to denounce the Austrian emperor,

* "In Christianity." Once for all, to save the trouble of continual repetitions, understand Judaism to be commemorated jointly with Christianity; the dark root together with the golden fruitage; whenever the nature of the case does not presume a contradistinction of the one to the other.

or an Austrian to denounce the Prussian king, as a false sovereign. False? *How* false? In what sense false? Surely not as non-existing. But at least, (the reader will reply,) if the religions contradict each other, one of them *must* be false. Yes; but *that* is impossible. Two religions cannot contradict each other, where both contain only a *cultus*; they could come into collision only by means of a doctrinal, or directly affirmative part, like those of Christianity and Mahometanism. But this part is what no idolatrous religion ever had, or will have. The reader must not understand me to mean that, merely as a compromise of courtesy, two professors of different idolatries would agree to recognize each other. Not at all. The truth of one does not imply the falsehood of the other. Both are true as *facts*: neither can be false, in any higher sense, because neither makes any pretence to truth doctrinal.

This distinction between a religion having merely a worship, and a religion having also a body of doctrinal truth, is familiar to the Mahometans; and they convey the distinction by a very appropriate expression. Those majestic religions, (as they esteem them,) which rise above the mere pomps and tympanies of ceremonial worship, they denominate "*religions of the book*." There are, of such religions, three, viz., Judaism, Christianity, and Islamism. The first builds upon the Law and the Prophets; or, perhaps, sufficiently upon the Pentateuch; the second upon the Gospel; the last upon the Koran. No other religion can be said to rest upon a book; or to need a book; or even to admit of a book. For we must not be duped by the case where a lawgiver attempts to connect his own human institutes with the venerable sanctions of a national religion, or the case where a learned antiquary unfolds historically the record of a vast mythology. Heaps of such cases, (both law and mythological records,) survive in the Sanscrit, and in other pagan languages. But these are books which build upon the religion, not books upon which the religion is built. If a religion consists only of a ceremonial worship, in that case there can be no opening for a book; because the forms and details publish themselves daily, in the celebration of the worship, and are traditionally preserved, from age to age, without dependence on a book. But, if a religion has a doctrine, this implies a revelation or message from Heaven, which can-

not, in any other way, secure the transmission of this message to future generations, than by causing it to be registered in a book. A book, therefore, will be convertible with a doctrinal religion:—no book, no doctrine; and, again, no doctrine, no book.

Upon these principles, we may understand that second consequence (marked β) which has perplexed many men, viz., why it is that the Hindoos, in our own times, but equally, why it is that the Greek and Roman idolaters of antiquity, never proselytized; no, nor could have viewed such an attempt as rational. Naturally, if a religion is doctrinal, any truth which it possesses, as a secret deposit consigned to its keeping by a revelation, must be equally valid for one man as for another, without regard to race or nation. For a *doctrinal* religion, therefore, to proselytize, is no more than a duty of consistent humanity. You, the professors of that religion, possess the medicinal fountains. You will not diminish your own share by imparting to others. What churlishness, if you should grudge to others a health which does not interfere with your own! Christians, therefore, Mahometans, and Jews originally, in proportion as they were sincere and conscientious, have always invited, or even forced, the unbelieving to their own faith: nothing but accidents of situation, local or political, have disturbed this effort. But, on the other hand, for a mere "*cultus*" to attempt conversions, is nonsense. An ancient Roman could have had no motive for bringing you over to the worship of Jupiter Capitolinus; nor you any motive for going. "Surely, poor man," he would have said, "you have some god of your own, who will be quite as good for *your* countrymen as Jupiter for mine. But if you have *not*, really I am sorry for your case; and a very odd case it is; but I don't see how it could be improved by talking nonsense. You cannot beneficially, you cannot rationally, worship a tutelary Roman deity, unless in the character of a Roman; and a Roman you may become, legally and politically. Being such, you will participate in all advantages, if any there *are*, of our national religion; and, without needing a process of conversion, either in substance or in form. *Ipsa facto*, and without any separate choice of your own, on becoming a Roman citizen, you become a party to the Roman worship." For an idolatrous religion to proselytize,

would, therefore, be not only useless but unintelligible.

Now, having explained *that* point, which is a great step towards the final object of my paper, viz., the investigation of the reason why Christianity *is*, which no pagan religion ever *has* been, an organ of political movement, I will go on to review rapidly those four constituents of a religion, as they are realized in Christianity, for the purpose of contrasting them with the false shadows, or even blank negations, of these constituents in pagan idolatries.

First, then, as to the CULTUS, or form of the national worship:—In our Christian ritual I recognize these separate acts: viz. A, an act of Praise; B, an act of Thanksgiving; C, an act of Confession; D, an act of Prayer. In A we commemorate with adoration the *general* perfections of the Deity. There, all of us have an equal interest. In B, we commemorate with thankfulness those special qualities of the Deity, or those special manifestations of them, by which we, the individual worshippers, have recently benefited. In C, by upright confession, we deprecate. In D, we pray, or ask for the things which we need. Now, in the *cultus* of the ancient pagans, B and C (the second act and the third) were wanting altogether. No thanksgiving ever ascended, on his own account, from the lips of an individual; and the state thanksgiving for a triumph of the national armies, was but a mode of ostentatiously publishing the news. As to C, it is scarcely necessary to say that this was wanting, when I mention that penitential feelings were unknown amongst the ancients, and had no name; for *pœnitentia** means *regret*, not *penitence*; and *me pœnitet hujus facti*, means, "I rue this act in its consequences," not "I repent of this act for its moral nature." A and D, the first act and the last, *appear* to be present; but are so most imperfectly. When "God is praised aright," praised by means of such deeds or such attributes as express a divine nature, we recognize one great function of a national worship,—not otherwise. This, however, we must overlook and pardon, as

* In Greek, there is a word for repentance, but not until it had been rebaptized into a Christian use. *Metanoia*, however, is not that word: it is grossly to defeat the profound meaning of the New Testament, if John the Baptist is translated, as though summoning the world to *repentance*; it was not *that* to which he summoned them.

being a fault essential to the religion: the poor creatures did the best they could to praise their god, lying under the curse of gods so thoroughly depraved. But in D, the case is different. Strictly speaking, the ancients never prayed; and it may be doubted whether D approaches so near to what *we* mean by prayer, as even by a mockery. You read of *preces*, of *αἴται*, &c., and you are desirous to believe that pagan supplications were not *always* corrupt. It is too shocking to suppose, in thinking of nations idolatrous yet noble, that never *any* pure act of approach to the heavens took place on the part of man; that *always* the intercourse was corrupt; *always* doubly corrupt; that eternally the god was bought, and the votary was sold. Oh, weariness of man's spirit before that unresting mercenariness in high places, which neither, when his race clamored for justice, nor when it languished for pity, would listen without hire! How gladly would man turn away from his false rapacious divinities to the godlike human heart, that so often would yield pardon *before* it was asked, and for the thousandth time that would give without a bribe! In strict propriety, as my reader knows, the classical Latin word for a prayer is *votum*; it was a case of contract; of mercantile contract; of that contract which the Roman law expressed by the formula—*Do ut des*. Vainly you came before the altars with empty hands. "But *my* hands are pure." Pure, indeed! would reply the scoffing god, let me see what they contain. It was exactly what you daily read in morning papers, viz.:—that, in order to appear effectually before that Olympus in London, which rains rarities upon us poor abject creatures in the provinces, you must enclose "an order on the Post-Office or a reference." It is true that a man did not always register his *votum*, (the particular offering which he vowed on the condition of receiving what he asked,) at the moment of asking. Ajax, for instance, prays for light in the "Iliad," and he does not then and there give either an order or a reference. But you are much mistaken, if you fancy that even light was to be had *gratis*. It would be "carried to account." Ajax would be "debited" with that "advance."

Yet, when it occurs to a man that, in this *Do ut des*, the general *Do* was either a temple or a sacrifice, naturally it occurs to ask what *was* a sacrifice? I am afraid that the dark murderous nature of the pagan

gods is here made apparent. Modern readers, who have had no particular reason for reflecting on the nature and management of a sacrifice, totally misconceive it. They have a vague notion that the slaughtered animal was roasted, served up on the altars as a banquet to the gods; that these gods by some representative ceremony "made believe" to eat it; and that finally, (as dishes that had now become hallowed to divine use,) the several joints were disposed of in some mysterious manner: burned, suppose, or buried under the altars, or committed to the secret keeping of rivers. Nothing of the sort: when a man made a sacrifice, the meaning was, that he gave a dinner. And not only was every sacrifice a dinner party, but every dinner party was a sacrifice. This was strictly so in the good old ferocious times of paganism, as may be seen in the *Iliad*: it was not said, "Agamemnon has a dinner party to-day," but "Agamemnon sacrifices to Apollo." Even in Rome, to the last days of paganism, it is probable that some slight memorial continued to connect the dinner party [*cæna*] with a divine sacrifice; and thence partly arose the sanctity of the hospitable board; but to the east of the Mediterranean the full ritual of a sacrifice must have been preserved in all banquets, long after it had faded to a form in the less superstitious West. This we may learn from that point of casuistry treated by St. Paul,—whether a Christian might lawfully eat of things offered to idols. The question was most urgent; because a Christian could not accept an invitation to dine with a Grecian fellow-citizen who still adhered to paganism, *without* eating things offered to idols. The whole banquet was dedicated to an idol. If he would not take *that*, he must continue *impransus*. Consequently, the question virtually amounted to this: were the Christians to separate themselves altogether from those whose interests were in so many ways entangled with their own, on the single consideration that these persons were heathens? To refuse their hospitalities, *was* to separate, and with a hostile expression of feeling. That would be to throw hindrances in the way of Christianity: the religion could not spread rapidly under such repulsive prejudices; and dangers, that it became un-Christian to provoke, would thus multiply against the infant faith. This being so, and as the gods were really the only parties invited who got nothing at all of the banquet, it becomes a question of

some interest,—what *did* they get? They were merely mocked, if they had no compensatory interest in the dinner! For surely it was an inconceivable mode of honoring Jupiter, that you and I should eat a piece of roast beef, leaving to the god's share only the mockery of a *Barmecide* invitation, assigning him a chair which every body knew that he would never fill, and a plate which might as well have been filled with warm water? Jupiter got *something*, be assured; and what *was* it? This it was,—the luxury of inhaling the groans, the fleeting breath, the palpitations, the agonies, of the dying victim. This was the dark interest which the wretches of Olympus had in human invitations to dinner: and it is too certain, upon comparing facts and dates, that, when left to their own choice, the gods had a preference for *man* as the victim. All things concur to show, that precisely as you ascend above civilization, which continually increased the limitations upon the gods of Olympus, precisely as you go back to that gloomy state in which their true propensities had power to reveal themselves, was man the genuine victim for *them*, and the dying anguish of man the best "nidor" that ascended from earthly banquets to *their* nostrils. Their stern eyes smiled darkly upon the throbbings of tortured flesh, as in Moloch's ears dwelt like music the sound of infants' wailings.

Secondly, as to the birth of a new idea respecting the nature of God:—It may not have occurred to every reader, but none will perhaps object to it, when once suggested to his consideration, that—as is the god of any nation, such will be that nation, God, however falsely conceived of by man, even though splintered into fragments by Polytheism, or disfigured by the darkest mythologies, is still the greatest of all objects offered to human contemplation. Man, when thrown upon his own delusions, may have raised to himself, or may have adopted from others, the very falsest of ideals, as the true image and reflexion of what he calls god. In his lowest condition of darkness, terror may be the moulding principle for spiritual conceptions; power, the engrossing attribute which he ascribes to his deity; and this power may be hideously capricious or associated with vindictive cruelty. It may even happen, that his standard of what is highest in the divinity should be capable of falling greatly below what an enlightened mind would figure to itself as lowest in man. A more shocking

monument, indeed, there cannot be than this, of the infinity by which man may descend below his own capacities of grandeur; the gods, in some systems of religion, have been such and so monstrous by excesses of wickedness, as to ensure, if annually one hour of periodical eclipse should have left them at the mercy of man, a general rush from their own worshippers for strangling them as mad dogs. Hypocrisy, the cringing of sycophants, and the credulities of fear, united to conceal this misotheism; but we may be sure that it was widely diffused through the sincerities of the human heart. An intense desire for kicking Jupiter, or for hanging him, if found convenient, must have lurked in the honorable Roman heart, before the sincerity of human nature could have extorted upon the Roman stage a public declaration,—that their supreme gods were capable of enormities which a poor, unpretending human creature [homuncio] would have disdained. Many times the ideal of the divine nature, as adopted by pagan races, fell under the contempt, not only of men superior to the national superstition, but of men partaking in that superstition. Yet, with all those drawbacks, an ideal *was* an ideal. The being set up for adoration as god, *was* such upon the whole to the worshipper; since, if there had been any higher mode of excellence conceivable for *him*, that higher mode would have virtually become his deity. It cannot be doubted, therefore, that the nature of the national divinities indicated the qualities which ranked highest in the national estimation; and that being contemplated continually in the spirit of veneration, these qualities must have worked an extensive conformity to their own standard. The mythology sanctioned by the ritual of public worship, the features of moral nature in the gods distributed through that mythology, and sometimes commemorated by gleams in that ritual, domineered over the popular heart, even in those cases where the religion had been a derivative religion, and not originally moulded by impulses breathing from the native disposition. So that, upon the whole, such as were the gods of a nation, such was the nation: given the particular idolatry, it became possible to decipher the character of the idolaters. Where Moloch was worshipped, the people would naturally be found cruel; where the Paphian Venus, it could not be expected that they should escape the taint of a voluptuous effeminacy.

Against this principle, there could have been no room for demur, were it not through that inveterate prejudice besieging the modern mind,—as though all religion, however false, implied some scheme of morals connected with it. However imperfectly discharged, one function even of the pagan priest (it is supposed) must have been—to guide, to counsel, to exhort, as a teacher of morals. And had *that* been so, the practical precepts, and the moral commentary coming after even the grossest forms of worship, or the most revolting mythological legends, might have operated to neutralize their horrors, or even to allegorize them into better meanings. Lord Bacon, as a trial of skill, has attempted something of that sort in his “Wisdom of the Ancients.” But all this is modern refinement, either in the spirit of playful ingenuity or of ignorance. I have said sufficiently that there was no *doctrinal* part in the religion of the pagans. There was a *cultus*, or ceremonial worship: *that* constituted the sum-total of religion, in the idea of a pagan. There was a necessity, for the sake of guarding its traditional usages, and upholding and supporting its pomp, that official persons should preside in this *cultus*: *that* constituted the duty of the priest. Beyond this ritual of public worship, there was nothing at all; nothing to believe, nothing to understand. A set of legendary tales undoubtedly there was connected with the mythologic history of each separate deity. But in what sense you understood these, or whether you were at all acquainted with them, was a matter of indifference to the priests; since many of these legends were variously related, and some had apparently been propagated in ridicule of the gods, rather than in their honor.

With Christianity a new scene was opened. In this religion the *cultus*, or form of worship, was not even the primary business, far less was it the exclusive business. The worship flowed as a direct consequence from the new idea exposed of the divine nature, and from the new idea of man's relations to this nature. Here was suddenly unmasked great doctrines, truths positive and directly avowed: whereas, in Pagan forms of religion, any notices which then were, or seemed to be, of circumstances surrounding the gods, related only to matters of fact or accident, such as that a particular god was the son or the nephew of some other god; a truth, if it *were* a truth, wholly impertinent to any interest of man.

(To be continued.)

From the Athenæum.

LIFE AND TIMES OF THOMAS A BECKET.

The Life and Letters of Thomas à Becket, now first gathered from the Contemporary Historians. By the Rev. J. A. Giles, D. C. L. 2 vols. Whittaker & Co.

THERE is scarcely a personage in English history whose character has been more disputed than that of Thomas à Becket. It seems, indeed, as if the extreme opinions of his age, whether favorable or hostile to him, were to be for ever perpetuated. Yet surely nothing is easier than to arrive at a tolerably just estimate of both the man and his actions. For such an estimate there is no lack of materials on either side of the question. We have not only an abundance of letters from his enemies and his friends, but we have the testimony of eye-witnesses in reference to the more important transactions of his life. Of his biographers, too (who are numerous), most not only lived in his own time, but were personally acquainted with him, and were often actors in the eventful scenes which followed his elevation to the primacy of the English church. Nothing, therefore, is wanted but a dispassionate mind to form a right notion of the man. As to a few of his actions, indeed, there may be more ground for difference of opinion. Before they can be rightly understood, it is absolutely necessary to have contemplated the ever-disputed limits of the civil and ecclesiastical jurisdictions during many ages prior to the 12th century. This knowledge is not very readily or very easily obtained. It lies scattered through ponderous tomes of canons, through numerous imperial edicts, and through the decrees of assemblies partaking of both a civil and ecclesiastical character; and untiring must be the patience which perseveres in the interminable search. Hence we need not wonder at the contradictory judgments of historians on the policy the archbishop adopted towards the head of the state. Not that the truth is less attainable in this case than in the other; but blindly to censure or to praise was easier than to examine; and either was adopted according to the predilections of the writer. To such predilections, even more, perhaps, than to the indisposition for research into the nature and extent of the antagonistic jurisdictions, must be ascribed the widely divergent opinions respecting this eminent man—for

eminent he was, independently of his social position. If accident brought him into connection with men who introduced him to the king, accident assuredly did not give him his habits of business, his knowledge of canon and civil law, his general learning, his acute penetration, or his commanding genius. These, without adventitious aids or lucky chances, would have rendered him remarkable in any walk of life. Nor must we forget that the personal history of Becket is of high interest. It is scarcely less extraordinary than any romance of the period. Hence so many pens attempted to describe it. Without including the general historians who lived in or immediately after his time, a full score of writers devoted themselves to his biography alone. Though some of them have either perished, or hitherto eluded discovery, the greater number subsist, but for the most part either mutilated, or printed in fragments only.

The merit of first collecting the scattered authorities, whether fragmentary or entire, whether biographical or epistolary, for the life of this celebrated chancellor and churchman, must be awarded to Dr. Giles. In this respect he has shown great industry, no less than a laudable desire to vindicate his subject from the angry aspersions of most English historians. Those authorities are partly printed, and partly MS.,—the former nearly as scarce as the latter. From these various sources (fragments and abridgements only of which have yet been published, with two or three exceptions) the leading facts of Becket's life have been derived; and they are here to be found with greater attention to the chronological order than has before been attempted. We have, therefore, a considerable quantity of original matter, and (what is of more consequence) such matter as throws increased light on the moral and mental constitution of the subject. Such works are indeed a contribution to literature; and much have we to regret, that, in an age of literary leisure, when collections of MSS. are so easily accessible, they so seldom come before us.

One of the MS. authorities adduced by Dr. Giles asserts that both the father and mother of Becket were from Normandy. The name is certainly foreign; but as Gilbert is uniformly represented as a respectable citizen of London (according to one account he had filled the office of Sheriff), it is more rational to infer that,

though of Norman descent (paternally, at least), he was born in London. Who was his mother? "A Norman," replies one writer;—"A Saxon," says another; while a third stoutly maintains that she was daughter of Amurath, a Pagan chief of the Holy Land,—meaning, we suppose, a Mohammedan emir. It is a pity that so beautiful a legend will not stand the test of criticism. For more than a century after the youth of Gilbert, the name of Amurath was unknown in that region. If not confined to the princes of the dynasty of Othman, it was certainly so to the people subject to that house; and of neither rulers nor governed does history make mention prior to the 13th century. Besides, the legend is sufficiently exposed by its internal improbability; and we are surprised that either Dr. Giles or Mr. Turner should have thought it worth a moment's serious consideration. Probably the mother was of the Saxon race: we know but of one MS. that distinctly declares her to have been Norman; and as it mistakes her name, calling her Rose instead of Matilda, its authority is of no great weight. A Mohammedan she could not have been, from the grateful manner in which Becket himself alludes to the Christian instruction which he had received from her in his childhood, and, indeed, to the twenty-first year of his age.

Of the future Saint we may readily suppose that his natural parts were great, and his behaviour serious beyond his years, without admitting such stories as the following, which the author would have done well to pass over without comment:—

"One day the father came to see his son, and when the boy was introduced into the presence of his father and the prior, the father prostrated himself at his feet. At seeing this, the prior said in anger, 'What are you about, you foolish old man? your son ought to fall down at your feet, not you at his!' But the father afterwards said to the prior in private, 'I was quite aware, my lord, of the nature of what I was doing: for that boy of mine will one day or other be great in the sight of the Lord.'"

Having studied under the canons of Merton, next at Paris, and subsequently entered into minor orders, Thomas exhibited talents so conspicuous and manners so pleasing, that by some friends he was introduced to Archbishop Theobald, who presided over the see of Canterbury during the extraordinary period of twenty-two years. He soon found himself, however,

rather deficient in erudition; and he had the wisdom to pass in study the vacant hours which other young men spent in amusement. A rigorous application, followed by a year's subsequent study of canon and civil law at Bologna, not only removed his deficiencies, but placed him on higher ground than the rest of the clerks who lived in the palace of the primate. Though merely sub-deacon, he was presented with two rural livings, and two stalls in the Cathedrals of London and Lincoln; and the duties of all, therefore, he must have performed by deputy,—so early had abuses crept into the Anglo-Norman Church. Even when promoted to the archdeaconry of Canterbury, it was not thought necessary that he should take any higher orders than those of deacon. But his spiritual career (if such it may be called) was soon suspended; for by the influence of his patron the Archbishop, and of Henry, bishop of Winchester (a prince of the royal family), he was raised to the high post of Chancellor, at the early age of thirty-eight, viz. in 1155. "This was not a solitary instance," observes Dr. Giles, "of high offices of state being placed in the hands of churchmen." We should think not: from the foundation of the Saxon kingdoms every chancellor had probably been an ecclesiastic; at least, we do not remember an exception. There is some inaccuracy, too, in another assertion, that Chancellor Becket ranked next to the king, and was the second person in authority. As chief minister, and still more as royal favorite, he might be second only to Henry; but it is certain that, as Chancellor merely, his rank was inferior to that of the Chief Justiciary. His office, however, was more wealthy than the other. He had charge of all vacant dignities, whether in Church or State; and as they were often conferred (or, we should rather say, sold, and that, too, after a considerable vacancy,—the proceeds all the while passing through his hands into the royal exchequer), according to his recommendation, it is not unreasonable to conclude that he was no stranger, either to bribes offered for his good word, or to some share of the profits arising from the sale. On no other hypothesis can we account for the receipt of the enormous sums necessary to support his more than royal state. Probably he took nothing for inferior church livings, and this disinterested conduct is doubtless one cause of his great popularity as Chan-

cellor. But he was by no means blind to his own advantage: as his secretary, Fitz-Stephen, observes,—

“His great mind rather aimed at great objects, such as the Priorship of Beverley, and the presentation to the prebends of Hastings, which he got from the Earl of Augy, the Tower of London, with the service of the soldiers belonging to it, the Chatelainship of Eye, with its honor of two hundred and forty soldiers, and the castle of Berchamstead.”

It might have been added, that, besides the church dignities before mentioned, (archdeacon of Canterbury, canon of two cathedrals, rector of two parishes, and this stall at Hastings, with the Priorship of Beverley,) he was Dean of Hastings, incumbent of many valuable livings, and a dignitary in several other dioceses. And well might “his great mind” look to some “great objects,” since he had to support such amusements, such entertainments as the following:—

“He generally amused himself, not in a set manner, but accidentally, and as it might happen, with hawks and falcons, or dogs of the chase, and in the game of chess,

Where front to front the mimic warriors close,
To check the progress of their mimic foes.

The house and table of the Chancellor were common to all of every rank who came to the king's court, and needed hospitality: whether they were honorable men in reality, or at least appeared to be such. He never dined without the company of earls and barons, whom he had invited. He ordered his hall to be strewn every day with fresh straw and hay in winter, and with green branches in summer, that the numerous knights for whom the benches were insufficient might find the area clean and neat for their reception, and that their valuable clothes and beautiful shirts might not contract injury from its being dirty. His board shone with vessels of gold and silver, and abounded with rich dishes and precious liquors, so that whatever objects of consumption, either for eating or drinking, were recommended by their rarity, no price was great enough to deter his agents from purchasing them.”

Often he had the additional expense of entertaining royalty; and as these occasions were sometimes unexpected, he held himself obliged, no doubt, to display the same pomp at ordinary meals:—

“Occasionally the king came to the Chancellor's house to dinner, sometimes for the pleasure only, at other times from curiosity, to see whether what fame said of his table and

establishment was true. The king sometimes rode on horseback into the hall where the Chancellor was sitting at table, with an arrow in his hand, as on his return from hunting, or on his way to the forest: sometimes he would drink a cup of wine, and, when he had seen the Chancellor, take his departure; at other times he would jump over the table, sit down and eat with him. Never were there two men more friendly, or on better terms with one another since Christianity first began.”

But most expensive of all were his military expeditions, in which he proved himself a sturdy member of the church militant. Thus one that knew him well, Roger of Pontigny, assures us:

“Afterwards, in the war between the French king and his own master, the king of England, when the armies were assembled in March, at the common boundaries of their territories, between Gisors, Trie and Courcelles, the Chancellor, besides the seven hundred knights of his own household, maintained twelve hundred other stipendiary knights, and four thousand serving-men, for the space of forty days. To every knight were assigned three shillings per day of the Chancellor's money towards their horses and esquires, and the knights themselves all dined at the Chancellor's table. One day, though he was a clerk, he charged with lance in rest and horse at full speed against Engelram at Trie, a valiant French knight, who was advancing towards him, and having unhorsed the rider, carried off his horse in triumph. Indeed, the Chancellor's knights were every where foremost in the whole English army, doing more valiant deeds than any of the others, and every where distinguishing themselves; for he himself was always at their head, encouraging them and pointing out the path to glory: he gave the signal for his men to advance or retreat, on one of those slender trumpets which were peculiar to his band, but which were well known to all the rest of the army around.”

We will not transcribe the account of his celebrated embassy to the French court, because the substance of it is to be found in our most popular histories. It is, however, less generally known, that during this journey his extravagance was such, that he gave a hundred shillings for a dish of eels, though he had so many hundreds of men to provide for daily:—

“Such housekeeping as this was certainly formed on a gigantic scale; and there was equal magnificence in its minute details; for we are told that a dish of eels was one day purchased for the Chancellor's table at the high price of a hundred shillings. From this single fact it may be inferred, without doubt, that the Chancellor's table was equally sump-

tuous in other respects, and when this instance of his prodigality was known at home at England, it became a proverb in the mouths of men for a very long time. We meet with other intimations in the contemporary biographers, which leave no room to doubt that Becket's table was rich, and even luxurious, not only whilst he was chancellor, but even after his promotion to the archbishopric of Canterbury; but it is also admitted by all, that he partook but frugally of what was set before him, and even if this was not the fact, we should not infer that he was addicted to the pleasures of the table from the anecdote above mentioned, which merely tends to show that he was anxious to display his magnificence and riches in the eyes of the French people."

Did this churchman never once call to mind that such lavish waste was robbing of the poor? that to them belonged the revenues of his endless preferments, after a bare allowance for necessary wants? Well may Lingard say, that at this period he had yet to learn the self-denying virtues of the Christian character.

The surprise of all England was unbounded when, in 1162, it was known that Becket was raised to the primacy. For a time most people refused to believe in the possibility of so astounding a metamorphosis. The Bishop of Hereford exclaimed, Who can *now* say that miracles have ceased; seeing that a soldier is transferred into a priest, —a layman into an archbishop? But it is easy to perceive that Henry had good reasons for this promotion. As chancellor, Becket had uniformly supported his claims to the revenues of the vacant sees and other dignities, and why should not the same man, when archbishop and chancellor too, persevere in the same line of conduct? To understand the great subject of controversy between the Church and the Crown, it is necessary to advert to some transactions during the preceding reigns,—the more necessary as neither Dr. Giles nor our general historians (with one or two little known exceptions,) have attempted to do justice to the subject. If what follows be grave, it will perhaps be found instructive; certainly it is an indispensable key to Becket's character and position.

Though William the Norman had now and then kept dignities vacant that he might enjoy the revenues, he had seldom done so longer than a year; and his violation of the canons sinks into insignificance when compared with that of Rufus, his successor. In ancient and purer times, the temporalities of a vacant bishopric or abbacy had

been administered by order of some bishop or even the metropolitan; and the revenues (of which a strict account was always kept) paid over to the successor immediately after his appointment. Subsequently, when a clergyman was nominated for the same purpose expressly by the crown, he was regarded, not as the royal servant, but as steward for the next dignitary. But it was soon found to be as easy as it was profitable to maintain the clergyman in the post for years together. Rufus seems to have been the first, openly and unblushingly, to effect this kind of spoliation; and he is said to have learned the lesson from Flambard, his unscrupulous justiciary. It was not difficult to give something like a reason for such an outrage. In regard to their temporalities, it was alleged, all prelaties were as much fiefs of the crown as those held by the secular barons. On the demise of a fief, the fief had necessarily, and from time immemorial, reverted to the original donor, and was never regranted to the heir without the payment of a heavy sum by way of *relief*. In countries where the law was not subject to the caprice of a despot, the relief was fixed and permanent—being rated according to the value of the fief; but in England the head of the state soon learned to exact far beyond the amount sanctioned by custom. The same rule was applied by Rufus to the dignities of the church. On every vacancy, the administration of each was placed in the hands of a royal officer; the revenues were paid into the royal exchequer; and to the monks or chapter, a portion was left barely sufficient for their more pressing wants. Nor was this all: sometimes (from the time of Rufus, indeed generally) the lands of the prelacy, with the rights, revenues, and feudal prestations connected with them, were sold to the highest bidder—frequently by auction; and as the purchaser knew not how long he might be permitted to farm the property, his interest was to make the most he could of his bargain before a successor were nominated. This state of things will give us some idea of the exactions to which the sub-tenants (the yeomen, farmers, and tillers of the ground) were subjected. Often they were wholly ruined, and were compelled to beg their bread from the charity of their neighbors. As a natural consequence, when such vacations were long (and they were mostly from four to ten years), the buildings, whether churches, monasteries, colleges, farm-houses, or cottages, were sure

to be dilapidated. Here then we see the true reason why *the poor* (the farmers and laborers) suffered with the church. The church was literally their patrimony; and if it was oppressed, they felt the iron hand of power as keenly as any monk or canon. When, at length, a successor was appointed, and was compelled to purchase the prelacy, (even Flambard, the notorious adviser of the measure, was forced to pay a thousand marks for the see of Durham,) he entered on the administration of the temporalities, too poor either to relieve the sub-tenants, or to restore the half-ruinous buildings.

Another subject of contention, equally sore, was the dispute between the church and the royal justiciaries as to the extent of the two jurisdictions. During the middle ages, and indeed from the foundation of the Germanic states, punishments, even that for murder, were commuted for pecuniary fines, which fines enriched the court where the causes were decided. Under the most favorable circumstances (*viz.* where justice was administered according to right, and without bribery) such courts were a source of great profit both to the church and to the royal exchequer; and both were naturally anxious to extend their respective jurisdictions. If this were the place for the inquiry, we could easily show by what gradations the church had obtained so large a share in the judicial functions of the state: but we can do no more than hastily glance at the more prominent steps of that progress. From the earliest ages of the church, Christians had been enjoined to settle their disputes among themselves, without appealing to the pagan tribunals. By Constantine and his successors, bishops were appointed the arbitrators of differences in their respective dioceses, and the imperial officers were commanded to execute their decrees. But, for some time the regulation appears to have been confined to cases where *one* of the parties in the suit was an ecclesiastic; though there is equal reason to infer that where both were laymen, they might, *if they chose*, have had the benefit of a spiritual instead of a temporal judge. It is certain that Theodosius, when both were laymen, allowed the cause to pass into the ecclesiastical courts on the demand of either plaintiff or defendant. This important constitution was adopted by Charlemagne, and obeyed by all the people submitted to his sceptre. In England there does not seem to have been any recognized distinction be-

tween the functions of the two species of judicature. We know that in the Anglo-Saxon times the bishop sat with the earl in the shire courts, and had a voice in the judgment pronounced, no matter what the nature of the suit, or who were the parties. But the Norman Conqueror separated the two jurisdictions, and the "Courts Christian," presided over by the bishop or his archdeacon, took cognizance of all causes where ecclesiastics were concerned, or where certain questions were at stake. As under the term churchmen, many thousands were included, who, in the proper sense of the word were not clergymen, and never intended to be so—who were not even in minor orders, and who received the tonsure only that they might hold benefices, and perform the duties by deputy, it is evident that a large portion of the community were confessedly subject to the ecclesiastical tribunals. Whether plaintiffs or defendants, they owed obedience to no other authority; and as their disputes were generally with laymen, they dragged the latter into their own courts. Again: where both the parties to a suit were laymen, it was often regarded as within the domain of the church; for it might concern tithes, advowsons, public scandal, marriage, wills, perjury, breach of contract, and other questions which a little ingenuity could prove, in some way or other, to be connected with religion. Thirdly, as in the more ancient times, men began to prefer the ecclesiastical judges to the royal or the feudal, and especially after the publication of Gratian's Decretum. Students hastened from all parts of Europe to Bologna, to become thoroughly acquainted with the canon law: on their return they practised in the episcopal courts; and both wealth and preferment followed success. They had, too, another great advantage: the precedents by which they were bound (the canons of councils) were certain, determinate, invariable, the result of the wisdom of ages; while the royal and baronial functionaries were often puzzled by the contradictory spirit of the Anglo-Saxon and the Norman laws, and oftener still by the perishable traditions of the common or unwritten law. Then the fines of these secular courts varied according to caprice or interest. In all cases they were exorbitant enough; and if they could not be paid, mutilation of limb was almost sure to follow. Add to these important grounds of difference, that the royal and feudal judges were not merely ignorant but corrupt; that

they sold justice to the highest bidder; that it was inaccessible to the poor; that innocence and guilt, right and wrong, were words without meaning, can we wonder at the superior popularity of the episcopal courts? "Of all the abuses," observes Mr. Hallam, "which deformed the Anglo-Norman government, none was so flagitious as the sale of judicial redress. The king, we are often told, is the fountain of justice; but in those ages it was a fountain which gold only could unseal." Even when bribery was not practised, innumerable were the cases where justice could not be expected. It could not be expected if the king, or his ministers, or his favorites, were concerned directly or indirectly in a suit. It could not be expected in the inferior feudal courts, if the baron, or his kindred, or his retainers, had an interest opposed to it. Can we be surprised that the people should cry out against the conduct of such courts?—that when the king or the barons attempted to draw into them suits which fell within the domain of ecclesiastical jurisprudence, both church and people should complain?

But while adverting to these obvious distinctions, let us not lose sight of the evils which otherwise attended the ecclesiastical judicature. He whose "kingdom is not of this world" never designed his priests to be judges in such numerous cases, or perhaps in any case. They might gratuitously reconcile disputants, for their mission is Peace; but they were never expected to heap up wealth by mere offices of charity. It was never intended that their minds should be distracted from their proper calling, or that they should be absorbed by a worldly spirit. Besides the penalties they inflicted were, in many cases, glaringly inadequate to the offence. They could not sit in judgments of blood; no matter what the crime, they could neither condemn to death nor mutilate; and though they had power to flagellate, they more frequently imprisoned, or accepted a pecuniary compensation. In that lawless period, many clergymen (the reader is requested not to overlook the extensive meaning of the term) were guilty of great crimes—murder, seduction of females, robbery, &c. Would suspension, or a fine, or imprisonment, or all three, be a sufficient punishment for such offences? Every body, in the present day, will answer, "No!"—every body, too, will agree that such leniency was a direct encouragement to crime.

The preceding rapid summary will afford us something like a key to the secret motives which swayed Henry and Becket in their contests with each other. Though both were wrong—the former in despoiling the church and the poor, and in perpetuating a system of judicial corruption, and the latter in contending for clerical privileges at variance with the interests of society—it is easy to perceive that their fault was far from equal. Indeed, the term is wholly inapplicable to Becket, who, however injurious, in some respects, those privileges might be, was bound by oath to maintain them. They were founded on the canons; the canons were as obligatory on him as modern laws are on us; and he could not disobey them without treason to the church and rebellion to his spiritual chief. Whatever is faulty in them, must be imputed, not to him, but to the system which he was required to administer.

In contemplating the character of Becket, we are apt to confound it at two very different periods, before and after his elevation to the primacy. It is certain, that during his chancellorship he was full of pride, and much addicted to pleasure. It is equally certain that after his assumption of the episcopal function, he became a new man. This is acknowledged by all his biographers, and by all the writers of the age. Was his conversion sincere? If his character had remained unchanged—if the world were still all in all to him—he would surely have forborne to offend a master who, when obeyed, was always generous. There was no reason why he should resign the chancellorship, if he aimed at power and wealth. He was expected to fill both dignities, which would have rendered him more wealthy and more powerful than many kings. Many primates before him had also been chancellors. His resignation of the latter office could have been dictated only by a sense of the responsibility he should incur if he continued in it, and served the king's rapacity as he had before done. While a servant of Henry, he might have silenced the voice of conscience by the reflection (a very false one, however) that, *as a servant*, his first duty was obedience,—that the crown, not himself, was responsible for the acts which he disapproved. But as the head of the English church, he could not consent to their perpetration without the ruin of that church, or without bringing on himself the resentment of Christendom. Of his change in

private life, we have no wish to say any thing, except that it was conformable to the opinions of the times. His renunciation not merely of splendor but of necessities; his adoption of a course of penance not often witnessed in the most ascetic saints; his coarse sackcloth next the skin; his unsavory food; his refusal to drink water (his only beverage) unless it were rendered nauseous by bitter herbs; and, worse than all, the frequent application of the scourge to his naked back, may provoke a smile, but assuredly they are proofs of sincerity. In other respects, even modern devotion must applaud the change. His dismissal of nobles and knights, and his retention of none but humble ecclesiastics; his constant attendance at the service of the altar; his boundless charity to the poor; his relief of human anguish in every shape; his protection of the weak against the powerful, and his stern rebuke to injustice in high places, rendered him worthy of his post, and entitled him to the admiration of posterity. His defect (and honesty requires that it should be censured as it deserves) was an excessive warmth of feeling—a natural irritability of temper, which he took little pains to subdue. This led him into many precipitate measures; it envenomed opposition; and it doubtless contributed to the preparation of the tragedy which closed his days.

The disappointment of the king when the archbishop resigned the chancellorship, may be easily conceived. It was tantamount to saying, "I will no longer have the custody of the vacant prelacies, nor will I permit them to remain vacant if I can help it!" But the new primate directed his first care to the recovering of the castles, fiefs, and manors, which had been wrested by force from his see—no matter whether by the royal grant or not; and when the holders were obstinately bent on retaining them, he did not hesitate to visit them with the doom of excommunication. Equally offensive to the monarch was his resolution to vindicate, in its fullest extent, the authority of the episcopal courts, to the inevitable prejudice of the royal and baronial. Hence the great feudatories, no less than the king, became his enemies; and numerous they were. Another grievance, which was rather felt than alleged against him, was his loud denunciation of all bishops and abbots concerned in simony—who should either purchase dignities for themselves, or sell the preferments in their

gift. As a necessary consequence, disappointment in the royal breast was followed by anger, anger by exasperation, and this again by a determination to ruin the man who had been so remarkable a favorite. Referring to our general histories for a detailed account of what took place at Clarendon and Northampton, we shall merely observe that some of the demands of Henry (lauded as they have been by partial historians) would, if complied with, have made the church a silent tool in the hands of despotism: that property which had hitherto been, in a great degree, the patrimony of the poor, would have gone to enrich him and his favorites. True it is that some of them were also founded in wisdom, and well deserved to be adopted. But why propose any of them to the archbishop, when the king well knew that he had no power to sanction them? Merely to have a pretext for his destruction. After some hesitation, Becket, though forsaken by his episcopal brethren, who had been gained by the monarch, refused to join in betraying the church and the poor, whose advocate he openly declared himself to be. In a furious passion, the king resolved his ruin—either by forcing him to resign, or by taking his life if he would not. Let historians say what they please, no unbiassed reader can peruse the transactions on these two occasions, without acknowledging that the death of the archbishop was certain if he remained in England. Hence his memorable escape at midnight, notwithstanding the vigilance of the royal guards, and, after many romantic adventures, his arrival in France, where the Pope then was.

Though the exiled primate was received with great respect by the King of France and the Pope, and an honorable asylum furnished him in the Cistercian monastery of Pontigny, he had soon to learn that justice, honor, and religion, have less influence than gold on the mighty of the earth. That the "god of this world" had rendered his suffragan bishops hostile to him, and more than one, as the price of servility, hoped to fill his place. The legates, too, and learned umpires, whom the Pope nominated to negotiate a reconciliation between him and the King, were soon gained by the latter. Many of the cardinals around the papal throne were soon also the creatures of Henry; and, though Christ's vicar on earth might be considered inaccessible to *direct* bribery, it is certain that a timely offer of Peter's pence (the payment of which had

long fallen into arrears) frequently saved the King from excommunication, and the realm from an interdict. On the venality alike of Pope and cardinals, we have several intimations in both these volumes. Thus, the excellent John of Salisbury, in a letter to the archbishop:—

"I do not place much reliance on the court of Rome: whose necessities and mode of acting I now see through. Our lord the pope, indeed, is a holy and righteous man, and his abbat, as I am told by many, does his best to imitate him: but their necessities are so great, and the dishonesty and cupidity of the Romans are so startling, that the pope sometimes uses his prerogative, and by dispensation obtains what may benefit the state, but cannot benefit religion."

And Becket himself is often loud in his complaints. Hearing that English gold had produced great relaxation in the severity intended to be adopted toward the guilty, he thus observes in a letter to his agent at Rome:

"If this is true, then without doubt, his lordship the pope has suffocated and strangled, not only our own person, but himself and every ecclesiastic of both kingdoms; yea, both churches together, the Gallican and the English. For what will not the kings of the earth dare against the clergy, under cover of this most wretched precedent? And on what can the Church of Rome rely, when it thus deserts and leaves destitute the persons who are making a stand in its cause, and contending for it even unto death?"

Again, speaking of Rome:—

"The glorious city is captured, that city which subdued the world is subverted and sunk before the love of human favor; and that which could not be slain with the sword, has been cut off by the poisons of these western regions. With shame be it spoken: by her fall the Church's liberties have been sacrificed for the sake of temporal advantages. The road to her ruin lay through the sinuous paths of riches: she has been prostituted in the streets to princes, she has conceived iniquity, and will bring forth oppression to the undeserving."

And in a letter to the Pope himself—

"We have one miserable source of consolation in all this, if you will allow me to say so: that the Roman Church takes this mode of rewarding its friends and faithful children. May God comfort her better than she provides for herself: may he comfort the Church of England and us, and all our wretched ones."

In another letter to the papal legate he says:

"'To quell the haughty, but to spare the fallen,' was the ancient motto of the Romans, and it is surely the doctrine of Christ's Church, 'Behold, I have set thee over nations and kingdoms,' &c. Should there be any regard

for persons among the successors of St. Peter? This is not so with God, who treats prince and plebeian alike as they have deserved. What glory can there be either for God or man in giving the poor man his rights and restraining princes from heinous crimes? Justice severely punishes the powerful and exercises her hardest prerogative over those who are in office. Who was ever before allowed, with the connivance of the Roman pontiff, to abuse the property of the Church so licentiously as the king of England has done? He has now for five years held the revenues of our see and all our goods, besides the bishoprics of Lincoln, Bath, Hereford, and Ely, whilst the possessions of the see of Landaff have been almost all squandered upon his knights, and Bangor has been ten years without a bishop, because the king will not consent to an election."

The following (to Cardinal Albert) is still stronger:—

"I wish, my dear friend, your ears were hard by the mouths of some of our people, that you might hear what is chaunted in the streets of Ascalon to the discredit of the Roman Church. Our last messengers seemed to have brought us some consolation in the Pope's letters which we have received, but their authority has been altogether nullified by other letters, commanding that Satan should be set free to the destruction of the Church. Thus by the apostolic mandate the bishops of London and Salisbury, one of whom is known to have been the fomentor of the schism, and the contriver of all this wickedness from the beginning, and to have inveigled the bishop of Salisbury and others into the crime of disobedience, have been absolved from excommunication. I know not how it is; but at your court Barabbas is always let go free, and Christ is crucified. Our proscription and the sufferings of the Church have now lasted nearly six years. The innocent, poor and exiled, are condemned before you, and for no other cause, I say conscientiously, than because they are Christ's poor and helpless ones, and would not recede from God's righteousness: whilst on the other hand the sacrilegious, murderers, and robbers, are acquitted, however impenitent, though I say, on Christ's own authority, that St. Peter himself, sitting on the tribunal, would have no power to acquit them."

"Roman robbers," "traitors to religion," "sons of perdition," and other terms of the kind, are by no means spared by the offended exile, and assuredly they seem to have been fully deserved.

The letters before us (and they are numerous) give us an unfavorable account of the English bishops generally, who had not, and wished not to have, any will but the King's. Thus the admirable writer we have before quoted (John of Salisbury), in a letter to Becket:—

"The consolatory letters which your faithful children, the bishops of the province of Canterbury, lately sent you, after your long exile and proscription, I have carefully perused, and I look upon them as dictated by Ahitophel himself come to life, and written by a second Doeg of Idumea, thirsting for the blood of Christ and his elect. Every thing is therein so perverted that it is easy for any one to see how irreconcilable they are with public opinion and the voice of truth, and how manifestly they have been framed to give a color of justice to the appeal of the bishops."

Elsewhere he asserts that their faces must be no less brazen than a harlot's, for daring to assure the Pope that Henry was "an obedient son of the Church." He is particularly severe on the bishop of London, the most bitter of Becket's enemies, and the most servile tool of royalty: "He boasts that London was once the seat of an *arch-flamen*, when Jupiter was worshipped in Britain. So wise and religious a man as he might perhaps like to see the worship of Jupiter restored, that if he cannot be archbishop, he may at least be *arch-flamen*."

Becket, who was invested with the legatine authority, (though he had the mortification often to see that authority suspended through English gold,) was not a man to suffer with impunity the injustice of his own and the Church's enemies. Against the most prominent of them, barons or bishops, he issued his fulminations, both from Pontigny and Clairvaux. During his retirement at the former place, he doubtless imbibed strong feelings of enthusiasm. In the history of saints, confessors, and martyrs, he found subjects enough for contemplation; the study of the canon law exalted in his eyes the prerogatives of the Church; and the denunciations of Scripture on evil-doers, especially the great of the earth, gave to his feelings a new degree of intensity. These were deepened by the arrival of so many of his servants and dependents, and his friends and kinsfolk, banished from England, and who must have perished for want of the necessities of life, had not the French king, the Pope, and the Queen of Sicily administered to their relief. With a refinement of cruelty, the despot had forced the exiles to swear that they would hasten to the exile at Pontigny and show him their miserable plight. The archbishop had already been merged in the excited monk; his human feelings could not support the present sight; and in this unfortunate temper he fulminated the censures so well known to readers of English his-

tory. When compelled to leave Pontigny by the menaces of the king, who threatened to seize all the possessions of the order (the Cistercian) in England, unless he were expelled, the sentiment was not likely to cool. His former excommunications had been suspended by the Pope; at Clairvaux he was permitted to renew them. But how were they to be served? Unless actually delivered they had no efficacy; and Henry *more suo*, had threatened with death every body that should land in England with censures of any kind from Pope or Archbishop. Several messengers, in fact, had been put to death, and the coasts were diligently watched to prevent the arrival of such dreaded missives. Could Henry have succeeded in his object of preventing all communication between his clergy and the Roman see, he might easily flatter himself with the hope of making the English Church as dependent on his caprice, and subject to his rapacity, as the humblest peasant in the land. But all his vigilance was vain:—

"The archbishop was for some time sorely at a loss to find a person who would venture to convey this sentence into England. At last a young layman, named Berenger, offered himself, and we learn from the narrative of Fitz-Stephen in what manner he discharged his mission. On the festival of Ascension Day a priest, an excellent but timid man, named Vitalis, was officiating at the high altar of St. Paul's Church, London, when, just as they began to chaunt the *Offerenda*, and the priest had presented the bread and wine, and made ready the chalice, a stranger, named Berenger, approached, and falling down on his knees, held out to the priest what appeared to be his donation to the offertory. The priest, astonished at the man's behavior, held out his hand to receive the oblation. Berenger put into his hand a letter, saying, 'The bishop of this diocese is not present; no more is the dean; but I see you as Christ's officiating minister, and I here, in the name of God and our lord the pope, present to you this letter from the archbishop of Canterbury, containing the sentence which he has pronounced on the bishop of London, also another letter to the dean, enjoining him and his clergy to observe this sentence. And I forbid you, by God's authority, to celebrate in this church after the present mass, until you have delivered to the bishop and the dean these letters.' The stranger, having spoken these words, disappeared amid the crowds of people who were moving off to their homes, as was usual after the Gospel had been read, for they had already heard mass in their own parish churches. A buzz went round among those who were near-

est to the altar, and they began to ask the priest if divine service was prohibited in the cathedral. On his answering in the negative the people said no more, and the man retired unmolested. The priest meanwhile continued the service of the mass; but the king's officials made search in all parts of the city for Berenger, and placed guards at all the crossings of the streets, but he could nowhere be found. Not many days elapsed before the bishop and dean returned to London, when the priest Vitalis delivered to each his letter."

The sorrows of his kinsmen, his friends, and above all, his poor dependents, were infinitely more galling to the Archbishop than his own. For their sakes he often submitted to negotiate, though he well knew from the character of the king that little benefit was to be expected from it. Nor did he like his own continued dependence on the bounty of others. Though he had often found a friend in the French king, he more than once had reason to distrust his sincerity; and on one occasion, a misunderstanding having risen, both he and his companions believed the door of hope to be closed. This was after an ineffectual interview between Louis, Henry, and Becket, at Montmirail:—

"The party at St. Columba's were discussing the events which had lately happened, and the failure of their journey to Montmirail. They had also another subject for conversation, in the supposed alienation and continued silence of the French king. The archbishop, smiling at the different suggestions that were offered, said, 'I am the only one amongst you whom king Henry wishes to injure, and if I go away, no one will impede or harm you: do not be afraid.' 'It is for you that we take thought,' replied they, 'because we do not see where you can find refuge; and though you are so high in dignity, yet all your friends have deserted you.' 'Then do not care for me,' said he, 'I commend my cause to God, who is very well able to protect me. Though both England and France are closed against me, I shall not be undone. I will not apply to those Roman robbers, for they do nothing but plunder the needy without compunction. I will adopt another mode of action. It is said that the people who live on the banks of the Arar in Burgundy, as far as the borders of Provence, are more liberal. I will take only one companion with me, and we will go amongst those people on foot, and they will assuredly have compassion on us.' At that moment an officer appeared from the French king, inviting the archbishop to an interview. 'He means to turn us out of his kingdom,' said one of those who were present. 'Do not forebode ill,' said the archbishop, 'you are not a prophet, nor a son of the prophets.'"

The French king, perceiving that he had

been Henry's dupe, restored his favor to the Archbishop.

The hollow reconciliation on the part of the king, which enabled Becket to revisit his flock, is too well known to require further exposure. Surprise has been expressed that so penetrating a man should have suffered himself to be deluded by royal hypocrisy, especially when the kiss of peace was so pertinaciously denied him. The truth, however, is that he was not deluded at all. He saw that the promised conditions would not be fulfilled; he knew that mischief was designed him; he had warnings enough from many quarters that if he returned to his see his life would be taken. But he despised the foreseen consequence; and he solemnly declared, that whether he lived or died he would no longer be kept from his flock. He went; and, as every body knows, perished in a manner the most barbarous, but with a dignity unequalled.

On that tragical event, the particulars of which have been so long familiar to every reader, it would be useless to comment. But we think no unbiassed reader can arise from a perusal of the circumstances that preceded and followed it, without a conviction that the murder was expressly commanded by Henry. It is evidently, indeed, not Dr. Giles's opinion; but Dr. Giles is not much distinguished for either penetration or reflection. He falls too blindly into the train of preceding writers; and leans to conclusions not warranted by the facts which he himself adduces. His work wants connexion: it has little coherency of parts; the events are not consecutively dependent on each other. This is chiefly the fault of the plan, which, consisting for the most part of letters from many different persons, cannot possibly have the unity of purpose essential to the solution of an historical problem. A carefully constructed narrative founded on the letters, biographies, and histories of the period, with the originals in a copious appendix, would have been a far preferable mode of dealing with the subject. Such a concatenation of parts would have allowed of comparison and inference, and have imperceptibly conducted the reader's mind to the legitimate conclusion for which we are contending—Becket's authorized murder. At the same time it would have displayed the king's character in true colors, by dispersing the cloud of hypocrisy which rests upon it. In him met two extremes, which we rarely find in any other historical personage—dis-

simulation with violence. As each predominated, his character was estimated by actual beholders from it alone, little regard being had to the variableness of his caprice. After Becket's murder, it was thought by the world at large that dreadful measures would be adopted to punish the king and his advisers. But gold turned aside both interdict and excommunication, and restored monarch, baron, and bishop to the favor of Christ's vicar—thus verifying the character which Becket had so strongly passed on that court.

In conclusion, we may observe, that if Dr. Giles has made a less satisfactory use of his abundant materials than might have been expected from him,—if a life of Becket be still a desideratum,—he has rendered a valuable service to succeeding biographers. This, indeed, constitutes the true value of his book. In its actual form it cannot be called either a history or a biography; it affords us little insight into the important questions of feudal and ecclesiastical judicature; or even into the spirit and manners of the age. But, notwithstanding these obvious defects, it is really an acquisition to our literature.

From the London Daily News.

TRAVELLING LETTERS WRITTEN ON THE ROAD.

BY CHARLES DICKENS.

VIII.

PIACENZA TO BOLOGNA.

AT Piacenza, which was four or five hours' journey from the inn at Stradella, we broke up our little company before the hotel door, with divers manifestations of friendly feeling on all sides. The old priest was taken with the cramp again before he had got half-way down the street; and the young priest laid the bundle of books on a door step, while he dutifully rubbed the old gentleman's legs. The client of the avvocato was waiting for him at the yard gate, and kissed him on each cheek, with such a resounding smack, that I am afraid he had either a very bad case, or a scantily-furnished purse. The Tuscan, with a cigar in his mouth, went loitering off, carrying his hat in his hand, that he might the better trail up the ends of his dishevelled moustache. And the brave courier, as he and I strolled away to look about us, began

immediately to entertain me with the private histories and family affairs of the whole party.

A brown, decayed, old cheese of a town, Piacenza is. A deserted, solitary, grass-grown place, with ruined ramparts: half filled up trenches, which afford a frowsy pasturage to the lean kine that wander about them; streets of stern houses moodily frowning at the other houses over the way. The sleepest and shabbiest of soldiery go wandering about with the double curse of laziness and poverty uncouthly wrinkling their misfitting regimentals; the dirtiest of children play with their impromptu toys (pigs and mud) in the feeblest of gutters; and the gauntest of dogs trot in and out of the dullest of archways, in perpetual search of something to eat, which they never seem to find. A mysterious and solemn Palace, guarded by two colossal statues, twin Genii of the place, stands gravely in the midst of the idle town; and the king with the marble legs, who flourished in the time of the Arabian Nights, might live contentedly inside of it, and never have the energy in his upper half of flesh and blood to want to come out.

What a strange, half-sorrowful and half-delicious doze it is, to ramble through these places gone to sleep and basking in the sun! Each in its turn appears to be, of all the mouldy, dreary, God-forgotten towns in the wide world, the chief. Sitting on this hillock, where a bastion used to be, and where a noisy fortress was, in the time of the old Roman station here, I became aware that I have never known, till now, what it is to be lazy. A dormouse must surely be in very much the same condition before he retires to the wool in his cage—or a tortoise before he buries himself. I feel that I am getting rusty. That any attempt to think, would be accompanied with a creaking noise. That there is nothing any where to be done, or needing to be done. That there is no more human progress, motion, effort, or advancement of any kind, beyond this. That the whole scheme stopped here centuries ago, and lay down to rest until the Day of Judgment.

Never while the brave courier lives! Behold him jingling out of Piacenza, and staggering this way, in the tallest posting-chaise ever seen, so that he looks out of the front window as if he were peeping over a garden wall; while the postilion, concentrated essence of all the shabbiness of Italy, pauses for a moment in his animated conversation, to touch his hat to a

blunt-nosed little virgin hardly less shabby than himself, enshrined in a plaster Punch's show outside the town.

In Genoa, and thereabouts, they train the vines on trellis-work, supported on square clumsy pillars, which in themselves are any thing but picturesque. But here they twine them around trees, and let them trail among the hedges; and the vineyards are full of trees, regularly planted for this purpose, each with its own vine twining and clustering about it. Their leaves are now of the brightest gold and deepest red; and never was any thing so enchantingly graceful and full of beauty. Through miles of these delightful forms and colors, the road winds its way. The wild festoons; the elegant wreaths and crowns, and garlands of all shapes; the fairy nets flung over great trees, and making them prisoners in sport; the tumbled heaps and mounds of exquisite shapes upon the ground; how rich and beautiful they are! And every now and then a long, long line of trees, will be all bound and garlanded together, as if they had taken hold of one another, and were coming dancing down the fields!

It was most delicious weather when the tall posting-chaise brought us into Modena, where the darkness of the sombre colonnades over the footways, skirting the main street on either side, was made refreshing and agreeable by the bright sky, so wonderfully blue. I passed from all the glory of the day into a dim cathedral, where high mass was performing, feeble tapers were burning, people were kneeling in all directions—before all manner of shrines, and officiating priests were crooning the usual chaunt, in the usual low, dull, drawling, melancholy tone.

Thinking how strange it was to find in every stagnant town, this same Heart beating with the same monotonous pulsation, the centre of the same torpid, listless system, I came out by another door, and was suddenly scared to death by a blast from the shrillest trumpet that ever was blown. Immediately came tearing round the corner, an equestrian company from Paris; marshalling themselves under the walls of the church, and flouting with their horses' heels the very griffons, lions, tigers, and other monsters in stone and marble, decorating its exterior. First, there came a stately nobleman, with a great deal of hair, and no hat, bearing an enormous banner, on which was inscribed, MAZEPPA! TO-NIGHT! Then, a Mexican chief, with a great pear-

shaped club on his shoulder, like Hercules. Then, six or eight Roman chariots: each with a beautiful lady in extremely short petticoats, and unnaturally pink leggings, erect within, shedding beaming looks upon the crowd, in which there was a latent expression of discomposure and anxiety for which I couldn't account, until, as the open back of each chariot presented itself, I saw the immense difficulty with which the pink legs maintained their perpendicular, over the uneven pavement of the town, which gave me quite a new idea of the ancient Romans and Britons. The procession was brought to a close by some dozen indomitable warriors of different nations riding two and two, and haughtily surveying the tame population of Modena, among whom, however, they occasionally condescended to scatter largesses in the form of a few handbills. After caracoling among the lions and tigers, and proclaiming that evening's entertainments with blast of trumpet, it then filed off by the other end of the square, and left a new and greatly increased dulness behind.

When the procession had so entirely passed away, that the shrill trumpet was mild in the distance, and the tail of the last horse was hopelessly round the corner, the people who had come out of the church to stare at it, went back again. But one old lady kneeling on the pavement within, near the door, had seen it all, and had been immensely interested, without getting up; and this old lady's eye, at that juncture, I happened to catch, to our mutual confusion. She cut our embarrassment very short, however, by crossing herself devoutly, and going down at full length on her face before a figure in a blue silk petticoat and a gilt crown; which was so like one of the procession-figures, that perhaps at this hour she may think the whole appearance a celestial vision. Any how, I must certainly have forgiven her her interest in the Circus, though I had been her Father Confessor.

There was a little fiery-eyed old man with a crooked shoulder, in the cathedral, who took it very ill that I made no effort to see the bucket (kept in an old tower) which the people of Modena took away from the people of Bologna in the fourteenth century, and about which there was war made, and a mock-heroic poem too. Being quite content, however, to look at the inside of the tower, and feast in imagination on the bucket within; and preferring to loiter in the shade of the tall campanile, and about the cathedral, I have no personal know-

ledge of this bucket, even at the present time.

Indeed, we were at Parma before the little old man (or the Guide-Book) would have considered that we had half done justice to the wonders of Modena. But it is such a delight to me to leave new scenes behind, and still go on, encountering newer scenes—and, moreover, I have such a perverse disposition in respect of sights that are cut, and dried, and dictated—that I fear I always sin against similar authorities, in every place I visit.

Parma has cheerful, stirring streets, for an Italian town; and, consequently, is not so characteristic as many places of less note. Always excepting the retired Piazza, where the Cathedral, Baptistery, and Campanile—ancient buildings, of a sombre brown, embellished with innumerable grotesque monsters and dreamy-looking creatures, carved in marble and red stone—are clustered in a noble and magnificent repose. Their silent presence was only invaded, when I saw them, by the twittering of the many birds that were flying in and out of the crevices in the stones and little nooks in the architecture, where they had made their nests. They were busy, rising from the cold shade of Temples made with hands, into the sunny air of heaven. Not so the worshippers within, who were listening to the same drowsy chant, or kneeling before the same kinds of images and tapers, or whispering, with their heads bowed down, in the very self-same dark confessionals, as I had left in Genoa, and everywhere else.

The decayed and mutilated paintings with which this church is covered, have, to my thinking, a remarkably mournful and depressing influence. It is miserable to see great works of art—something of the Souls of Painters—perishing and fading away, like human forms. This cathedral is odorous with the rotting of Coreggio's frescoes in the Cupola. Heaven knows how beautiful they may have been at one time. Connoisseurs fall into raptures with them now; but such a labyrinth of arms and legs, such heaps of fore-shortened limbs, entangled and involved and jumbled together, no operative surgeon, gone mad, could imagine in his wildest delirium.

There is a very interesting subterranean church here. The roof is supported by marble pillars, behind each of which there seemed to be at least one beggar in ambush; to say nothing of the tombs and secluded

altars. From every one of these lurking places such crowds of phantom-looking men and women, leading other men and women with twisted limbs, or chattering jaws, or paralytic gestures, or idiotic heads, or some other sad infirmity, came hobbling out to beg, that if the ruined frescoes in the cathedral above, had been suddenly animated, and had retired to this lower church, they could hardly have made a greater confusion, or exhibited a more confounding display of arms and legs.

There is Petrarch's tomb, too; and there is the Baptistery, with its beautiful arches and immense font; and there is a gallery containing some very remarkable pictures, whereof a few were being copied by hairy-faced artists, with little velvet caps more off their heads than on. There is the Farnese Palace, too; and in it one of the dreariest spectacles of decay that ever was seen—a grand old, gloomy theatre, mouldering away.

It is a large wooden structure of the horse-shoe shape; the lower seats arranged upon the Roman plan, but above them, great heavy chambers rather than boxes, where the nobles sat, remote in their proud state. Such desolation as has fallen on this theatre, enhanced in the spectator's fancy by its gay intention and design, none but worms can be familiar with. A hundred and ten years have passed since any play was acted here. The sky shines in through the gashes in the roof; the boxes are dropping down, wasting away, and only tenanted by rats; damp and mildew smear the faded colors, and make spectral maps upon the panels; lean rags are dangling down where there were gay festoons on the Proscenium; the stage has rotted so, that a narrow wooden gallery is thrown across it, or it would sink beneath the tread, and bury the visitor in the gloomy depth beneath. The desolation and decay impress themselves on all the senses. The air has a mouldering smell, and an earthy taste; any stray outer sounds that straggle in with some lost sunbeam, are muffled and heavy; and the worm, the maggot, and the rot have changed the surface of the wood beneath the touch, as time will seam and roughen a smooth hand. If ever Ghosts act plays, they act them on this ghostly stage.

And find it dreary, too, most likely if they come from the pleasant Cemetery at Bologna, where I found myself walking next Sunday morning, among the stately marble tombs and colonnades, in company with a crowd of common people—all good temper-

ed and obliging, as they always are in Italy to every one who has a cheerful word for them—and escorted by a little cicerone of that town, who was excessively anxious for the honor of the place, and most solicitous to divert my attention from the bad monuments: whereas, he was never tired of extolling the good ones. Seeing this little man (a good-humored little man he was, who seemed to have nothing in his face but shining teeth and eyes) looking wistfully, as I thought, at a certain plot of grass, I asked him who was buried there. "The poor people, Signore," he said with a shrug and a smile, and stopping to look back at me—for he always went on a little before, and took off his hat to introduce every new monument. "Only the poor, Signore! It's very cheerful. It's very lively. How green it is, how cool! It's like a meadow! There are five"—holding up all the fingers of his right hand to express the number, which an Italian peasant will always do, if it be within the compass of his ten fingers—"there are five of my little children buried there, Signore; just there; a little to the right. Well! Thanks to God! It's very cheerful. How green it is, how cool it is! It's quite a meadow!"

He looked me very hard in the face, and seeing I was sorry for him, took a pinch of snuff, (every cicerone takes snuff,) and made a little bow—partly in deprecation of his having alluded to such a subject, and partly in memory of the children and his favorite saint. It was as perfectly an unaffected and as natural a little bow as ever man made. Immediately afterwards he took his hat off altogether, and begged to introduce me to the next monument; and his eyes and his teeth shone brighter than before.

☞ We learn that Mr. Dickens has suddenly discontinued this admirable series of Letters, with the probable design of issuing them in another form. We break off the thread thus abruptly with no little regret.—EDITOR.

From Fraser's Magazine.

THE SIKHS—THEIR RISE AND PROGRESS.

THE founder of the sect by whom, under the denomination of Sikhs, the Punjaub has for half a century been governed, and to a great extent inhabited, was Nanac Shah, a Hindu of the tribe of Vedi, in the Chastrya caste. He was born in the year of Christ 1469, at a village called Talwandi, in the district of Bhatti, and province of Lahore; and from his earliest years is described as devoting himself to the study of truth, and to the contemplation of the Supreme Being. Many marvellous stories are told of him, of course, which all resolve themselves into this: that becoming satisfied of the many absurdities that abound in the popular belief of his countrymen, and discrediting the fables with which Mahomedanism is overspread, he not only adopted as his own creed a pure Theism, but did his best by persuasion and argument to bring others to the same way of thinking. Nanac, however, appears to have been a wise, as well as righteous reformer. He assumed, and with justice, that in the religions both of the Hindus and the Moslems, there was a common foundation of truth. He disavowed, therefore, every thing like an intention to root out either system; but sought to reconcile the disciples of each to reason, and to one another, by inviting them equally to return to the pure and simple faith from which both had been induced to stray. Accordingly he interfered but little with the usages of common life to which those with whom he conversed were accustomed. He endeavored, indeed, to break down among Hindus the *religious* distinctions of caste, by proclaiming wherever he went that in the sight of God all men were equal. And on the other hand, he invited the Mahomedans to abstain from practices, such as the slaughter of the cow, which were offensive to the prejudices of their neighbors; but beyond these limits he never ventured. Nanac's teaching was simple, gracious, and therefore sublime. He endeavored with all the power of his own genius, aided by the authority of writers of acknowledged weight on both sides, to impress upon Hindus and Mahomedans; alike, a belief in the unity of the Godhead while in their dealings one with another he inculcated love of toleration and an abhorrence of war; and his life was as peaceable as his doctrines.

The opinions of Nanac had gained so much ground while he lived, that at his death, Guru Angard, his successor, found himself at the head of a numerous and continually increasing party. Like the founder of the sect, Angard was a teacher of reverence and devotion towards one God, and universal peace among men; neither does any change appear to have been introduced into the Sikh tenets, till persecution and wrong drove a people benevolent in principle to gird on the sword, which they have never since laid aside. The outrage in question befell in 1606, when Argunmal, Guru or chief teacher of the body, excited the jealousy of the Mahommedan rulers of the province, and was put to death. He had, by collecting the sacred treatises of his predecessors into a volume, and blending with them his own views on various important points, given a consistency and form to the religion of the Sikhs, such as it had not previously been seen to possess. And the dominant party taking the alarm, and as tradition records, having their bad passions ministered to by a rival, caused Argun to be cast into prison, where he died.

Argun left a son, Nar Govind by name, who, though young, possessed both talent and energy of character, and who succeeding to the chiefship, gave at once and forever a new turn to the tastes and feelings of his followers. He put arms into their hands, and in the name of a religion of peace waged implacable war with the persecutors. He likewise so far broke in upon the ordinary habits of his people, that he permitted them to eat the flesh of all animals except the cow; thus marking his hatred of the Mahommedans by sanctioning the use of swine's-flesh, which, though esteemed by the lower tribes of Hindus, is to the Moslem an abomination. Nar Govind is said to have worn in his girdle two swords; and being asked why he did so, made answer, "One is to avenge the death of my father, the other to destroy the miracles of Mahommed."

Five sons survived Argun, of whom two died without descendants; two more were driven to the mountains by the persecutions of the Mahommedans; while the fifth, his eldest, died before his father, leaving two sons, Daharmal and Nar Ray. The latter succeeded his grandfather in 1644, and owing, probably, to the vigor of Arungzebe's government, passed his days in peace. But in 1661, the year of his decease, a

violent contest arose about the succession, which was referred to Delhi, and by the imperial court sent back again to be decided by the free votes of the Sikhs themselves. For as yet, it is worthy of remark, that the influence of the chief was purely spiritual. He did not affect temporal authority, neither was he followed into the field as one who sought to establish the independence of a people, or his own right to rule over them. His was the leadership of a sect; and as Arungzebe appears to have granted free toleration, so, in matters of civil arrangement, both Nar Ray and his religionists paid to Arungzebe a willing obedience. Accordingly the Sikhs, in 1664, elected Nar Creshn to be chief, in preference to Ram Ray, both being sons of Nar Ray; and on the demise of Creshn passed over Ram Ray Moullin, and placed his uncle, Tegh Behadur, at their head. This was one of the sons of Nar Govind, whom persecution had driven to the mountains; and now, again, he appears, chiefly through the malice of his nephew, to have suffered much disquiet. It must be acknowledged, however, that over this portion of Sikh history a considerable cloud has fallen. The truth is, that this sect was well nigh crushed, in consequence of the endeavor of Nar Govind to raise it into political importance; and not till the dissolution of the Mogul empire which ensued upon the death of Arungzebe, did it exhibit any marked signs of returning vitality.

Tegh Behadur suffered a violent death, and his son, Guru Govind, cherished an implacable hatred of the murderers. Circumstances, moreover, favored him more than they had done his warlike predecessor and namesake; and he took full advantage of them. He made his first appearance at the head of an armed band among the hills of Serinagar; and when forced by superior numbers to abandon that theatre of operation, he repaired to the Punjaub, where a Hindu chief, in active rebellion against the government, welcomed him gladly. He was put in possession of Mak-haval, a town on the Sutlej, and of the villages dependent upon it, and set up forthwith for a prince as well as a high priest. Crowds of warriors gathered round his standard, and he gained over converts to his religious opinions from day to day. All these he encouraged to devote themselves to *steel*, by carrying arms constantly about them, and using them freely. He would admit of no avenue to advancement except personal merit. He

changed the name of the sect from Sikh to Singh, that is, Lion; and conferring upon all his followers alike the title which heretofore only the Rajaputs had borne, taught them to aspire after a similar military reputation, and to achieve it. He it was who commanded the Sikhs to wear blue dresses, and not to cut the hair either of their heads or beards. Like Argunmal, he was an author as well as a soldier; for he added to the Ade-Grant'h of the former his own not less sacred volume, called the Podshah Ka-Grant'h, or book of the Tenth King, a title which he boldly assumed to himself, because he was the tenth Guru, or spiritual chief, from Nanac.

Guru Govind was for a while successful in every undertaking. He overthrew Rajas and Zemundars on both sides of the Sutlej, till an appeal was made to Delhi, and Arungzebe sent an army against him. He fought with the resolution of despair, but was beaten from one post to another; and at length, after losing wives, children, and hosts of adherents, became a solitary wanderer and a maniac. He was the last spiritual head of the Sikhs, whom a prophecy is said to have forewarned that they should never be able to number more than ten high-priests. But if as a religious body they lost their consistency, as a nation they became for a while more terrible than ever. One Banda, or Bairagi, a devoted friend and follower of Guru Govind, seized the moment of Arungzebe's death to raise their banner again. He won many battles, committed frightful atrocities, overran all the country between the Sutlej and the Jumna, and was at last wholly routed by Abdel-Samad Khan, one of the ablest and most successful of the generals of the Emperor Forokhseer. The wreck of the more resolute among his troops sought shelter among the mountains northeast of the Punjaub, whither the pursuers were unable to follow them. Banda himself, with many more, was taken and put to death, while the mass of the people bent to the storm, and for a while ceased to be overwhelmed by it.

It was thirty years subsequently to these events, when Nadir Shah carried his victorious arms into the heart of Hindostan, that the Sikhs appeared again as a party in the arena. They descended from their fastnesses, and falling upon the peaceful inhabitants of the Punjaub, robbed them of the property which they were endeavoring to secure from the rapacity of the Persian

plunderer. In like manner they hung upon the rear of the Persian army during its return, and stripped it of much of the booty which had been gathered in Delhi, and elsewhere. Emboldened, likewise, by the state of feebleness into which the empire had fallen, and seeing that both into Cabul and the Punjaub the death of Nadir had introduced anarchy, they began to aim at permanent conquests; and being joined by their ancient co-religionists, and finding willing converts every where, they gradually possessed themselves of the whole extent of the country of the five rivers. They appear, however, at this time, to have been destitute of a head, either civil or religious. Like the Anglo-Saxons, they followed a multitude of petty chiefs, who in a great council, called the Guru-mata, of which Guru-Govind is said to have been the inventor, made choice, ere an important expedition was begun, of the warrior who should lead in it; but the authority of the chief, as it was conferred upon him for a special purpose, so, as soon as the object for which it had been given was attained, it ceased of its own accord. Such a state of things, though it might render them formidable for attack, reduced them in defensive warfare to great weakness: and their inability to withstand a resolute and united enemy was proved in the contests which they endeavored to sustain, now against the Afghans, and now against the Mahrattas. Ahmed Shah, as is well known, chastised them severely, and established his son, Timour Khan, as governor at Lahore; but he could not long maintain himself there, and was driven out. Next came the Mahrattas, who after seducing Surhind, marched to the capital of the Punjaub, and took possession. But the battle of Puniput, in 1762, broke their strength for ever, and Lahore and all the districts dependent on it, passed once more under Afghan rule. Then followed a great battle, or rather surprise, when Ahmed fell upon the Sikhs unexpectedly, and cut to pieces 20,000 of them. But Ahmed abode in the country not more than a year, and his return to Cabul gave the signal for fresh risings, and led the way to new outrages. Finally, the chiefs began to quarrel among themselves, feuds being transmitted from father to son; and the nation became, in consequence, formidable to itself and to the weak governments which bordered upon it.

The Sikhs were in this state when Daulat Rao Scindia, being supported by an

army of which French officers were at the head, not only checked their incursions into the upper province of Hindostan, but compelled their chiefs south of the Sutlej to pay tribute, and accept his protection. And had it not been for his war with the English, there is little doubt but that he would have made himself master of all the fertile provinces that lie between that river and the Indus.

Daulat Rao Scindia, after retreating across the Sutlej, was forced to capitulate; whereupon the Punjaub—and, to a considerable extent, the country between the Sutlej and the Jumna—submitted to the rule of the Sikhs. These set up, when in power, the same form or system of government under which they had lived and fought during their season of difficulty. The smaller proprietors of the soil, the heads of villages and towns, and so forth,—the whole body, in short, of local governors and magistrates, paid obedience to one or other of twelve chiefs; for twelve aristocrats seem to have divided the land among them, and to have ruled over it with an authority co-equal—at least, in name—from about the year 1765 to 1773. The associations over which each sirdar, or chief, held rule were called *Misuls*. They varied both as to extent and military strength; the largest being able to furnish 10,000 horse for war, the smallest being assessed at 2500. For it is worthy of remark, that though for purposes of domestic administration each chief or sirdar was perfectly independent of the others, in case of danger from without, all were expected to act under a common standard. And the *Guru-mata*, or great council of the nation, composed entirely of chiefs, determined on whom should be conferred the honor as well as the responsibility of commanding the whole.

Runjeet Singh, the Lion of the Punjaub, and the true founder of the Sikh empire, derived his descent from one of these feudal chiefs. His grandfather, Churut Singh, was sirdar of the Sookeer-chuck *Missul*, and seems to have been one of the least powerful of the confederation, his retainers numbering no more than 2500 horse. Like his brother-chiefs, he was constantly at war, invading the territories of a neighbor or repelling invasion; and was killed in a feudal battle by the bursting of his own matchlock, though not, as the records of his nation aver, till he had slain a multitude of his enemies. He died at a moment of much peril to his tribe, inasmuch

as his son, Maha Singh, was a boy of only ten years old; and in the Punjaub, not less than elsewhere, the reign of a minor is almost always a feeble one. But the *Missul* held together, and Maha exhibiting, as he advanced towards man's estate, great vigor both of body and mind, it soon began to enlarge its influence. Moreover, Maha, like a politic chieftain, married the daughter of a sirdar, who proved very serviceable to him; and almost as soon as his son and heir, Runjeet, was born, looked about for similar benefits to the nation through him. Accordingly, the Lion of the Punjaub, who first saw the light in the year 1780, was, in 1786, wedded, or, at least, betrothed, to a bride of his father's selection.

The education of Runjeet Singh appears to have been entirely neglected. He never learned so much as to read or to write. Nature, too, seems to have acted the part of a step-mother towards him; for he was attacked by the small-pox in his infancy, and not only had his face scored and deeply indented by it, but lost the sight of one of his eyes. He was unfortunate, moreover, in this respect, that his father died in the very flower of his days, being as yet under thirty; and Runjeet, at twelve years of age, was left to the guidance of tutors. They indulged him in every whim and caprice, insomuch that, up to his seventeenth year, his life was one of constant and frightful dissipation. Indeed, the national character was by this time wholly changed from that which its founder designed it to be. Excesses of all sorts, over-eating, over-drinking,—the coarse feeding of the North combined, with the hideous vices of the East, to render the Sikh the most dissolute and depraved among all the families of men. And from his twelfth to his seventeenth year Runjeet Singh appears, in all these respects, not to have come short of the most dissolute of his subjects and countrymen.

Runjeet Singh was yet in the midst of his career of vice, when Shah Mahommed, from Cabul, broke in upon the Punjaub with a powerful army. Chief after chief went down before him; and Runjeet, among others, fled from his home and his government. But in his case, misfortune appears to have operated beneficially. He awoke, as it were, to a sense of his proper duties, and forthwith devoted himself to the management of public affairs, and, in due time, to the aggrandizement of his *Missul*. He could not, indeed, offer to Shah

Mahommed resistance in the field. His military strength was broken, and himself a fugitive; but he managed to ingratiate himself into the good graces of the Affghan, and gathered up, by little and little, the fragments of his principality. At last, when Mahommed, after his insane march upon Delhi, returned in 1798, if not defeated, at all events baffled, to his own land, Runjeet contrived to lay the victor under an obligation, and made the most of it. While crossing the Indus, eight or ten of the Affghan guns were upset, and sank into the river. There was no time to raise them, for Persia was up, and the Dooranee empire—very imperfectly consolidated, at the best—could not be exposed to invasion in any of its faces without imminent hazard. Whereupon, Mahommed commissioned his friend Runjeet to recover and send him back his artillery; and Runjeet obtained, as the reward of his service, a grant of Lahore. Let us do the old Lion justice. He raised the guns—if we recollect right, twelve in number—and retaining only four for his own use, sent the other eight to Peshawur.

Having thus tasted the sweets of command, and feeling the growth of ambition within him, Runjeet proceeded, with equal boldness and address, to extend the limits of his empire. Sometimes by a skilful diplomacy, sometimes by violence, he gained an ascendancy over his neighbors, till both in the Punjaub and in the territories east of the Sutlej they paid him tribute. So early as 1802 he had assumed a commanding position among the Sikh sirdars, and appeared nowise disposed to rest contented with it; and the dissensions which soon after arose in the royal family of Cabul presented an opening to his spirit of enterprise, of which it took immediate advantage. He marched into Mooltan, and though unsuccessful at first, ceased not to renew his attempts till he had subdued it. Eastward and northward, likewise, his victorious banners were borne; and he was looking with a covetous eye upon the provinces beyond the Indus, when, in 1805, the irruption of the Mahrattas, bringing Lord Lake and an English army in their train, recalled him. The part which Runjeet was now required to play proved both difficult and delicate. His respect for the power of England would have led him to refuse an asylum to the Mahrattas, had not the religious prejudices of his subjects, and in some sort his own, fallen into the oppo-

site scale; and how to make the balance hang evenly, puzzled him much. He managed matters, however, with consummate address. Affecting good will to both parties, and seeking only to reconcile them, he managed to get rid of both without a collision, and marked his delight at their departure by committing such fearful excesses, in the course of the great religious festival of the Hoollee, that for four months he was not able to mount his horse.

The fame of Runjeet Singh was now spread throughout the whole of the country of the five rivers; and most of the chiefs having become his tributaries, the Missuls, or tribes, were absorbed and consolidated into a kingdom. He aspired next, at the subjugation of the sirdars, to the left of the Sutlej, and gave out that the Jumna was the proper line of demarkation between his dominions and those of the English. But he had not pushed his conquests far (though wherever he went Victory followed in his footsteps), ere the chiefs sent to implore the protection of the British government; and, in 1807, Mr., now Lord Metcalfe, set out upon the mission, which first established between the Sikhs and ourselves specific relations. At first, Runjeet exhibited little disposition to listen to the counsels of moderation which the English envoy conveyed to him. He was in the full tide of conquest, and conquerors are seldom willing to stop in their career and to go backwards. But Runjeet was too prudent to hold otherwise than in profound respect a power which, in half a century, had supplanted that of the Mogul, and become masters of the very empire where, at first, its representatives had craved for leave to carry on trade, and submitted to all manner of contumelies and insults for the purpose of securing it. Moreover, an event occurred in the heart of his camp, which gave the Sikh monarch a very exalted opinion of the qualities of the Company's toops. Mr. Metcalfe was attended in his mission by an escort of Sepoys, two or three companies of a regiment of infantry, and, either by accident or designedly, the soldiers composing them were Mussulmans. The season of a Mussulman festival came round while the envoy's tents were pitched in Runjeet's camp; and the Sepoys, attending to the requirements of their religion, proceeded to keep the feast as their law directed. The proceeding gave mortal offence to the Sikhs, who, being lashed to fury by the declama-

tions of some bigoted priests, seized their arms and attacked the mission camp. Nothing could exceed the discipline and good conduct of the guard. They formed, met the assailants, and, after a sharp encounter, drove them back with loss, though the numbers which acted directly against them could not fall short of 2000 or 3000. Runjeet Singh was an eye-witness to the battle, and the impression which it made upon him operated beyond the period when, with some difficulty, he caused the tumult to cease.

Beyond all question the proof which he seemed to have received of the immeasurable superiority of English disciplined troops over his own irregular levies, induced Runjeet to listen with a more favorable ear to the remonstrance of the envoy. He declined, indeed, to relinquish the conquests which he had actually achieved, and seemed loth to come under any engagement never to push them farther. But when a British army, under Colonel Ochterlony, took the field, and advanced from Delhi for the avowed purpose of supporting the arguments of the minister, Runjeet became convinced that they were unanswerable. One by one his garrisons withdrew from the posts of which he had put them in occupation, while the English advanced, and established themselves in force at Umbala. It is marvellous how much weight a few batteries of nine-pounders, especially if bayonets and sabres in adequate numbers be beside them, carry in the controversies of nations. Runjeet admitted, at length, that the Sutlej, not the Jumna, would make the best boundary on the south-eastern part of his dominions; and, on the 25th of April, 1809, a treaty was ratified on both sides, of which it is not necessary to give in this place more than the substance.

The treaty in question determined,

1. That there should be perpetual amity between the British government in India and the court and nation of his highness Maha Rajah Runjeet Singh; that the British and Sikh nations should deal with each other on terms of reciprocal good-will; that the former should never interfere with the proceedings of the latter, so long as they confined themselves to the north-west bank of the Sutlej.

2. In return for this the Maha Rajah agreed to maintain no more troops on the left of the Sutlej than should be absolutely necessary for self-defence; and to abstain from all encroachments on the

rights of the chiefs, whom the British government had taken under its protection.

3. That the slightest violation of the engagements thus entered into on both sides with good faith, should put an end to the treaty, whether the provocation came from the Sikhs or from the English.

Having arranged this important business, the British Minister, with his escort, withdrew; and Runjeet falling back behind the Sutlej, a proclamation was, by authority of the governor-general, put forth for the guidance of the protected chiefs. The document in question explained, "That the territories of Terhend and Matooa (for such was the designation assumed by the Sikhs of Puteeala, Naba, Keend, and Kykul) being taken under British protection, Runjeet Singh was prohibited and had agreed not to interfere, after the 6th of May, 1809, in any way with the people or their ruler. At the same time the British government set up no claim to supremacy or rule. It demanded no tribute, nor any other mark of dependence, but left the chiefs at liberty to exercise, each within the limits of his own dominions, plenary authority as heretofore. The chiefs, on the other hand, were required to facilitate, by every means in their power, the movements of such British troops as might, from time to time, be employed in insuring to them and their subjects invasion from the Punjaub. Moreover, in the event of an invasion actually taking place, the chiefs were informed that the British government would expect them to join the British army, with as many armed followers as they might respectively be able to muster. Again, certain posts, and among others Loodiana, were surrendered to the English, in order that garrisons being stationed there, the means might be at hand of overawing the Punjaubees, and a base of operations, in the event of war, established. The protected chiefs were to grant free egress from these posts, and ingress, to all merchants and others passing to and fro on their lawful business; and were not to impose any tribute on horses while proceeding through their territories for the purpose of being used by the British cavalry. Finally, the protecting power claimed the right to decide in all questions of disputed succession, and declared itself entitled to occupy in the event of a failure of rightful heirs. It does not appear that against the different clauses of this proclamation any remonstrance was, from any quarter, sent in; and when in

process of time, one or more reigning members became extinct, the sovereignty over their possessions passed into our hands; no one presuming to deny the justice of an arrangement which, among a people where the privilege of adoption is never conceded, is both, by rich and poor, admitted to be legitimate.

Shut out, by these means, from schemes of conquest on one side of the Sutlej, Runjeet Singh forthwith devoted his energies to the extension and consolidation of his power on the other; and the better to insure its permanency, he began in this same year, 1809, to regiment, and in some sort discipline his troops, after the European fashion. His admiration of Mr. Metcalfe's body-guard led him into this; and though he employed to accomplish his purpose only deserters from the English native regiments, with Hindus, who had served and earned their pensions, the progress which his men made was very creditable. His battalions of foot he fixed at 400 rank and file each. He had likewise his regular, as well as irregular cavalry; while his artillery he placed under a distinct command, and took infinite pains to increase both its weight and its efficiency. Thus supported, he soon made himself master of the whole of the Punjaub; and renewed, with greater success than formerly, the invasion of Mooltan; while events were already in progress at Cabul, and throughout the extent of the Dooranee empire, which opened for him further and not less important conquests elsewhere.

In 1809, Shah Sujah-ool-Mulk, our unhappy puppet of 1839, was driven from his throne. In 1817 he sought shelter at Lahore, where Runjeet, under circumstances of peculiar cruelty and wrong, forced him to give up the Koh-i-noor, the largest diamond in the world. This done, he marched an army into Kashmere, of which, though repulsed at the beginning, he succeeded, in the course of time, in making himself master. Mooltan also was effectually subdued; and, in 1818, partly by guile, partly by hard fighting, Peshawur fell into his hands. Whithersoever he went, in short, victory attended him; not always in the first instance, nor without frequent reverses; but always crowning his efforts in the end, except when he came in contact with the English. And this he did in 1819, under circumstances of which, perhaps, he might have had some reason to complain, had he not been as far-sighted in

his views of policy as he was energetic in war. It happened that one of the protected chiefs, whose residence and capital lay on the left of the Sutlej, had estates or territories from which he drew rents, on the right bank of the river. Runjeet, interpreting his treaty with us somewhat favorably for himself, demanded tribute from this rajah for the lands which he held north-west of the boundary; and the tribute not being immediately paid, he sent an armed force to compel it. The Rajah complained to the protecting power, and a British corps took the field. Runjeet had no wish to force on a war with England; he therefore ordered his armed collectors to retire from the disputed territory, and sacrifice the tribute.

It was in the month of March, 1822, that a couple of European military adventurers presented themselves, for the first time, at the durbar of the Maha Rajah. These were MM. Ventura and Allard; the former an Italian, the latter a Frenchman by birth, but both officers who had served with distinction in the French army under Napoleon. M. Ventura had obtained the rank of colonel of infantry, M. Allard a similar rank in the cavalry; and both had fought in many battles, including the last, and, to the empire, the most fatal of them all, the great fight at Waterloo. Seeing their fortunes marred in Europe, they sought employment in Persia; there they do not seem to have been very well treated, nor much to have improved the state of the shah's army. But however this may be, they grew weary of the sort of life which they led at Tehran, and making their way through Affghanistan, they came to Lahore, and desired to enter into the service of the king. Runjeet appears to have been suspicious, at the outset, of their motives. He could not understand either their position or their views; and the Sikhs being a jealous and prejudiced people, perhaps he might not feel that it would be altogether safe to take them into his confidence. He proceeded, therefore, with great caution; and getting them to write in French a little statement of their past career and future purposes, he sent it to parties in Loodiana, whom he could trust, and got it faithfully translated. The experiment seemed to satisfy him. He took them at once into his service, as military instructors; and, committing his infantry to the one, and his cavalry to the other, saw with equal wonder and admiration, the rapid progress which both arms made in their knowledge of mil-

itary movements and exercises. By and by another French gentleman, M. Court, who had been well educated in the Polytechnic School, arrived; and he, on the recommendation of his predecessors, undertook the training of the Sikh artillery. We need not stop to explain what remarkable progress the Sikhs make under their European teachers. Moreover others, such as M. Avitabile, came; and the result of their combined efforts was to give to the Maha Rajah an army, before which none throughout the East, except that of England, could stand. Of the exact amount, in point of numbers, to which it was raised, we cannot speak with accuracy; but this much is certain, that Sir John Kean, on his return from Cabul, reviewed about 40,000 of them; and declared in London that he had seldom looked upon a finer body of men, or inspected a cavalry or an artillery better mounted, equipped, and worked even in Europe.

If we take the amount of Runjeet's force, when it stood the highest, at 150,000 of all arms, we shall probably not go much beyond the mark. He himself called it 200,000 regular and irregular; the former consisting of disciplined infantry, the latter of matchlock men, fantastically dressed according to their own taste. His regular cavalry, about 15,000 strong, carried swords, carabines, and some of them lances; wearing casques, or steel helmets, with shawls wrapped round them; and armor over their quilted jackets, either mail or cuirasses. The artillery cannot be said to have been formed into a distinct corps; for though it numbered 400 pieces, there were but 4000 gunners drilled to use them, the working of each piece being entrusted to the regiment to which it was attached. All accounts unite, however, in describing the guns as excellent; and the skill of the gunners, whether with shot or shell, as highly creditable. The muskets and bayonets with which the regular infantry were armed, come, like their cannon, from the great foundry of Lahore. They are much inferior to those in use with European armies; and the troops that wield them are described by Mr. Osborne and others, as slow in their manner of working.

It may be so as far as parade manœuvres are concerned, but the Sikhs have shown themselves rapid marchers, and so they will again in the event of a prolongation of the war, which the bloody battles of Mootkee and Ferozeshah seem only to have begun.

Moreover, their capability of sustaining fatigue is great. Long of limb, and thin and spare in their figures, they accomplish marches which, in respect to their extent, would sorely try an Englishman. They have repeatedly compassed 300 miles in eleven days, a feat seldom surpassed even in a temperate climate, and gigantic where the thermometer stands at 112° in the shade.

From the ratification of the treaty in 1809 up to 1819 there was little or no direct or diplomatic intercourse between the supreme government and the court of Lahore. At the latter of these dates Sir Alexander Burns arrived at Runjeet's durbar, bringing with him, as a gift from the prince-regent, four enormous dray-horses, and having carried back some valuable information to Calcutta, was again in 1831 employed on a similar errand, and the move was followed up not long afterwards by a personal interview between the Maha Rajah and the Governor-general. It took place at Ruper, and ended in a solemn renewal of the engagements of 1809, of which, having some notable plans under consideration, Runjeet contrived in due time to obtain the written minutes. The next thing heard of him was that he had assembled a large army and was about to march into Scinde. And very much surprised was he when the British government made him aware that no such scheme of conquest could be permitted; and that if he ventured to cross the line that separated his present dominions from those of the Ameers, an army from Bombay would forthwith compel him to return.

Runjeet Singh was very indignant on receiving this announcement. He contrived, however, though not without sending the British envoy away, to hide his chagrin, and being as prudent as he was bold, yielded with a good grace where resistance seemed to be hopeless. And partly, perhaps, because his conduct on the occasion was appreciated, partly because his good will was worth more than the cost, Lord Auckland, in the treaty of 1838, secured to him for ever the province which he had wrested from the Affghans. Nevertheless, it is now well understood that his chiefs looked with much disfavor on his acquiescence in the policy of England at that time, and scarcely had he paid Nature's great debt ere the hostile feeling which the natives cherished towards the English connexion showed itself.

The Lion of the Punjaub died at a very critical moment for the interests and influence of the English in India. We had entered upon our insane expedition to Cabul, and were already involved in difficulties which seem most unaccountably to have taken us by surprise, when the old man, feeling his end approach, gathered the whole of his principal officers about him and caused them, in his presence, European as well as native, to take the oath of allegiance to his son, Kurruck Singh. This ceremony took place on the 23th of June, 1839, and in a few days subsequently the Maha Rajah expired. Now Kurruck Singh was a very weak man, altogether incapable of sustaining the burden of such an empire as was thus laid upon his shoulders, and though he received it peaceably enough, but a short time elapsed ere difficulties began to gather round him. He found in office men whom his father had trusted, Rajah Dhejan Singh, with his son the Rajah Mera Singh, and his brothers Goolab Singh and Soochet Singh, and naturally gave to them the confidence which they appear never in the previous reign to have abused. But though able men and sprung from a good family, they had been born poor, and worked their way from the station of private troopers in one of Runjeet's regiments of regular cavalry. Success appears to be as fruitful of animosities among the Sikhs as among ourselves, and the four adventurers, envied at every stage, now found that they were hated. Other great men conspired to supplant them in their master's councils, and succeeded. They were wroth, and entered, without delay, into schemes of vengeance. They found also in Noo Nehal Singh, the son of the new sovereign, and a brave and clever youth, a not unwilling instrument wherewith to work. Under the pretext of forcing the Maha Rajah from the presence of a dangerous favorite, they broke into the palace with armed men, slew their rival, Cheyt Singh, in the king's presence, and cast into prison a whole family of nobles. Then followed a proclamation, which set forth that Kurruck Singh was, from mental imbecility, incapable of carrying on the affairs of government. Then was Noo Nehal placed as regent on the throne, and Rajah Mera Singh, though he conceded to his father the foremost place in regard to rank, became, in the exercise of a paramount influence in the palace, at once a rival and eye-sore to his nearest of kin.

We have already explained that, from the moment that the Sikhs devoted themselves "to steel," all the humane and pure moral teaching of Nanac Shah ceased to be remembered. Instead of abjuring war, they waged it incessantly, and indulged besides in vices of every sort, as well those which brutalize amid their tendency to render the perpetrator effeminate, as in crimes of violence and an utter disregard to human life. The court of Noo Nehal soon became a perfect sink of debauchery, while his father was understood to be wasting away in his seclusion by a disease which common report attributed to poison. At last the ill-fated Kurruck Singh died, and his body was, with great pomp, consumed to ashes. But Noo Nehal reaped no accession to his honors from the event, for, returning on his elephant from his father's obsequies, the animal backed against the gateway of the palace and brought down a mass of brickwork upon the head of its rider. An unworthy favorite, who occupied the same houdah with him, was killed upon the spot, while the skull of Noo Nehal received so severe a fracture that, after lingering a few hours insensible, he expired.

So sudden a death to the young monarch occasioned a great sensation among the Sikhs. It dissolved, moreover, the whole frame-work of society, for there was no direct heir to claim the throne—none, at least, possessing personal weight enough to ensure a ready acquiescence in the demand. As far as England is concerned, however, the probabilities are that the death of Noo Nehal is not much to be regretted. He never made any secret of his hatred of us, and had planned, and would have doubtless, sooner or later, carried it out, a project for involving us simultaneously in a war with the Punjaub, with Nepaul, Birmah, and Cabul. At the same time, there is no denying that his death has precipitated the struggle. The revolutions which followed it in the Punjaub, fruitful as they have been of evil to the natives of that state, never shook the hatred wherewith the chiefs and soldiery regard us. Indeed, so implacable is this feeling, that the refusal of his temporary successor, Shere Singh by name, to fall upon the rear of General Pollock's army and cut off its convoys, cost the individual his life. But we are anticipating.

When Noo Nehal's fate was announced to the minister Dhejan Singh, he cast his eyes at once upon Shere Singh, one of twin sons whom Mehtab, one of Runjeet's wives,

had borne, but of whom the old Lion never would acknowledge the legitimacy. Shere Singh was a man of considerable energy of character, and proceeded at once from his retirement near Umretzur to assume the reins of government; but the widow of Kurruck Singh opposed him, giving out that her daughter-in-law, the relic of Noo Nehal, was *enceinte*, and that it was her duty to act as regent till the child should be born. At first the tale was credited, so both Shere Singh and Dhejan Singh withdrew again from the capital; but the falsehood came to light as soon as men recalled to their remembrance that the interesting lady numbered no more than eight years of age. Accordingly, Shere Singh took the field again and prevailed. But these claims and counter-claims, as they could not be maintained without constant appeals to the troops, so they soon converted the Sikh army into a body as disorganized and mercenary as were the Prætorian bands of Rome. Rivals bid for their services, and were served and betrayed alternately. Thus Shere Singh having gained his end by largesses, kept his place only till he forgot to be profuse among his troops, and was murdered at a review, the very minister who raised him to the throne being a party to the deed. Other assassinations and military riots followed, till, in the end, all government, or semblance of a government, ceased, and the army, after existing by plunder as long as it could be had on the Sikh side of the Sutlej, advanced towards the river and threatened the protected principalities.

Here, then, we stop for the present. Before we meet our readers again, the results of the operations which have been carried on in the neighborhood of Loodiana will have transpired; and as soon as we feel ourselves in a position to deal fairly by so important a subject, we will not fail to give a sketch both of them and of the circumstances which shall appear to have led to them and arisen out of them.

From Frazer's Magazine.

MURILLO, OR THE PAINTER WITHOUT AMBITION.

It is through the assistance of the fine arts that we are better acquainted with two of the most striking epochs in the history

of Europe than with any other period in history. We allude, first, to that of the Reformation, the reign of Henry VIII., and Cardinal Wolsey, in England, with its corresponding period in Italy and Germany, the reign of the Emperor Charles V., extending to Spain, to that of his successor and son, Philip II., the husband of our Queen Mary.

The second period alluded to in the history of Europe, arrived a hundred years after; it extends over about fifty years of the seventeenth century, comprising the ministries of Cardinal Richelieu and his successor Mazarin in France, corresponding in England with the reign of Charles I., the Rebellion, and the restoration of the Stuarts to power. It is especially to painters that we are indebted for our knowledge of the cardinal ministers of both France and Spain, of their sovereigns, their friends, their enemies, and the courts that they so despotically governed.

The state of the fine arts in Europe at both these periods (the Reformation and the Rebellion) was glorious. At the time of the Reformation, Holbein resided in England; Albert Durer flourished in Germany; Titian, Tintoret, Giorgione, and Paul Veronese were protected by the Emperor Charles V.; Raphael, Leonardo da Vinci, Janet, and Prismaticcio, by Francis I.; Michael Angelo was rather persecuted than protected by the different successive popes; and Pierin del Vago, along with several other artists, worked at Genoa for the great and generous Andrea Doria.

Richelieu and Mazarin were equally in their day surrounded by a halo of glory in painting, owing to their enormous wealth; commissions were sent to Italy on a large scale, which laid the foundation of all the collections of France; and, notwithstanding the poverty and the bad fortune of the sovereigns of England and Spain, they protected, as well as their ministers, the fine arts, and both loved and understood painting. Accordingly, Rubens, Vandyke, Velasquez, and Murillo, along with the famous miniature painters, Oliver, Petitot, and Cooper, having transmitted to posterity the likenesses of all those by whom they were surrounded, we know the air and countenance, the figure and costume of the most celebrated persons of Europe; and thus are we become intimately acquainted with the beauties and wits, and the military and political leaders of the day.

We know the peculiar expression of the

unfortunate Charles; the grace of Henrietta Maria; the portly grandeur of her mother, Mary of Medecis; the sternness of Wallstein, according so exactly with Schiller and Coleridge's description of that extraordinary man; the warrior looks of the great commander, Spinola; the fatuity of Buckingham, so exactly in accordance with his character and conduct; and the vulgarity of feature of the minister of Spain, Olivares, joined to his expression of stern good sense.

It is to be regretted that the last great painter of Europe, Murillo, left but few portraits behind him of persons known to posterity. Murillo appears to have been as great in portrait-painting as he was in ideal or religious art. The portraits he has left are perfect in point of truth and nature, but Murillo was an unambitious man. He neither sought the society, the approbation, nor the patronage of kings or ministers. In his character of a mild and gentle nature, there was a sighing and struggling for independence of mind as well as habits, that was the marked characteristic of his life. His representations of himself more portray this spirit of independence than his contemplative and poetical nature, and there is more energy, vivacity, and animal life expressed, than would be expected in the gentleness and love of quiet and retirement that belonged to Murillo's character.

There are two portraits of Murillo at Paris; one is reckoned the *chef d'œuvre* of the Spanish gallery in the Louvre, the other belongs to Louis Philippe. Both have been engraved, and are well known in England through the engravings. The one belonging to the king represents him older and more grave in character than the former. The former would suit the character of Columbus; it represents boldness, acuteness, and sagacity. The latter is more religious in feeling and intent on his art. Another portrait, by and of Murillo, is said to belong to Don Berardo de Friate in Spain, was engraved there, and the engravings sold in London; and a fourth portrait is known in Holland and Belgium, and has been engraved in those countries.

There are also portraits in the Louvre of Murillo's mother and of his servant; but the most celebrated portrait by the hand of Murillo is now in England, and belongs to Lord Lansdowne, who bought it from Mr. Watson Taylor. It was brought to England by a Frenchman, but was seen, in 1806, in its original place, that is, hanging

up in the repertory of the Hospital de los Venerables at Seville. It represents the superior, Don Justino Francisco Neve, the dear friend and patron of Murillo, in whose arms he died. It is a whole length of an ecclesiastic, sitting in his arm-chair, and very perfect as portraiture. There is also in the Louvre the portrait of Don Andreas de Antrade, with his dog, a whole-length. Of this picture there are several repetitions in England. One of these repetitions belongs to the queen; another is at Longford Castle in Wiltshire. However, Murillo's portraits are rare. He painted many abbots, bishops, monks, and generals of monastic orders in Spain, for whose convents and chapter-houses he had commissions for large works of a religious nature. Of these persons, few are known out of Spain, and even in Spain their very names and histories are unknown or forgotten.

Murillo's reputation as a painter rests on the ideal in which he soared—on the earthly nature of the Spaniard raised by his imagination and traced to a heavenly nature—on a poetical feeling which came not forth in words, but that went direct from the mind to the hand; at the same time his art was so entirely national, that the most ignorant can immediately distinguish his pictures from those of any of the Italian school. The religious feeling of his faith and creed is expressed in every performance. We read in his divine pictures the history of Spain and of the Spaniards; the strong and fiery passions of the South, held down by the Inquisition; and the gloom and superstition of its kings and nobles. In Murillo's compositions may be read many a well-known story in Spanish life, and of the greatest individuals of the nation; the wisdom of Ferdinand and Isabella, the gloom and intellect of the Emperor Charles V., the crime and superstition of Philip II., the sagacity and wisdom of Ximenes and Olivares, and even the weakness of the imbecile Charles II., that monarch who so much appreciated Murillo's paintings, that he passed a law prohibiting their exportation out of Spain, thus showing sense and feeling enough to estimate their merit.

Alongside of the national characteristics of the Spaniards expressed in Murillo's composition, is a coloring that tells of the brilliancy of a fine climate; it is the beautiful on earth, in air and vegetation, allied to faith in God and in the saints; all these deeply imbued with the ferocity of the early religious wars, which made and created

those same saints and martyrs. The moral gloom with which Murillo was surrounded only cleared off now and then under the influence of a bright sun by day, and a clear, starry firmament by night.

Like Spagnoletto, Murillo's representations of our Saviour are disagreeable in the extreme. They express human nature, not divine nature; Spaniards in feature, passions, and countenance. Of all the great painters, it is Titian who has best combined the divine and human nature of our Lord, blended and mingled as Scripture has authorized our belief. It must be rather to the pictures of the Virgin Mary and the martyred saints that we must turn to become acquainted with Murillo. See the Madonnas in Marshal Soult's gallery, the way that they float in air on the canvass. They are evidently painted at the hour of setting sun in the south of Europe, and not in the street of a crowded metropolis, under the influence of a chilling easterly wind, or a November fog. The play of coloring in these pictures is so harmonious, that the idler lingers long before them, scarcely able to tear himself away, and yet not able to explain why he is so attracted there. One might suppose that Milton had contemplated the crowd of sunny cherubims in which the figure of the Madonna is encircled, those lovely beings

"In the color of the rainbow live,
And play in the plighted clouds."

It is but Murillo, Correggio, and Guido, that can paint cherubims.

But it is difficult to bring the mind to a belief that the same artist who painted these heavenly visions, and thus represented assumptions and martyrdoms, could have excelled in low life in the manner in which Murillo, as a painter, is classed in the gallery at Munich. There he is known but as the painter of real life. The ragged beggar-boys of Seville are there depicted, devouring grapes and melons, and playing at cards as eagerly as if they staked thousands. All objects are represented with a truth that has caused it to be said, with regard to these paintings, "that the indifference to the external and the internal freedom amidst rags and poverty, raises these same paintings of beggar children to all that art can depict or express."

Painting began at once in Spain; not like the schools of Italy, gradually and successively, but dividing immediately into the

schools of Seville and Madrid. That of Madrid owed its origin to El Mudo (Navarette), having belonging to it the families of Italian origin of Castillo, Carducci, and others, who formed Sanchez Coello (the favorite painter of Philip II.), Pareda, Colantes, and others.

The school of Seville owed its origin to Luis de Vargas, and Pietro Campana, both of whom were formed and educated in Italy, and this same school continued with Alonzo Cano, Zurbaran, Velasquez, &c., and ended with Murillo.

Murillo, like Velasquez his contemporary and master, was born at Seville; and baptized on the 1st of January, 1618, under the name of Bartolomé Esteban. His parents were of humble origin, his youth was passed in obscurity, without education, without pleasures, without resource; "a most melancholy youth," as one of his biographers remarks of him, often leads to greatness. At last Juan de Castillo, a distant relation, took the boy out of compassion and charity to his home, whose reputation, destined to be so celebrated in the history of art, was to carry down the name of the master to posterity. Castillo drew correctly, but could only instruct the youth in the dry and cold coloring of a professor of Seville; and Murillo shortly left him to go to Cadiz, where, as it may be said, he became self-taught. The poor boy, deprived of all instruction, of all study, had to gain his daily bread by his pencil, of which he scarcely knew the use, and could not make great proficiency in an art which he *used* but as the means of procuring daily food and clothing. He sold his religious paintings (painted on wood) by the dozen, to persons going to America, and to the newly converted population of Peru and Mexico; but in painting these daubs, he acquired the habit of handling a paint-brush, managing his colors, and nothing more.

Murillo had attained the age of twenty-four, when, fortunately for him, an enthusiastic Spanish painter, Pietro de Moya, passed through Seville, to which town Murillo had returned. Moya had been in London, and had been instructed by Vandyke, and brought with him, on his revisiting Spain, the brilliant coloring and the good taste with which Vandyke inspired his admirers.

At the sight of Moya's paintings, Murillo fell into an ecstasy of delight; he was touched with the spark which sets the fire of genius into a flame. But what could he

do? He had neither money nor patronage; and soon after Moya's visit to Seville, Vandyke died, so that it would have been useless to have gone to England; a journey to Italy was too expensive to think of undertaking; and Moya himself, then but a scholar, was going to Granada. In a fit of despair, Murillo took a desperate resolution; he bought a large canvass, cutting it into small pieces, which he covered with little figures of the Madonna, of the Infant Saviour, with cherubins and garlands of flowers; and after disposing of these trifles at the fair at Seville, with a few pence in his pocket, neither asking advice nor taking leave of any one, he set out on foot for Madrid. It was in the year 1643. Arrived at Madrid, he presented himself to Velasquez, then in all the glory of his reputation and his good fortune. The king's favorite painter received the young artist kindly, encouraged him, promised him work, gave him the means of studying the works of the great Italian masters in the palaces and at the Escorial, and in his own studio Velasquez finally instructed and advised him.

Murillo passed two years in studying the great colorists. The masters he preferred were Titian, Rubens, and Vandyke, Spagnoletto, and Velasquez. Less anxious for renown than for independence he left Madrid, notwithstanding Velasquez's wish to retain him in that city, and returned to Seville in 1645. It was said that Murillo took a disgust to courts and cities, in consequence of the disgrace of the prime minister Olivares, which happened in 1643. He was a great patron of the arts, and was sent into exile, where he shortly after died. His loss was deeply deplored by Velasquez; and it is probable that the pure and simple-minded Murillo may have taken a disgust to Madrid in consequence of this public event. No persuasions of Velasquez could get him to profit by the king's bounty, or recommendations to pursue his studies at Rome. Painters are as excitable as patriots or poets.

Hardly had Murillo's absence been noticed in his native town; but the astonishment was great when the following year he painted for the Convent of San Francisco three pictures, one was "The Death of Saint Claire," a picture that formed the principal ornament latterly of the Aguado Gallery at Paris. Every one inquired where Murillo could have learned this noble and attractive style, which partook of the manner of Spagnoletto, Vandyke, and Velasquez, and that was thought from its variety

to be superior to all that they had produced.

Notwithstanding the envy which generally follows success, notwithstanding the rivalry and hatred of Valdez Leal, of Herrera the younger, whom Murillo had dethroned from being at the head of their profession as painters, he soon rose from indigence and obscurity to renown; and, in 1648, he was in a position good enough to obtain in marriage the hand of a rich and noble lady, Doña Beatrix de Cabrera y Sotomajor.

From the year that Murillo returned to Seville (1645), until his death in 1682, he rarely left his native place, nor indeed scarcely his studio; spending there thirty-seven years in constant and incessant employment, and by that means producing the enormous number of pictures that were the work of his pencil. Given up to his art, he sought neither the patronage of the great nor the applause of the multitude, but made his happiness in placing his talent at the disposal of those persons who pleased himself in indulging his taste for composing his pictures in retirement, and for being completely independent in his daily habits of life. The chapters, the monasteries, and the grandees of Spain sent incessant requests and orders to the artist of Seville; and there were few cathedrals, sacristies, or convents, that did not possess some representation of their patron saint by his hand. Most of the illustrious and ancient families of Spain also aspired to the portrait of some ecclesiastic, friend, or relation painted by him.

The Convent of Capuchins at Seville at the beginning of this century, possessed nineteen first-rate pictures painted by Murillo, and the Hospital de la Claridad had in its little church eight of his most famous compositions. He received from the hospital for the painting of "Moses Striking the Rock," 13,300 réaux de vellon; for the "Miracle of the loaves in the Desert," 15,975; and for all the eight pictures together, 32,000 réaux de vellon, a sum amounting to about 850*l.* of our money—a large sum for those days, and for Spain. The most laborious and productive time of his life was from his fiftieth to his sixtieth year; proving in art as in literature, that the greatest works of a man of genius are towards his decline, when he can unite experience and habit to invention and imagination. Murillo is, of all the Spanish masters, the one who possessed the most of the

ideal and of a poetical grandeur in his works. He seldom made use of allegory in his compositions, but went straight to his point to represent the scene as he imagined it, without having recourse to learning, or to tradition, or to legendary tale, as had the great Italian masters.

Murillo, like many of the great painters, had three successive manners; and these were called in Spanish, *frio, calido, y vaporoso* (cold, warm, and vaporous). These three terms sufficiently indicate the manner of each,—the children, the beggars, and the scenes of every-day life, in which Murillo excelled, were painted in his first style, as were a few of his monastic scenes.

The silvery tone in which his Annunciations are painted, are in the style called vaporous; harmonizing all throughout, and giving to the scene the appearance of the lighted-up clouds, a miraculous but fantastic light, full of the charms of effect and the triumph of coloring, and attempted previously but by Guido and Correggio.

Murillo's third manner, the warm tint, was the one that he preferred. Some of his largest compositions, now in the Museum at Madrid, are painted in this manner, and they are all taken from the stories of saints. It is in such-like subjects of divine poetry that the pencil of Murillo, like the wand of the enchanter, can show prodigies; and if in common life he is equal to the greatest of painters, he stands alone like Milton, in scenes of another world; and of the two great Spanish painters (him and his instructor Velasquez), it may be said that Velasquez was the painter of the earth, and Murillo that of the heavens.

In his Assumptions, Murillo takes a lofty flight into ærial regions amidst the ecstasies of saints and the visions of the enthusiast. As Velasquez aspired to the illustration of truth and to precision in details, so did his friend Murillo live above realities. He loved poetical life, and addressed himself to the imagination.

It was in the warm manner to which Murillo was so partial, that he painted what is esteemed his greatest performance, "St. Anthony of Padua," a picture now in the chapel of the cathedral of Seville; however, many of his admirers prefer the picture of "St. Isabella of Hungary," now in the museum at Madrid. It represents the pious queen gaining a celestial crown, not by prayer, but by works. The scene takes place in a hall of simple and beautiful architecture, where Murillo has succeeded in

combining all the perfection of each of his styles of painting, and of conveying to the eye and mind of the spectator a moral influence. In ancient times the kings of France and England were supposed to cure the evil. The kings of Hungary had another vocation, they cleansed and washed the lepers. The palace is converted into an hospital, where reigns a fearful and disgusting misery; the rags, dirt, and vermin, with which the children are covered, is suited but for Murillo's powers to represent. On one side are the ladies of the court, graceful, handsome, and magnificently dressed; on the other side are these wretched children, deformed, full of sores and suffering, amidst paralytic and almost lifeless old age. One profile of an old woman is brought out with great skill from a background, formed by the velvet robe of one of the court ladies. This is the triumph of coloring, as the whole picture is the triumph of contrasts. All that is brilliant in beauty, in health, and in luxury, is placed alongside of all the hideous ills to which human nature is subject. All of disease, all of splendor; but Charity approaches and unites these two extremes; a young and beautiful woman, wearing a royal crown beneath her nun's veil, is in the act of washing the impure head of a leper; her white and delicate hands seem to refuse the disgusting office that Religion calls on her to perform; her eyes are filled with tears; and her distress of mind is shown on her countenance, but Charity overcomes disgust, and Religion carries her through her terrible task. Such is the scene of a picture which causes artists and travellers such an admiration of the varied powers of Murillo; each detail is admirable; the least change would destroy the harmony of the whole; and Viardot says, "that this picture places Murillo by the side of Raphael."

The lover of painting has but few opportunities of studying the Spanish school in England. At Paris and at Munich the means are more at hand. In England, it is principally to the Sutherland Gallery that he must have recourse. That gallery possesses five pictures by Murillo, one of which is an acknowledged masterpiece of art. Four pictures by Zurbaran, one by Alonzo Cano, one by Spagnoletto, and one by Velasquez.

At Dulwich are several pictures by the hand of Murillo; at Grosvenor House is the celebrated landscape formerly in the palace of St. Jago, at Madrid; at Lord Ashbur-

ton's are four of his works, one of which represents "St. Thomas of Villa Neve, when a Child, distributing Alms."

At Mr. Wells', at Redleaf, is a very fine picture by Murillo, that was formerly in a church at Genoa; it also represents "St. Thomas of Villa Neve relieving the Sick."

At Longford Castle, in Wiltshire, are two fine Murillos, along with some excellent specimens of Velasquez; at the Duke of Wellington's are several of the Spanish school; at Lord Lansdowne's is a curious picture of El Mudo (Navarete), a rare Spanish painter, as well as several works by the hands of Velasquez and Murillo; at Mr. Sanderson's is one Murillo; at Leigh Court near Bristol, are three fine Murillos; at Lord Shrewsbury's are two, on sacred subjects; at Burleigh, one picture; at Woburn one picture: and the above mostly comprise the whole of Murillo's works to be found in England.

With regard to the number of his productions, Murillo is only to be rivalled by his countryman, Lopez di Vega. Like that poet, his youth was but of little use to him; like him he labored the rest of his life, and in his own line equalled the 1800 comedias, the 400 autos sacramentales, the epic and the burlesque poems, the sonnets, the stories, which made Cervantes call Lopez "a monster in nature;" unlike his master Velasquez, Murillo repeated his subjects often. Velasquez gave a care to every one of his paintings, all being intended for his king and master, while Murillo's works, destined to become the property of various persons in different parts of Spain, were often repetitions, and thus he became his own plagiarist.

Velasquez was most at home in common life in an adherence to truth to nature, while Murillo's greater energy, and more brilliant imagination, loved to soar above real life, though not like Zurbaran or Morales, whose powers are in terror and gloom, who revel in penance, in superstition, in autos de fe, the scenes of the Inquisition, and the ecstasies of Loyola.

The fine arts are proved to be passions in hundreds of instances, and like passion wholly and entirely lay hold of the mind of man; and when this is the case, the picture partakes of the character of the artist. There are many instances amongst artists of death occurring from grief, disappointment, jealousy, and envy, and particularly in Spain; amongst these examples is that

of Castillo, a native of Cordova. He came to Seville in 1666, when Murillo was at the height of his reputation; and on looking at his productions, which he did with great astonishment, he saw Nature reflected in her most perfect shape, with a brilliancy that he knew he could not emulate, nor had he believed in the power of art to attain. At length he recovered his speech but only to exclaim "Yà muriro Castillo!" (Castillo is no more). He returned to his home, but never again to paint.

Castillo was a poet as well as a painter. Seized with a hopeless gloom, he lived a short time in a state of despair, dying of a broken spirit, proving that there are natures endowed with such susceptible passions that to take away hope is to take away life.

It has been written that Murillo was a stranger both to interest and to ambition. It was in 1670, when Murillo must have been about the age of fifty-seven, that one of his paintings was carried in procession at Madrid, at the festival of Corpus Christi. The subject was "The immaculate Conception;" and the picture made such a sensation at Madrid, and at court, that the king's impatience would brook no delay, and he sent for Murillo from Seville; but the love of ease and retirement of the painter was not to be conquered by ambition or honors. He refused the commands of his sovereign under various pretences, and continued to live on at Seville in independence, that is, in constant labor and study of his art. Pictures were, however, sent by him to the royal collection.

But Murillo was not so totally engrossed with his art as to forget others. With the aid of his artist-friends, and the public authorities, he established an academy at Seville, of which he became director. It was opened in 1660, at a time of public rejoicing in Spain,—at the peace of the Pyrenees and the marriage of Louis XIV. to the Infanta Maria Theresa. Neither in this work nor in any other did Murillo receive any assistance from his own family. His eldest son went to the West Indies as a merchant; his second son became a canon of the cathedral at Seville; and his daughter took the veil in the convent of the *Madrè de Dios*.

In 1681 Murillo went to Cadiz to paint the altar-piece of "The Marriage of St. Catherine," for the Convent of Capuchins; he fell from a scaffolding erected near the painting, was much hurt, and returned to

his home at Seville, ill, in consequence of his fall. After lingering for some time, he died in April, 1682, and was buried in a vault in the church of Santa Cruz, under the chapel where is the painting of "The Descent from the Cross," by Pietro Campana, and where Murillo was accustomed to pass some part of each day in prayer and meditation. This magnificent picture had been ever the object of Murillo's admiration and reverence throughout his life. And in that same chapel where so many holy thoughts had entranced him, in the same spot where his mind had ever been intent on religious meditations and feelings, his body found a resting-place. There is a harmony and a peace in the whole of Murillo's life and death, very powerful in his religious and poetical life; and in him is found a painter, as Wordsworth is a poet.

It is related, that one day when the church-doors were about to be closed towards evening, the sacristan reminded Murillo, then in meditation before his favorite picture, that it was time to depart. "I wait," said Murillo, still in his ecstasy, "I wait until these holy persons have taken away the body of our Lord."

After Murillo's death, it was discovered how entirely disinterested his life and character had been. No further fortune did he possess than a hundred reals, that he had received the day before he died; and that money, with sixty ducats found in a drawer, comprised the whole of his earthly possessions.

From the Eclectic Review.

HOUSEHOLD VERSES.

Household Verses. By Bernard Barton. Virtue. 1845.

THE reappearance of an old friend is always welcome; this neat little volume, therefore, inscribed with the well-remembered name of Bernard Barton, comes before us with peculiar claims on our attention and regard. During the last ten or twelve years, death has been busy among our poets; sickness, and advancing age, too, have compelled many more to give up "the gentle craft;" we are therefore well pleased to find a writer, whose productions have always been marked by much grace and feeling, putting forth his "eighth vol-

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ume of verse, after a silence of nine years, in trustful reliance," as he says in his modest preface, "on its indulgent reception by a public from whom he has never met with aught but courtesy and kindness."

The unpretending but pleasing title given to this little volume, well describes its character. Many of the poems are addresses to living, or memorials of departed friends; many have been suggested by passing occurrences, and many are the pleasant musings of a thoughtful, pious, and grateful mind. The stanzas on page 103 are graceful, but the following poem is of a higher order; we regret our space will only allow the admission of the subjoined stanzas. They were suggested by a beautiful copy of the Madonna and child, presented to him by a friend.

"I may not change the simple faith,
In which from childhood I was bred;
Nor could I, without scorn, or scathe,
The living seek among the dead;
My soul has far too deeply fed
On what no painting can express,
To bend the knee, or bow the head,
To aught of pictured loveliness.

"And yet, Madonna! when I gaze
On charms unearthly, such as thine;
Or glances yet more reverent raise
Unto that infant, so Divine!
I marvel not that many a shrine
Hath been, and still is reared to thee,
Where mingled feelings might combine
To bow the head and bend the knee.

"And hence I marvel not at all,
That spirits, *needing outward aid*,
Should feel and own the magic thrall
In your meek loveliness displayed:
And if the objects thus portrayed
Brought comfort, hope, or joy to them,
Their error, let who will upbraid,
I rather pity—than condemn.

"For me, though not by hands of mine,
May shrine or altar be upreared,
In you, the *human and divine*
Have both so beautiful appeared,
That each, in turn hath been endeared,
As in you feeling has explored
Woman—with holier love revered,
And God—more gratefully adored."

pp. 83—85.

In a similar feeling, these pretty lines were written, "to illustrate a sketch of a ruined chapel."

"Turn not thou in pride aloof
From this simple, lowly roof;
Still let memory's gentle spell
Save from scorn the Saint's Chapelle.

"Humble as it now appears,
Yet its floor, in by-gone years,
Has by worshippers been trod,
Gathered there to praise their God.

"Even now, though 'tis but rare,
Intervals of praise and prayer,
Which recall its former use,
Should redeem it from abuse.

"Where devotion has been felt,
Where the devotee hath knelt,
Chance or change, which years have brought,
Should not check a serious thought.

"Where Religion's holy name
Hath preferred its sacred claim,
While a relic can be found
Count it still as hallowed ground.

"Hallowed—not by formal rite,
Framed in Superstition's night;—
Ceremonial type, or sign,
Sanctify no earthly shrine.

"But the homage of the heart,
Thoughts and feelings which impart
Trust in time, and hope in heaven,
These to hallow earth were given."—p. 91.

Many of the sonnets are worthy transcription; we give the following as a specimen:—

"And I said, This is my infirmity: but I will remember the years of the right hand of the Most High!"—Psalm lxxvii. 10.

"Almighty Father! in these lines, though brief,
Of thy most holy word, how sweet to find
Meet consolation for a troubled mind,
Nor for the suffering body less relief!
When pain or doubt would, as a mighty thief,
Rob me of faith and hope, in Thee enshrined,
O be there to these blessed words assigned
Balm for each wound, a cure for every grief.
Yes! I will think of the eternal years
Of Thy right hand! the love, the ceaseless care,
The tender sympathy Thy works declare,
And Thy word seals; until misgiving fears,
Mournful disquietudes, and faithless tears,
Shall pass away as things which never were!"
p. 93.

With the subjoined remarkably flowing and graceful elegiac verses, to the memory of a young friend, we must conclude: recommending Bernard Barton's pleasant "Household Verses" to all our readers, and assuring him that we shall always be ready to welcome a similar volume from his pen.

"Lilies, spotless in their whiteness,
Fountains, stainless in their brightness,
Suns, in cloudless lustre sinking,
Fragrant flowers, fresh breezes drinking,
Music, dying while we listen,
Dew-drops, falling as they glisten;

All things brief, and bright, and fair,
Many might with thee compare.

"Symbols these of time and earth;
Not of thy more hidden worth!
Charms, thy memory which endear,
Were not of this lower sphere;
Such we reverently trace,
Not of nature, but of grace!
By their birthright, pure and high,
Stamped with immortality.

"Brightly as these shone in thee,
THINE, we know, they could not be!
Yet we love thee not the less,
That thou couldst such gifts possess,
And, still mindful of their Donor,
Use them to advance His honor
Meekly, humbly, prompt to own
All their praise was His alone!—p. 33.

From the Dublin University Magazine.

PASSAGES IN THE LIFE OF DAVID HUME.

SECOND ARTICLE.

[The reader can hardly regret to see a continuation of the lively abstract of the lately published life of David Hume, by Mr. Burton, the first part of which appeared in the May No. It abounds in anecdote and humor, and presents a glimpse of the men and manners of one of the most interesting periods of modern literary annals.—EDITOR.]

THE life of Hume was one of much social enjoyment. When his pecuniary affairs had a little improved, he became a singularly happy man. "I was," says he, "ever more disposed to see the favorable than the unfavorable side of things—a turn of mind which it is more happy to possess than to be born to ten thousand a-year." In our March number, we mentioned that within two years of his being appointed keeper of the Advocates' Library, he published the first volume of his "History of the House of Stuart;" and in 1756, the second volume containing "The History of England, from the Death of Charles I. to the Revolution." We then endeavored to show the origin of what we regard as some of the heresies in Hume's political creed, and we have little doubt, that had Hume commenced his studies with any earlier period of English history, he could not, with the same plausibility, have vindicated his notion of all power in the people being usurpations on the prerogative. The

"History of the House of Stuart," was followed by that of "Tudor"—and the earlier part of the "History of England" was that which was last given to the public. It is in every respect the worst. The clamor against the "House of Tudor" was as great as that against his first volume. "The reign of Elizabeth," he says, "was particularly obnoxious." The volumes which relate the Anglo-Saxon story, and the fortunes of England, till the accession of Henry the Seventh, "met with tolerable, and but tolerable success." The last volume was published in 1761—six years from the publication of the first.

In the interval between the publication of the first and second volumes, appeared his "Natural History of Religion." The book was a failure—but Hume's disappointment was, he says, lessened by the gratifying circumstance that it was answered by Hurd.

In 1762, we find Hume speaking to his friends of the large sums given him for the copyright of the successive portions of his history; and he mentions the comfort of having set up a chaise. "I was become not only independent, but opulent. I retired to my native country, determined never to set foot out of it, and retaining the satisfaction of never having preferred a request to one great man, or even making advances of friendship to any of them." The plans of a literary man are as likely to be disturbed as those of any other, and Hume, though without solicitation on his part, was destined to be indebted to the great. In 1763, the Earl of Hertford, with whom Hume was not in the slightest degree acquainted, was sent as ambassador to Paris, and invited Hume to accompany him, holding out the expectation which was eventually realized, of Hume becoming secretary to the embassy. Hume declined the offer at first, but on its being repeated, suffered himself to be prevailed on. In 1765, Lord Hertford became Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, and Hume was left for some months "chargé d'affaires."

Hume's reception in Parisian society is mentioned by him with extravagant delight. His reputation had preceded him, and his entire freedom from affectation or pretence of any kind completed the charm. His works, too, were known by translations—were probably more read than in England—and certainly with greater sympathy. The admiration with which Hume had been regarded on the continent for some years,

was, some short time before, pleasantly manifested to him by a correspondence with Madame de Boufflers, which was commenced by that lady, on reading his "History of the House of Stuart." The biographer of Hume guards us against confounding this lady, whose name was Hippolite de Soujon, Comtesse de Boufflers Rouvel, with the Marquise de Boufflers Rémen-court, mother of the Count de Boufflers. Among the distinguishing circumstances one was, that Hume's correspondent was mistress of the Prince de Conti, while the other ornamented the court of Stanislaus Augustus, in the same recognized relation. On the dissolute state of society, which the fact of ladies in such relations being leaders of fashion, and received every where, implies, there can be but one opinion in these countries; but Mr. Burton well observes, that in judging of the individual, the feelings of the society in which life is passed, must be our standard.

"There is," says he, "a great difference between those who act up to the standard of a low social system, and those who do the same acts in breach of a higher one. A Mahometan, with his harem in Constantinople, is inferior in his tone of morality to an English gentleman of good domestic conduct; but he is infinitely superior to an Englishman with his harem in Piccadilly."

Between Hume and this lady a correspondence commenced in 1761. Her first letter is amusing.

"I am a woman," she says, "not old; and in spite of the frivolity and dissipation in which we all live here, there is scarcely a good book in any language that I have not read either in the original or in translations; and I assure you, monsieur, with a sincerity which you cannot suspect or distrust, that I have never met with any book which, in my judgment, combines so many perfections as yours."

This was likely to do, and it did catch the fat philosopher. She then tells him what she thinks of Cromwell and Charles, and civil and religious liberty; and again she returns to David Hume—every thing from whose pen shows him to be the perfect philosopher and statesman, an historian full of genius, an enlightened politician, and a genuine patriot. This letter was written at a time when she had no acquaintance whatever with Hume; nor does it appear that they had one friend in common. A woman of genius can do any thing; and

in the postscript to this first letter she invites him to Paris. Hume's replies to these letters are those of a man greatly gratified; but the correspondence soon languishes, and would probably have died away after the first expression of mutual admiration, if it were not that she became interested for Rousseau, and wrote to Hume about him at the same period that he was pressed on Hume's notice by another friend—the exiled Earl Marischal of Scotland, who was banished for the rebellion of 1715, and was then governor of Neuschâtel. In 1715, he must have been a mere boy; and when he wrote to Hume he had become a foreigner to such an extent as to find a difficulty in writing English. He was a singularly good-natured man, and he thought to have served both Hume and Rousseau by promoting the unfortunate acquaintance which was probably the most vexatious circumstance in all Hume's life. But to dwell on Rousseau now would be to anticipate. Hume arrived in France on the 14th of October, 1763. It is scarce surprising that he was received with great distinction. Of English literature, the French at the time absolutely knew nothing, except through the representations of Voltaire. Shakspeare, judged of by their canons of criticism, was a barbarian of some genius, considering his age and country. Milton was something, but not much better. In the literature of England, however, there was much of promise. The only admirable things that had been done were by Addison, whose drama of *Cato* atoned, by its studious regularity, for the insults offered by Shakspeare to all true taste, and whose *Campaign* was, in spite of its subject, recognized as a great national epic. Addison's rank in society was one of the reasons why his literary claims were freely admitted; and this same feeling now operated favorably for Hume. That a great philosopher should have been born in Edinburgh, an obscure town, the name of which no one in Paris could pronounce or spell, was itself little short of a miracle. That such a man should, in their own walk, be able to take the lead of the Voltaires and Diderots, enhanced the wonder; and that he should appear in the best society as an equal, and not resting on any doubtful claims of literary merit—claims which might be as capriciously denied as admitted—was one of those things that could not often occur, and its occurrence was therefore the more readily greeted. Previ-

ous even to Hume's arrival in France, he had received several letters describing the actual adoration with which he seemed to be regarded by that strange people. Lord Elibank writes to him (May 11, 1763): "No author ever yet attained to that degree of reputation in his own lifetime that you are now in possession of at Paris." In a letter from Andrew Stuart to Sir William Johnstone (16th December, 1762), he says:—

"Tell Hume he is so much worshipped here, that he must be void of all passions, if he does not immediately take post for Paris. In most houses where I am acquainted here, one of the first questions is, do you know Monsieur Hume, whom we all admire so much? I dined yesterday at Helvetius's, where this same Monsieur Hume interrupted our conversation very much."

In a letter to Smith, Hume himself describes the honors he had received:—

"MY DEAR SMITH—I have been three days at Paris, and two at Fontainebleau, and have every where met with the most extraordinary honors, which the most exorbitant vanity could wish or desire. The compliments of dukes and marshals of France, and foreign ambassadors, go for nothing with me at present. I retain a relish for no kind of flattery but that which comes from the ladies. All the courtiers, who stood around when I was introduced to Madame de Pompadour, assured me that she was never heard to say so much to any man; and her brother, to whom she introduced me,—* But I forget already that I am to scorn all the civilities of men. However, even Madame Pompadour's civilities were, if possible, exceeded by those of the Duchesse de Choiseul, the wife of the favorite and prime minister, and one of the ladies of the most distinguished merit in France. Not contented with the many obliging things she said to me on my first introduction, she sent to call me from the other end of the room, in order to repeat them, and to enter into a short conversation with me; and not contented with that, she sent the Danish ambassador after me, to assure me that what she said was not from politeness, but that she seriously desired to be in friendship and correspondence with me. There is not a courtier in France who would not have been transported with joy to have had the half of these obliging things said to him by either of these great ladies. But what may appear more extraordinary, both of them, as far as I could conjecture, have read with some care all my writings that have been translated into French—that is, almost all my writings. The king said nothing par-

* Some words obliterated.

ticular to me when I was introduced to him; and (can you imagine it?) I was become so silly as to be a little mortified by it, till they told me that he never says any thing to any body the first time he sees them. The Dauphin, as I am told from all hands, declares himself on every occasion very strongly in my favor; and many people assure me that I have reason to be proud of his judgment, even were he an individual. I have scarce seen any of the geniuses of Paris, who, I think, have in general great merit, as men of letters. But every body is forward to tell me the high panegyrics I receive from them; and you may believe that —* approbation which has procured me all these civilities from the courtiers.

"I know you are ready to ask me, my dear friend, if all this does not make me very happy. No, I feel little or no difference. As this is the first letter I write to my friends at home, I have amused myself (and I hope I have amused you) by giving you a very abridged account of these transactions. But can I ever forget that it is the very same species that would scarce show me common civilities a few years ago at Edinburgh, who now receive me with such applauses at Paris."

Hume's income was considerably increased by a pension procured for him by the interest of Lord Hertford; and the hope of becoming secretary to the embassy added to his comforts, as it gave the near expectation of a thousand a year additional, and—

"Puts me," he says to Ferguson, "on the road to all the great foreign enjoyments. Yet I am sensible that I set out too late, and that I am misplaced; and I wish, twice or thrice a day, for my easy-chair and my retreat in James's Court. Never think, dear Ferguson, that as long as you are master of your own fireside and your own time, you can be unhappy, or that any other circumstance can make an addition to your enjoyment." . . . "I know nothing that is necessary to happiness but cordiality, and the talent of finding diversion in all places. I remember, some where, a man's being told that he was too nice, because he could not dine on a ragout, and must have cold mutton."

In a letter to Robertson, Hume, who appears to have been always occupied in kindnesses to his friends, tells him of a translator or translatrix, a Madame Belot, who had done his "House of Tudor," and was ready to do Robertson's or any other man's work. Hume praises her handicraft, but Grimm tells us of some strange blunders. Hume alludes somewhere to the Polish aristocracy, and Madame renders this "*une aristocratie poëie*." Poor thing! Mr.

* A word or two obliterated.

Burton quotes a sentence from a French journal which tells of her in a year or two after, when she was living with the President Mesnieres, in a relation which, though not that of marriage, seems to have been recognized as one not utterly humbling. The president's taste is, however, called in question for his choice as "*Cette dame est peu jeune; elle est laide, seche et d'un esprit triste et mélancolique.*"

"Do you ask me," adds Hume, in the letter which mentions Madame Belot. "about my course of life? I can only say, that I eat nothing but ambrosia, drink nothing but nectar, breathe nothing but incense, and tread on nothing but flowers! Every man I meet, and, still more, every lady, would think they were wanting in the most indispensable duty, if they did not make a long and elaborate harangue in my praise. What happened last week, when I had the honor of being presented to the D——n's children, at Versailles, is one of the most curious scenes I have ever yet passed through. The Duc de Berry, the eldest, a boy of ten years old, stepped forth, and told me how many friends and admirers I had in this country, and that he reckoned himself in the number, from the pleasure he had received from the reading of many passages in my works. When he had finished, his brother, the Count de P. [Provence, afterwards Louis XVIII.,] who is two years younger, began his discourse, and informed me that I had been long and impatiently expected in France; and that he himself expected soon to have great satisfaction from the reading of my fine history. But what is more curious; when I was carried thence to the Count D'A. [D'Artois, afterwards Charles X.,] who is but four years of age, I heard him mumble something which, though he had forgot in the way, I conjectured, from some scattered words, to have been also a panegyric dictated to him. Nothing could more surprise my friends, the Parisian philosophers, than this incident.

It is conjectured that this honor was paid me by express orders from the D., who, indeed, is not on any occasion sparing in my praise.

"All this attention and panegyric was at first oppressive to me; but now it sits more easy. I have recovered, in some measure, the use of the language, and am falling into friendships which are very agreeable; much more so than silly, distant admiration. They now begin to banter me, and tell droll stories of me, which they have either observed themselves, or have heard from others; so that you see I am beginning to be at home."

It is not surprising that Hume loved Paris. In a letter to Blair he tells of a masquerade to which he went with Lord Hertford:

"We went both unmasked; and we had scarce entered the room when a lady, in mask, came up to me and exclaimed:—*Ha! Monsieur Hume, vous faites bien de venir ici à visage découvert. Que vous serez bien comblé ce soir d'honnêtetés et de politesses! Vous verrez, par des preuves peu équivoques, jusqu'à quel point vous êtes chéri en France.*" This prologue was not a little encouraging; but, as we advanced through the hall, it is difficult to imagine the caresses, civilities, and panegyrics which poured on me from all sides. You would have thought that every one had taken advantage of his mask to speak his mind with impunity. I could observe that the ladies were rather the most liberal on this occasion. But what gave me chief pleasure was to find that most of the eulogiums bestowed on me, turned on personal character, my naïveté, and simplicity of manners, the candor and mildness of my disposition, &c.—*Non sunt mihi cornea fibra.* I shall not deny that my heart felt a sensible satisfaction from this general effusion of good will; and Lord Hertford was much pleased, and even surprised, though he said, he thought that he had known before upon what footing I had stood with the good company of Paris."

There is an amusing chapter in Mr. Burton's book on the society of Paris, at the time of Hume's visit, but no attempt to describe that society has been perfectly successful. It can only approach to be felt after continued study of the thousand memoirs of the day. The books from which we can learn most of it, and all we can learn is very imperfect, are, Grimm, Marmontel, and Madame du Deffand, and, in her way, Madame de Genlis. The mystery of fashion is impenetrable. Madame du Geoffrin, the star described as of most splendor in the Parisian heaven, had no claim of rank; she was the daughter of a valet de chambre, and the widow of a manufacturer; she brought round her artists, and authors, and celebrities of all kinds; D'Alembert, Helvetius, Marmontel, and Raynal were sure to be met with her on her public days, and Rousseau, when at rare intervals he ventured from his solitude. Her manners were natural and good-natured; she believed, and acted on the belief, that if it were not for the rich, the poor could not live at all; and she patronized all manner of artists and artisans. At her parties, politics were carefully and even anxiously excluded. In spite of her patronage of the philosophers, she was suspected by them of some concealed religion—"Elle avait un appartement dans un couvent de religieuses et une tribune à l'Eglise des Capucins—mais avec autant de

mystère que les femmes galantes de ce temps-là avaient des petites maisons."

Madame de Bocage did what she could to rival Madame Geoffrin, but failed; she was rich—she was beautiful, or was said to be so—her rank was unimpeachable, but she had one fault, and that was fatal—she wrote poetry; the *Columbiade* and the *Amazones* are, or were, epics, and the guests who appeared at her parties feared to be examined in them, and had not courage to submit to the test.

Madame du Deffand declared war against Hume from the first. He went to Madame De Boufflers' parties, and she was jealous, as this was treason to her. There is a letter of her's to Walpole, from which a sentence is worth transcribing; it is lively, and will give some notion of the heartlessness, as well as the wit of these strange people.

"Vous me faites un grand plaisir de m'apprendre que David Hume, va en Ecosse; je suis bien aise que vous ne soyez plus à portée de le voir, et moi ravie de l'assurance de ne le revoir jamais. Vous me demanderez ce qu'il m'a fait? Il m'a déplu. Haissant les idoles je déteste leurs prêtres et leurs adorateurs. Pour d'idoles, vous n'en verrez pas chez moi; vous y pourrez voir quelquefois de leurs adorateurs, mais qui sont plus hypocrites que devots; leur culte est extérieur; les pratiques, les cérémonies de cette religion sont des soupers, des musiques, des operas, des comedies, &c."

With Madame du Deffand's circle Hume's relations became those of active hostility—the hostility being all on the lady's side—in consequence of her quarrel with Mademoiselle De L'Espinasse. Mademoiselle was young, and was a sort of companion, it would seem, to Madame, who was blind, and read with her young friend's eyes. The young friend soon discovered she had a soul of her own, and Madame du Deffand's guests came an hour earlier than the time fixed for her parties, to enjoy the society of Mademoiselle, who was exceedingly lively; a good deal pock-marked, however; and whose charms were most successful in the twilight. At six o'clock in the evening, madame entered her apartments one day, and found that mademoiselle had been all the time engaged in conversation, high and deep, with D'Alembert and others of the philosophers—this was treason, and Mademoiselle was banished.

Her exile was a triumph. Mademoiselle set up for herself—won philosophers, and

artists, and poets, as many as she could, away from their allegiance to that elder throne. Her friends supplied her with a house and appurtenances of all kinds, and a pension from the king was obtained for her. D'Alembert visited her—the blind old lady soon learned the astounding fact, and the philosopher had to choose between madame and mademoiselle. He paid the compliment to youth, if not to beauty, and he had his reward. Not long after his secession, he became dangerously ill, and mademoiselle nursed him. D'Alembert was removed to her house, and whatever was her love for the philosopher, her peace of mind was disturbed by the jealousies of some for whom she was supposed to entertain feelings of a warmer nature. She died early; and vexation occasioned by his connexion with her, broke the spirit and probably hastened the death of D'Alembert. With D'Alembert and with Turgot, Hume had relations of more intimate friendship than with any others of the distinguished natives of France, in whose company he then lived. D'Alembert is mentioned with kindness in his will.

We have mentioned that Hume's opinions on the mechanism of the human mind, and of the evidence of our individual consciousness being insufficient to prove the actual existence of an external world—did not affect his habitual belief or conduct. He was in every thing favorably distinguished from the philosophical society, among whom he found himself in Paris. Romilly has preserved a conversation of Diderot's, who said to him—"Je vous dirai un trait de Hume, mais il vous sera un peu scandaleux peut être car vous Anglais vous croyez un peu en Dieu; pour nous autres nous n'y croyons gueres. Hume dina avec une grande compagnie chez le Baron d'Holbach. Il était assis à côté du Baron; on parla de la religion naturelle. Pour les Athées, disait Hume, je ne crois pas qu'il en existe; je n'en ai jamais vu. Vous avez été un peu malheureux répondit l'autre, vous voici à table avec dix-sept pour la première fois."

Mr. Burton gives us one or two of the letters of invitation to Hume, to French parties—one is amusing:—"M. L'Abbé Georgel fait un million de compliments à M. Hume. He makes great account of *his* works—admires *her* wit, and loves *her* person." We fancy it would take some time to persuade Monsieur L'Abbé, that this was not very good English. Hume's

interest was solicited in the disposal of church patronage. He is requested by Madame Helvetius, to procure an abbaye for her friend M. Macdonalt, "of an illustrious Irish family;" and is told by another lady, making a similar request, that the clergy will feel more pleasure in obliging him, than in performing the duties of their office. Lord Charlemont again met Hume on this visit to Paris—and again gives us an account of him. The passage is well worth looking at by those who have an opportunity, in Hardy's "Life of Lord Charlemont." Its substance is, we believe, given by Mr. Burton, but broken into such fractions, as best fit it with the respective parts of his work. Its effect is in this way lessened—Lord Charlemont's narrative was written a considerable time after this meeting with Hume in Paris; and he speaks also of intercourse with him in London. On the whole, his recollections are favorable to Hume. Hume was, it would appear, in the habit of showing him his essays, as he was preparing them for the press, and was asked by Lord Charlemont whether he did not think the diffusion of his views on the subject of religion would not diminish the happiness of mankind, and whether he did not think the curb of religion a necessary restraint. Hume's answer was—"The objections are not without weight, but error can never produce good, and truth ought to take place of all considerations."

"One day," says Charlemont, "that he visited me in London, he came into my room laughing. 'What has put you into this good humor, Hume?'—'Why, man, I have just heard the best thing said to me I ever heard. I was complaining that I had written many volumes throughout which there were but few pages that contained any reprehensible matter, and yet, for those few pages, I was abused and torn to pieces. 'You put me in mind,' said an honest fellow in the company, whose name I do not know, 'of a notary public, who, having been condemned to be hanged for forgery, lamented the hardship of his case, that having written many thousand inoffensive sheets, he should be hanged for one line.'"

Lord Charlemont accounts for Hume's reception in Paris, by the fact, that free-thinking and English frocks were then the fashion, and the Anglomanie was the *ton du pays*. Lord Holland, though less in fashion than Hume, had his share of admiration. He used to doze after dinner, and at a great entertainment fell asleep.

"Le voilà!" says a marquis, "Le voilà, qui

pense!" "No lady's toilet was complete without Hume's attendance. At the opera his broad unmeaning face was usually seen *entre deux jolis minois*. The ladies in France give the ton, and the ton was deism; a species of philosophy ill suited to the softer sex, in whose delicate frame weakness is interesting, and timidity a charm. But the women in France were deists, as with us they were charioteers. The tenets of the new philosophy were *à portée de tout le monde*, and the perusal of a wanton novel, such, for example, as *Therese Philosophe*, was amply sufficient to render any fine gentleman or any fine lady, an accomplished, nay, a learned deist. How my friend Hume was able to endure the encounter of these French female Titans I know not. In England, either his philosophic pride, or his conviction that infidelity was ill-suited to women, made him perfectly averse from the initiation of ladies into the mysteries of his doctrine. I never saw him so much displeased, or so much disconcerted, as by the petulance of Mrs. Mallet, the conceited wife of Bolingbroke's editor. This lady, who was not acquainted with Hume, meeting him one night at an assembly, boldly accosted him in these words: 'Mr. Hume, give me leave to introduce myself to you; we deists ought to know each other.' 'Madame,' replied he, 'I am no deist. I do not style myself so, neither do I desire to be known by that appellation.'—*Hardy's Life of Charlemont*. Vol. I. p. 235.

Grimm's account is more lively; but the statement is in substance the same:

"Ce qu'il y a encore de plaisant, c'est que toutes les jolies femmes se le sont arraché, et que le gros philosophe Ecossais s'est plu dans leur société. C'est un excellent homme, que David Hume; il est naturellement serein, il entend finement, il dit quelquefois avec sel, quoiqu'il parle peu; mais il est lourd, il n'a ni chaleur, ni grâce, ni agrément dans l'esprit, ni rien qui soit propre à s'allier au ramage de ces charmantes petites machines qu'on appelle jolies femmes. O que nous sommes un drôle de peuple!"

Madame D'Epinay is still more amusing:—

"Le célèbre David Hume, grand et gros historiographe d'Angleterre, connu et estimé par ses écrits, n'a pas autant de talens pour ce genre d'amusemens auquel toutes nos jolies femmes l'avoient décidé propre. Il fit son début chez Madame de T——; on lui avoit destiné le rôle d'un Sultan assis entre deux esclaves, employant toute son éloquence pour s'en faire aimer; les trouvant inexorables, il devoit chercher le sujet de leurs peines, et de leur résistance: on le place sur un sofa entre les deux plus jolies femmes de Paris, il les regarde attentivement, il se frappe le ventre et les genoux à plusieurs reprises, et ne trouve

jamais autre chose à leur dire que: '*Eh bien! mes demoiselles...Eh bien! vous voilà lonc...Eh bien! vous voilà...vous voilà ici?*' Cette phrase dura un quart d'heure, sans qu'il pût en sortir, une d'elles se leva d'impatience: Ah! dit elle, je m'en étois bien doutée, cet homme n'est bon qu'à manger du veau! Depuis ce temps il est relégué au rôle de spectateur, et n'en est pas moins fêté et cajolé. C'est en vérité une chose plaisante que le rôle qu'il joue ici; malheureusement pour lui ou plutôt pour la dignité philosophique, car, pour lui, il paroît s'accommoder fort de ce train de vie; il n'y avoit aucune manie dominante dans ce pays lorsqu'il y est arrivé; on l'a regardé comme une trouvaille dans cette circonstance, et l'effervescence de nos jeunes têtes s'est tourné de son côté. Toutes les jolies femmes s'en sont emparées; il est de tous les soupers fins, et il n'est point de bonne fête sans lui."—*Memoires et Correspondance de Madame D'Epinay*, Vol. iii. p. 284."

Hume's popularity was such as to have provoked Walpole into more than his usual waspishness. In one letter he describes him as treated "with public veneration." In another, he speaks of the tone of conversation in Paris, as "solemn, pedantic, and seldom animated but by a dispute. Mr. Hume, who very gratefully admires the tone of Paris, having never known any other tone, said, with great surprise—"Why, what do you like, if you hate both disputes and whist?" To another correspondent, he says that "laughing is out of fashion at Paris. They have no time to laugh.—There is God and the king to be pulled down first, and men and women, one and all, are devoutly employed in demolition. . . Mr. Hume is the only thing in the world which they believe *implicitly*, which they must do, for I defy them to understand any language that he speaks."

This was in 1765.—In the next year marvellous was the change in Horace's tone. Rousseau, the vainest and the maddest of men, every now and then appeared in the salons of Paris, in his Armenian dress, complaining of kings and people. He was in that early stage of insanity in which the sufferer, viewing every thing around him in reference to himself alone, weaves all into evidence of conspiracy. The case is so common that we believe it is one of the most ordinary incidents of insanity; in fact a regular stage in the disease. This was the hour for Walpole, and a play of small wit was directed against the savage philosopher. A letter with the name of the King of Prussia, inviting the persecuted Jean Jacques to his court, to live as a bro-

ther, was written by Walpole—was shown to Helvetius and the Duke of Nivernois. The French was doctored and cured, and the letter forwarded to Rousseau. That Rousseau should have believed a lie, seems a poor reason for France regarding the utterer of the falsehood with admiration.* But so it was, the copies of Walpole's letter in Frederick's name "spread like wildfire, *et me voici à la mode*. I was sent for about like an African prince, or a learned canary bird."†

In a letter of Hume's (1765), are sentences we wish to transcribe:—

"There is a very remarkable difference between London and Paris (of which I gave warning to Helvetius, when he went over lately to England, and of which he told me, on his return, he was fully sensible). If a man have the misfortune, in the former place, to attach himself to letters, even if he succeeds, I know not with whom he is to live, nor how he is to pass his time in a suitable society. The little company there that is worth conversing with, are cold and unsociable; or are warmed only by faction and cabal; so that a man who plays no part in public affairs becomes altogether insignificant; and, if he is not rich, he becomes even contemptible. Hence that nation are relapsing fast into the deepest stupidity and ignorance. But, in Paris, a man that distinguishes himself in letters, meets immediately with regard and attention. I found, immediately on my landing here, the effects of this disposition. Lord Beauchamp told me that I must go instantly with him to the Duchess de la Vallière's. When I excused myself on account of dress, he told me that he had her orders, though I were in boots. I ac-

* We may as well print the letter:

"MON CHER JEAN JACQUES,

"Vous avez renoncé à Geneve, votre patrie. Vous vous êtes fait chasser de la Suisse, pays tant vanté dans vos écrits; la France vous a décrété; venez donc chez moi. J'admire vos talens; je m'amuse de vos rêveries qui (soit dit en passant) vous occupent trop et trop longtemps. Il faut à la fin être sage et heureux; vous avez fait assez parler de vous, par des singularités peu convenables à un véritable grand homme; démontrez à vos ennemis que vous pouvez avoir quelquefois le sens commun: cela les fâchera sans vous faire tort. Mes états vous offrent une retraite paisible: je vous veux du bien, et je vous en ferai, si vous le trouvez bon. Mais si vous vous obstinez à rejeter mon secours, attendez-vous que je ne le dirai à personne. Si vous persistez à vous creuser l'esprit pour trouver de nouveaux malheurs, choisissez-les tels que vous voudrez; je suis roi, je puis vous en procurer au gré de vos souhaits; et, ce qui sûrement ne vous arrivera pas vis-à-vis de vos ennemis, je cesserai de vous persécuter, quand vous cesserez de mettre votre gloire à l'être.

Votre bon ami, FREDERICK."

† Walpole to Gray.

cordingly went with him in a travelling frock, where I saw a very fine lady reclining on a sofa, who made me speeches and compliments without bounds. The style of panegyric was then taken up by a fat gentleman, whom I cast my eyes upon, and observed him to wear a star of the richest diamonds;—it was the Duke of Orleans. The Duchess told me she was engaged to sup in President Henault's, but that she would not part with me—I must go along with her. The good president received me with open arms; and told me, among other fine things, that, a few days before, the dauphin said to him, &c. &c. &c. Such instances of attention I found very frequent, and even daily."

Hume, soon after, was made secretary to the embassy. His appointments were £1,200 a-year, and £300 for his equipage, and three hundred ounces of plate for his table.—[Letter to his brother, 14th July, 1765.] On Lord Hertford's appointment as Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, Hume was thought of as secretary. The arrangement was understood to be fixed;—and among the manuscripts preserved among Baron Hume's papers are applications to David for church preferment. Mr. Burton quotes one from a general officer, supplicating a chaplaincy for a friend:—

"The divine in question has a very good living, but in a quarter of the world where he has not a creature to converse with. If his excellency would enrol him among that million of the tribe of Levi that attend at the Castle of Dublin, who are called his chaplains, it would excuse his attendance at quarters, and his general (I mean his bishop) would be under the necessity of permitting him to be absent whilst he had the honor to be about the commander-in-chief at head quarters."

Lord Hertford found the prejudice against his bringing over a Scotchman too strong. He obtained for Hume a pension of £400 a-year. "There was," says Hume, in a letter to his brother, "a kind of fray in London on Lord Hertford's declaring his intentions in my favor. The princess Amelia said that she thought the affair might be easily accommodated. "Why may not Lord Hertford give a bishopric to Mr. Hume?"

Rousseau now appears upon the stage. He had succeeded in attracting Madame de Boufflers and the Marischal Keith, and thus Hume was prepared to respond to the vow of eternal friendship which was tendered to him. At the close of the year 1765, he came to Paris, having, as he said, been

driven by the priests and the women from Neufchatel—

“‘Is it not strange,’ said he to Madame de Boufflers, ‘that I, who have written so much to decry the morals and conduct of the Parisian ladies, should yet be beloved by them, while the Swiss women, whom I have so much extolled, would cut my throat?’”

“‘We are fond of you,’ said she, ‘because we know that, whatever you may say, you love us to distraction. They detest you, because they know they are too ugly to attract you.’”

On leaving Neufchatel, he went to a little island, in the midst of a lake, near Berne. The island was inhabited but by one German peasant, his wife, and sister. But the Council of Berne was alarmed, trembled at the thought of a revolution, and ordered him at once to withdraw from their state. Hume undertook his protection, when he thus seemed hunted out of all society.

To Paris he came, though outlawed by the parliament, in a strange dress, which rendered him conspicuous to the police, as to every body else. He refused the king's passport, because it could, under his circumstances, be only given to him in a false name, and this was a violation of truth to which he would not submit. The instant he came to Paris he was all the fashion. He claimed to have immediate communications with the Divinity, and Hume believed him to be speaking what he thought the truth. In January, 1766, Hume, he, and M. de Luze of Geneva, reached England. On disembarking, Rousseau says “he leaped on his illustrious friend's neck, embraced him without uttering a word, and covered his face with kisses and tears.” Rousseau's establishment consisted of a female, Mademoiselle le Vaseux, who is called his “gouvernante,” and whom he insisted on accompanying him in all his visits, and his dog, “who,” says Hume, “is no better than a collie.”

“This woman forms the chief incumbrance to his settlement. M. de Luze, our companion, says that she passes for wicked, and quarrelsome, and tattling, and is thought to be the chief cause of his quitting Neufchatel. He himself owns her to be so dull, that she never knows in what year of the Lord she is, nor in what month of the year, nor in what day of the month or week; and that she can never learn the different value of the pieces of money in any country. Yet she governs him as absolutely as a nurse does a child. In her ab-

sence his dog has acquired that ascendant. His affection for that creature is beyond all expression or conception.”—*Hume*.

The “gouvernante” followed in the train of the philosopher, for Hume, luckily, had not the trouble of conveying her. She was consigned to the care of another great man. While Hume was negotiating for a pension for Rousseau, and had nearly got the promise of a hundred a-year, he received a letter—

“A letter has also come to me, open, from Guy the bookseller, by which I learn that mademoiselle sets out post, in company with a friend of mine, a young gentleman, very good-humored, very agreeable, and very mad! He visited Rousseau in his mountains, who gave him a recommendation to Paoli, the King of Corsica; where this gentleman, whose name is Boswell, went last summer, in search of adventures. He has such a rage for literature, that I dread some event fatal to our friend's honor. You remember the story of Terentia, who was first married to Cicero, then to Sallust, and at last, in her old age, married a young nobleman, who imagined that she must possess some secret, which would convey to him eloquence and genius.”

Hume, one night, persuaded Rousseau to go to the theatre with him. There had been some previous arrangement with Garrick, who placed him in a box opposite the king and queen. At the very moment they were leaving home, he told Hume that he had changed his mind—“For what shall I do with Sultan?” (his dog.) “Leave him behind,” said Hume. “He will get into the streets, and be lost.” “Lock him up in your room, and put the key in your pocket.” When they were at the door, the dog howled. Rousseau again changed his mind. Hume at last, half by force, half by urging that the king and queen were expecting to see him, got him to proceed. Efforts were made to lodge Rousseau and his family in one cottage or another with farmers and gardeners: these failed. Rousseau said that he had not come to England to be mixed up with farmers and gardeners, and he was only properly housed when Mr. Davenport, a gentleman of five or six thousand a year, located him and his at some nominal rent, in a house which he happened to have in the peak of Derby. Hume, who was beginning to know his man, thus describes the prospect of his continuing in this hermitage:—“If it be possible for a man to live without occupation, without books, without society, and without sleep, he will not quit this wild and solitary place,

where all the circumstances which he ever required, seem to concur for the purpose of making him happy. But I dread the weakness and inquietude natural to every man, and above all to a man of his character. I should not be surprised that he soon quitted his retreat." Rousseau's suspicious temper had even before Hume wrote the sentence which we have just transcribed, been excited. Some dispute between mademoiselle and an old domestic of Mr. Davenport's seems to have been the immediate occasion of an actual outbreak of madness. Then, with diseased ingenuity, Rousseau put together all the facts connected with Walpole's letter. He had first attributed it to Voltaire, then to D'Alembert, then some accident led him to suppose an Englishman the author, then Hume himself became the great object of a thousand suspicions, and no act of kindness was there from Hume or his friends which he did not contrive to dovetail into the diabolical plot for his destruction, which he persuaded himself occupied all Europe. He wrote a letter to the English newspapers, in which he said, that the author of the forged letter from the king of Prussia had his accomplices in England. Hume says, that the excitement manifested in the language of this letter made him tremble for Rousseau. While Rousseau was thus agitating himself to frenzy, Hume and his friends were busy trying to arrange the pension affair in such a manner as would be most palatable to the philosopher. Jean Jacques first refused it because it was to be a secret. The king's consent was then sought to permit it to be published. This would not do either; Rousseau refused to allow Hume to interfere in his affairs at all. We have no intention of following Mr. Burton in his account of this quarrel, which is told at dreadful length, and for which Mr. Burton has not the excuse of Hume's former biographer, Ritchie, who published the original letters. A remark of Mr. Burton's may be worth preserving. In mentioning a letter of Rousseau's to Hume, he observes that "the frantic bitterness of the language is contrasted with the elaborate neatness of the penmanship, which, if handwriting conveyed a notion of character, would represent a calm, contented mind gratifying itself by the exercise of the petty art of calligraphy." Among the illustrations which accompany Mr. Burton's work is a fac-simile of Rosseau's handwriting, from Rousseau's letter to Hume in reply to his propo-

sal about the pension. Rousseau's insanity in reality appears at this period to have risen to such a height as to leave him scarcely an accountable agent; and to describe his frenzy as malevolence or ingratitude is rather to adopt a metaphor from language which assumes the sanity of all men, than to express with any but the loosest analogy, Rousseau's conduct or feelings. Hume was foolishly provoked into the publication of a pamphlet on the subject of the quarrel, and this gave rise to a war of pamphlets both in England and in France. Fuseli, the painter, was one of Rousseau's champions, an absurd enterprise for which he was well fitted. The caricaturists did not allow the incident to pass without supplying them with their share of the harvest, reaped by the thousand industrious livers on the bounty of the day, which is never so bountiful as when men, whose names are more known to the public than their writings, fall out. Rousseau was represented in one of their prints, and shown in all the shop-windows as a yahoo, newly caught in the woods; and Hume as a farmer offering him oats, which he refuses to eat. Horace Walpole is making horns for him of *papier-mâché*, and Voltaire and D'Alembert whipping him up behind. England, Rosseau found, was not the place for him, and he determined to fly. The solitary philosopher does not know, however, how to proceed, and he writes to the chancellor as the first civil magistrate in the kingdom, saying that he must "evacuate" England, and desiring a guard to escort him safely to Dover, "the last act of hospitality which he will desire of the English nation." Rousseau's acts are quite those of a madman. He exhausts himself in language which, for the most part we think may represent, a real purpose entertained at the moment, but the mind becomes fatigued by the very effort of expression in words, or is satisfied, and does not one of all the things so earnestly and extravagantly expressed. He has scarce sent his letter to the chancellor, when he writes to Mr. Davenport, the friend of Hume's, whose house in Derbyshire he occupied, a letter conceived in an humble and penitent spirit, expressing his determination to return to Wooton, and this letter being written and despatched, he straight sets off, not to Wooton, but to Dover, from which he writes a letter to General Conway accusing Hume, Davenport, and every one else, of a conspiracy to bring him to derision; and this letter ends with entreating Conway

not to have him assassinated in private, suggesting that such a step would not be safe—that in his memoirs, already written, and in the event of his death certain of being published, he has told the world of this conspiracy against his peace; that if he is allowed to return to France, he will suppress this work. As a guarantee for his observing this part of the contract, he consents to accept of the pension from the king, after which no one will imagine that he could be so infamous as to write against the king's ministers or his people. "He would not even write against Mr. Hume," he said, and he promised to ascribe all the unpleasant feelings that had arisen between them to his own temper soured by misfortunes. He at last, on the very day of writing one of his letters promising or threatening a return to Wootton, embarked for Calais. Better and kindlier feelings at last awoke in his mind towards Hume, whom he could not at any time have really believed to have been other than his friend. He attributed his conduct in England to the effects of the foggy climate, and his memoirs stop short just before the date at which his narrative would have brought him into contact with Hume and England.

Hume appears to have been heartily sick of the whole affair, as he well might. It tormented him during what had promised to be a pleasant vacation year of life. It is during that time the sole subject of his correspondence, and he never seems to have recurred to it afterwards. Rousseau is not mentioned in Hume's autobiography.

In the course of the year 1766, he returned to Scotland, and seems to have planned passing the rest of his life there; but in the next year we find him, through the interest of Lord Hertford, under secretary of state. Conway was secretary. It was a great day for Hume's friends. None of the Grafton cabinet were Scotsmen. There was no under secretary for Scotland, as in the days before Conway's secretaryship; and Hume was consulted on all affairs that related to Scotland. Hume's heart was in the literary reputation of his country; and he did not lose the opportunity of preaching the merits of his friends. "Tell Robertson," he says, in a letter to Blair, "that the compliment at the end of General Conway's letter to him, was of my composing without any orders from him. He smiled when he read it; but said it was very proper, and signed it. These are not bad puffs from ministers of state, as the

silly world goes." Our next extract presents a more curious document. It is from "the king's letter to the General Assembly, in 1767," *supposed to be written by Hume*:—

"Convinced, as we are, of your prudence and firm resolution to concur in whatever may promote the happiness of our subjects, it is unnecessary for us to recommend to you to avoid contentions and unedifying debates; as well as to avoid every thing that may tend to disturb that harmony and tranquillity which is so essential in councils solely calculated for the suppression of every species of licentiousness, irreligion, and vice. And, as we have the firmest reliance on your zeal in the support of the Christian faith, as well as in the wisdom and prudence of your councils, we are thoroughly assured that they will be directed to such purposes as may best tend to enforce a conscientious observance of all those duties which the true religion and laws of this kingdom require, and on which the felicity of every individual so essentially depends."

Hume was an earnest lover of his country. No Scotsman had the slightest literary claims that Hume did not at once ardently and vehemently support. Blind Blacklock was not only a great psychological curiosity, but also a poet to be ranked with blind Thamyris and blind Mæonides. Blind Milton was nothing to him. Wilkie, too, was a poet in Hume's esteem; for he measured poets by a sort of geographical scale, and Wilkie was a man born in the parish of Dalmanie, West Lothian, and a professor of Natural Philosophy in St. Andrew's. Wilkie had heard of Homer, and had read Pope, and thought he could do something better in the way of epic than had yet been done. A bold preface, dealing with the topics of mythology and poetry in professorial style,—from a small array of false facts deducing—as the men of "the north countrie" know how to do—conclusions that not only prove what they please, but the additional fact, that they were the first persons to see what they would yet persuade you had been all along lying on the surface,—was prefixed to the volume; and this preface did something to help the sale in Edinburgh; for Wilkie's prose style had some life in it, and his speculations were not heavier than Lord Kames's, or Lord Monboddo's. The man who appended ten thousand lines of verse to his dissertation, must be presumed to know what poetry was, and how it should be dealt with. A preface to a poem is, however, a dangerous experiment. Your true critic reads it, picks some hole in it,

and will not read further; and Willie Wilkie was pronounced to be no poet by the wise men who then managed the English oracles. Hume resisted the inspired voice of the *Critical Review*—modestly, as became a man pleading before a tribunal which he wished to persuade to a reversal of its own sentence,—but boldly, too; for the cause of Scotland seemed to be involved in procuring a triumph for Wilkie. Hume writes a letter to the *Review*, exhibiting, in detail, the argument of the poem. It was a bold step; and, perhaps, it is owing to his praises that both Blacklock and Wilkie are embalmed and placed in their due rank among the mummies in Chalmers's repository of the dead poets. John Home, too, was his cousin, and one whom he loved; and Douglas and Agis, and other tragedies by the same hand, are, therefore, bidden by our great critic, to take rank with Shakspeare, or rather above him, with an admission, however, that but for the disadvantages of a rude age and barbarous country, Shakspeare might, perhaps, have rivalled his dramatic friend. Ossian, too, he was well disposed to believe in, and when M'Pherson's first fragments from the Erse were published, he cheerfully subscribed his guinea, to enable him to visit the Highlands, in search of more poetry of the kind. However, on this subject "a change came o'er the spirit of his dream," and he appears to have been outwearied by M'Pherson's lying impudence, when the young black-guard affected to resent inquiry as if it involved personal insult.

A book published by a native of Scotland it was Hume's delight to introduce to notice. The only exception we remember was "Ferguson's Essay on the History of Civil Society." He thought the book unequal to the author's reputation; but was delighted at its success—hazarding, however, in a low tone, the safe prophecy, that its reputation would not last long.

In July, 1768, General Conway was superseded by Lord Weymouth, and Hume's under-secretaryship was at an end.

In 1769 he returned to Edinburgh, "very opulent," he says, "for I possessed a revenue of £1000 a-year, healthy, and, though somewhat stricken in years, with the prospect of enjoying long my ease, and of seeing the increase of my reputation." His friends in France did what they could to make him live there. He, however, returned to his old house in James's Court; and we soon find him correcting his History

for another edition. Hume had no love for England. Its constitution, we have endeavored to prove in a former paper, was from the first mistaken by him. He had at one time called himself a Whig; he now found that the name was inconsistent with his present views, and the passage is altered in an after edition of the essay in which it occurs. The History is also essentially altered; and, in every instance—we have his own authority for the statement—the alterations lean to the Tory side. In the next year, Hume commenced building the house in the new town of Edinburgh in which he died. It is in the street now called St. David-street. The name of the street originated in a joke. The house was inhabited by Hume before any other house in the range had been built, and a young lady wrote on the wall, "*St. David Street.*" Hume's servant lassie, like Byron's man, Fletcher, thought it no good speculation to make a saint of her master; the thing would not do, and she ran to tell Hume how he was made game of. "Never mind, lassie," said the laughing philosopher, "many a better man has been made a saint of before."

Of Hume's claim to canonization we do not think very favorably, still a case might be made for him which the devil's advocate would find it hard to resist. If Coleridge could be called as a witness—as he usually is when any thing untenable in philosophy or in fact is to be proved—the advocates for Saint David could at once prove that his doctrine of association is identical with that of Saint Thomas Aquinas—nay, borrowed from the angelical doctor's comment on Aristotle. Coleridge, too, would undertake to prove that books of Hume's, which contained the very treatise, were sold to Sir James Mackintosh, with marks in Hume's handwriting. Hume's private study of good works could be thus shown, and also his modest attempt to conceal his merits of this kind. The devil's advocate, however, might, on cross-examining the witness, force him to admit—first, that the books bought by Mackintosh did not contain any part of Aquinas's commentary on Aristotle, nor the work of Aristotle, in Aquinas's comment on which the law of association is alleged to be propounded; next, that it did not contain Hume's marks or Hume's handwriting; nor was there any reason (except that Mr. Payne, the bookseller, in a catalogue, suggested that some handwriting on the margins might be

Hume's) to think the book bought by Mackintosh had ever belonged to Hume; and lastly, he might show—what, however, is of little importance—that the law of association does not appear to have been stated either by Aristotle or Aquinas—but that the origin of the mistake is, that both mention one or two facts acknowledged by all men, on which St. David, not without help, built up his *theoria*.* The advocates of canonization, if they went into evidence of character, would be able to prove that, however offensive his metaphysical speculations might be, and however little like those of St. Thomas, he was in society "simple, natural, and playful." "I was," says the venerable Henry Mackenzie, "during the latter period of his life, frequently in his company, among persons of genuine piety, and never heard him venture a remark at which such men, or ladies more susceptible than men, could take offence." The next witness is Adam, lord commissioner of the jury-court, who died in 1839. The chief fact which he states is, that Hume, who was always playful in conversation, when at tea one evening a chair sunk under his weight, said, "Young ladies, you must tell Mr. Adam to keep stronger chairs for heavy philosophers." Boswell, the young gentleman who escorted Rousseau's *gouvernante* to England, frankly told Hume he thought he ought not to keep company with him, on account of his books. "But, said I to him," adds Bozzy, "how much better you are than your books." A pleasant letter from Lady Anne Lyndesay, authoress of the song of "Auld Robin Gray," will give some help. It contains Hume's character, "from a manuscript said to have been found in the Pope's library at Rome:"

"CHARACTER OF ———, WRITTEN BY HIMSELF."

"1. A very good man, the constant purpose of whose life is to do mischief."

"2. Fancies he is disinterested, because he substitutes vanity in place of all other passions."

"3. Very industrious, without serving either himself or others."

"4. Licentious in his pen, cautious in his words, still more so in his actions."

"5. Would have had no enemies, had he not courted them; seems desirous of being

hated by the public, but has only attained the being railed at."

"6. Has never been hurt by his enemies, because he never hated any one of them."

"7. Exempt from vulgar prejudices—full of his own."

"8. Very bashful, somewhat modest, no way humble."

"9. A fool, capable of performances which few wise men can execute."

"10. A wise man, guilty of indiscretions which the greatest simpletons can perceive."

"11. Sociable, though he lives in solitude."

"12.*"

"13. An enthusiast, without religion; a philosopher, who despairs to attain truth."

"A moralist, who prefers instinct to reason."

"A gallant, who gives no offence to husbands and mothers."

"A scholar, without the ostentation of learning."

In this letter, Lady Anne tells us that Hume asked her, did she remember the time when this playful character was written? "I was too young," she replied, "to think of it at the time." "How's this?" said he—"have not you and I grown up together?" I looked surprised. "Yes," added he, "You have grown tall, and I have grown broad."

Home, the poet's, evidence is more doubtful. A banker's clerk, a young man of good character, robbed his master. Home accounts for it by the books he was in the habit of reading,—"*Boston's Fourfold State*," and "*Hume's Essays*."

It is not easy to examine a subject at all connected with literature, without finding it in some way or other illustrated by Scott. In a letter to Mr. Morrit, dated Abbotsford, October, 1815, he says:—"We visited Corby Castle on our return to Scotland, which remains, in point of situation, as beautiful as when its walks were celebrated by David Hume, in the only rhymes he was ever known to be guilty of. Here they are from a pane of glass at Carlisle:—

"Here chicks in eggs for breakfast sprawl;
Here godless boys God's glories squall;
Here Scotchmen's heads do guard the wall;
But Corby's walks atone for all."

"Would it not," he adds, "be a good quiz to advertise '*The Poetical Works of David Hume*,' with notes critical, historical, and so forth, with an historical inquiry into the use of eggs for breakfast, a physical discussion on the causes of their being added; a history of English church music, and of

* Compare Coleridge's statement of this matter in his "*Biographica Literaria*," Vol. i. p. 105, with Mackintosh's "*Introduction to Ethical Philosophy*," p. 427.

* Obliterated.

the choir of Carlisle in particular; a full account of the affair of 1745, with the trials, last speeches, and so forth of the poor plaids who were strapped up at Carlisle; and lastly, a full, true, and particular description of Corby, with the genealogy of every family who ever possessed it? I think even without more than the usual waste of margin, the poems of David would make a decent twelve-shilling volume."

Of the "wine of demons," as a father of the Church calls poetry, Hume drank but moderately, and to the defect of imagination, which this indicates, may be ascribed his want of sympathy with the higher virtues, no one of which can exist without the imaginative power. Wordsworth almost identifies Imagination and Faith. Hume's "History" is that of the progress of society rather than the story of individuals. It would seem that in his view—and we are not prepared to dispute its justness—that condition of society is the happiest in which the individual is lost from sight. If a state of society could be imagined allowing free development to all that is good in man, it would be, no doubt, the best; but the very conception, we fear, implies a contradiction. Civilization with its Wilkies, its Blacklocks, and its M'Phersons, is, probably, something better than barbarism with its true Homer.

Whatever Hume's abstract love for High Church may have been, and however opposed to the orthodox doctrines of the Scottish Church, he was in practice no Puseyite—at least he did not fast. Beef and cabbage he calls a charming dish; old mutton, too, he thought well of. He wished the Duke of Nivernois to become apprentice to his "lass," to learn the secret of making sheep's-head broth.

The fat philosopher was fond of children. He was so fat that the little thing who got possession of his knee remembered through all after-life keeping fast hold of his laced waistcoat to keep itself from falling; as for more than one climbing at a time, as in Gray's family picture, it was out of the question.

Hume, in walking home from a party, with Ferguson, addressed his friend, pointing to the starry sky—"Oh, Adam, can any one contemplate the wonders of that firmament, and not believe that there is a God?" Men are forgiven any thing rather than inconsistency with the character which society forms of them; and we are afraid that we are diminishing Hume's claims to the honor of canonization when we men-

tion that he was a good church-goer. When in France, he appears to have attended the ambassador's chapel pretty regularly; and in Edinburgh he is said to have been fond of Robertson's preaching, and not averse to that of his colleague and opponent, John Erskine. Hume was seriously angry with a servant maid of his who did not attend church, where he had provided seats for all his household. The woman was a dissenter, and attended a different place of worship, which answer satisfied him. A number of stories are told on doubtful authority, all illustrative of Hume's good nature and good sense. They may not be true; but their being believed is some evidence of the character of the man of whom they could be plausibly told. A chandler's wife on one occasion visited him—"She had been intrusted," she said, "with a message to him from on high." Hume ordered her a glass of wine; and before she commenced her attack, contrived to divert her mind from theological topics, by fixing it on soap and candles and their price, and giving her an order for some. He is said to have got bogged in some marshy ground at the base of the Castle rock; an old woman finding "Hume the deist" in this slough of despond, refused to assist him out till he became a Christian. He repeated the creed and Lord's prayer, and thus her conscience was satisfied, and the philosopher rescued.

A proof of Hume's good nature was his writing a review of Dr. Henry's History of England. His review was written for the *Edinburgh Magazine and Review*, a journal conducted by Gilbert Stuart. Stuart, it would appear, detested Henry; and ascribing his own passions to others, thought it good policy to get Henry reviewed by a rival historian. Hume's review was printed, but suppressed. It did not answer Stuart's malignant purpose; for, as might be expected, it was conceived in a spirit of the greatest kindness to Henry, and contained almost unqualified praise of his work. Stuart's account of it is characteristic, and worth preserving for its insane vehemence. He thus writes to a friend:—

"David Hume wants to review Henry, but that task is so precious that I will undertake it myself. Moses, were he to ask it as a favor, should not have it; yea, not even the man after God's own heart. I wish I could transport myself to London to review it for the *Monthly*—a fire there, and in the *Critical*, would perfectly annihilate him. Could you

do nothing in the latter? To the former I suppose David Hume has transferred the criticism he intended for us. It is precious, and would divert you. I keep a proof of it in my cabinet for the amusement of friends. This great philosopher begins to dote."

Mr. Burton quotes another sentence from this letter:—

"Strike, by all means; the wretch will tremble, grow pale, and return [?] with a consciousness of his debility. When you have an enemy to attack, I shall, in return, give my best assistance, and aim at him a mortal blow, and rush forward to his overthrow, though the flames of hell should start up to oppose me."

It is almost a relief to know that this scoundrel was absolutely insane.

In the early part of the year 1776, Hume wrote letters of congratulation to his friend Adam Smith, and to Gibbon, on their respective publication of the "Wealth of Nations," and the "Decline and Fall;" of the latter he told Gibbon he could not expect to see the future volumes, as his health was broken. In April of that year he drew up the short sketch of his life, to which he has left little to his biographer to add. In the previous January he had made all arrangements with reference to his pecuniary affairs. The "Dialogues on Natural Religion" he had some reason to think would be suppressed, and he at once took effectual means to secure their publication, though he had withheld them for a period of thirty years, to avoid giving his friends offence. After writing the short memoir of his life, he set out for London, and at Morpeth met Home and Smith. Smith was obliged to return to Edinburgh. Home was enabled to accompany him to Bath, where the disease (an internal hemorrhage) seemed to yield, and hopes were entertained of recovery. In Mackenzie's "Life of Home" are some letters of Hume's, which we think Mr. Burton ought to have incorporated with this selection, and we have a codicil to Hume's will, in which he records his difference with the poet, as to spelling the family name, and their opposed opinions on the subject of port wine. He leaves him "six dozen of port, provided he attests, under his hand, signed JOHN HUME, that he has himself alone finished one bottle of port at two sittings. By this concession he will, at once, terminate the only two differences that ever arose between us

concerning temporal matters."* Hume returned home in July. His recovery now was plainly impossible. His friends appear to have been very much with him till within a few days of his actual decease. There is a mournful levity in their accounts of the indifference with which he awaited death. The letter of Adam Smith, in which the particulars are detailed, can be easily referred to, being prefixed to most of the editions of the History of England. We are glad to avoid a subject so deeply painful.

We are, on the whole, pleased with Mr. Burton's Book. His subject presented great difficulties, which are manfully met. To ourselves, an arrangement of the matter separating the letters of Hume more distinctly from the comments of his biographer, would seem a more convenient one both to author and reader. We close with Mr. Burton's account of Hume's burial place.

"On the declivity of the Calton hill, there is an old grave-yard which, seventy years ago, was in the open country beyond the boundary of the city of Edinburgh, and even at the present day, when it is the centre of a wide circumference of streets and terraces, has an air of solitude from its elevated site, and the abrupt rocky banks that separate it from the crowded thoroughfares. There, on a conspicuous point of rock, beneath a circular monument, built after the simple and solemn fashion of the old Roman tombs, lies the dust of DAVID HUME."

* "As to the port wine, it is well known that Mr. Home held it in abhorrence. In his younger days, claret was the only wine drank by gentlemen in Scotland. His epigram on the enforcement of the high duty on French wine, in this country, is in most people's hands:—

"'Firm and erect the Caledonian stood,
Old was his mutton and his claret good;
'Let him drink port,' an English statesman cried,
He drank the poison, and his spirit died."
Mackenzie's Life of John Home.

From the *Metropolitan*.

FRANK MERVYN'S TEMPTATION.

A TALE FOR SPECULATORS.

BY MRS. ABBY.

WHEN Mr. Vansittart reduced the interest of the navy five per cents., the measure was considered to be exceedingly judicious and politic, but although very satisfactory to the nation, it was in many cases fatal to the individual; people were not contented to be deprived of a fifth of their income by the government, but took immediate means to be deprived of every shilling of it by their own act and deed. There never was a period when such a phalanx of companies and societies started forth, all professing to "give new lamps for old ones," or in other words, to take the poor remains of our mutilated navy fives, and give us, in lieu, shares that would pay from fifty to a hundred per cent. in the prettiest sounding investments ever heard of—not odious turnpike tolls and canal shares—but "Pearl Fisheries," "Coral Fisheries," "Gold Mines," and such dazzling names, the last in particular coming sweetly on the ear, and reminding us of the gay and gallant king of the gold mines, who wooed and won the charming All-fair, despite of her unwilling engagement to the yellow dwarf. Many people, however, seemed likely to starve in the midst of plenty; all these schemes professed to build up a fortune for us in a very little time, but the point was which would be "safest and best;" which would do it most swiftly, and most securely. The world was not long suffered to languish for want of a guide; a certain Mr. Glossington most kindly volunteered to be gentleman-usher to the goddess of fortune, and to introduce timid novices into her immediate presence; he was conversant with all the plans and prospectuses of all the companies, and although he certainly gave a preference to a few, he was generously ready to allow that the very worst of them was immeasurably superior to the English funds, as an investment of property. It was not quite easy to divine who Mr. Glossington was; he had been for a short time on the Stock Exchange; he had also practised the law; he had occasionally volunteered his services, before the introduction of the calculating machine, to arrange the intricate accounts of gentlemen under temporary embarrassments, and he had now

and then officiated as a sort of house agent, and undertaken, for a *douceur* of fifty or a hundred pounds, to bring forward a nonpareil tenant, who would pay double the rent that any body else would, which nonpareil tenant—strange to say—was never forthcoming when wanted! For myself, I was discreet and suspicious as an old man ought to be (to be sure I must allow that my property, being in the three per cents., had not suffered any reduction) and I felt extremely indignant with all the thickly gathering short roads to wealth, which I was disposed to define as short roads to ruin. Nevertheless, I kept my opinion to myself. The occurrences of every day brought more and more to my remembrance the title of an old drama, "A mad world, my masters;" but I did not annoy my acquaintance with interference, I recollected the saying of a clever man, parcel wit and parcel philosopher, whom I knew—"If any person choose to make himself a fool, it is his business principally, not to say exclusively," and I offered to the community no portion of that valuable treasury of advice locked up in the mind of every old man, but which, sooth to say, unlike other treasures, is generally lavishly volunteered by them, and ungratefully rejected by their young friends. At length, however, I was induced to depart from my usual nonchalance, for the purpose of giving a "wizard's warning" to the thoughtless, impetuous Frank Mervyn. I had been his father's friend, and, like most father's friends, saw great reason to lament that the son partook so little of his worthy sire's solidity and prudence of character. Frank inherited from his father the very inconvenient property of five thousand pounds, enough to prevent him from applying steadily to a profession, and not enough to support him independently of one. To do Frank justice, he was fully sensible of the insignificance of this sum, and had repeatedly wished to magnify the five thousand pounds to fifty, but wishes were in vain till Glossington, like the enchanter of a fairy tale, came forth to realize them. Oh! how plausible were his wordy calculations and paper schemes, the fair sex in particular admired and trusted in him; single ladies and widows, too numerous to be reckoned, sold out their four (late five) per cents., and brought the proceeds to Glossington, humbly hoping that he would accept of their small pittances, and give them splendid fortunes in return; and the worthy Glossington always complied with their requests, bowed, as though

he were the obliged party, took charge of their property, and assured them that they should all be laden with wealth in a very short time. I had always a great horror of speculation; Mervyn assured me that many speculators were men of the strictest honor, but I would not altogether agree with him; it seemed to me that a habit of speculation, although it might not precisely stain the honor of him who practised it, must in a great degree deaden that nice sense of conscientiousness and moral principle which I should always wish to see prominently displayed in the character of a relation or friend. Mervyn denied the truth of my assertion, and the argument ended as arguments between old and young men generally do, neither party succeeding in convincing the other. A few days after this conversation I was walking up Cheapside, when I overtook Mervyn, who seemed to be in a great hurry, and in high spirits.

"I think I shall soon have a large sum of money to invest in Glossington's hands," he said, "I am just going to buy a prize in the lottery."

"I rather doubt that," I replied, drily; "you may very probably be going to buy a ticket in the lottery, and I must say that considering you have risked nearly the whole of your property in speculation, you can ill afford to spare two and twenty pounds from the remainder."

"Nay, I cannot be going to do an imprudent thing," said Mervyn, "for Mr. Creswell, my father's friend and yours, who is a perfect pattern of caution, has just written to me, begging that I would purchase a ticket for him, and transmit it to him by the post."

"I can only say, in answer to that observation," I rejoined, "that Mr. Creswell is a man of large fortune, and if he think proper to throw away two and twenty pounds, he can very well afford to do so; but I recommend you to purchase a ticket for him only, and to wait till you are at least half as rich, before you purchase one for yourself."

Mervyn merely smiled, and told me "I was very wise," (a just observation certainly, only I did not quite like the tone in which it was spoken,) and the next moment we were both within one of the Cornhill temples of Plutus. Several persons were crowding round the counter, choosing shares. One man wished for the number of the year in which he was born, and another for that in which his grandfather

gained a lottery prize. A pretty young country girl said she had dreamed the night before of a wedding-ring, and as that was best described by a circle, she wished for a number containing a 0. One terminating in the desired cipher was immediately handed to her, a sign, as her brother who accompanied her told her, that "her wedding-ring would end in nothing." This joke, poor as it was, flushed the offended damsel's cheek with indignation, which was not at all lessened by a smart young clerk, with a green bag under his arm, telling her "not to fret, for that if she got the ten thousand pound prize, he would marry her himself!"

Mervyn advanced to the counter, and asked to see some tickets; he despised all speculation on a small scale, and that he might not be suspected of any partiality for lucky numbers, or any faith in dreams, he hastily snatched the two first that presented themselves, but not before I had taken a memorandum of their numbers in my pocket-book. I walked home with Mervyn to his lodgings, wishing to borrow a book from him. While I was selecting it, he hastily wrote a short letter to Mr. Creswell, enclosed in it one of the tickets (which I did not observe) and returned the other to his pocket.

"I will go out with you," said he, as I was preparing to take my leave, "and put this letter in the post."

We walked together to the end of the street, and then separated—I to return home, and Mervyn to proceed to the post-office.

Perhaps my readers may think me very prosy in entering into these minute details, and will be ready to accuse me of practising the "penny-a-liner" art of making the most of a story; but I beg to assure them that I have always a good reason for every thing that I do, and they will soon find out the necessity of my present exactness.

The next morning the drawing of the lottery began, and about the middle of the day I happened to be passing down Cornhill, when my attention was attracted by a crowd round the office where Mervyn had purchased the tickets the preceding day. A prize of twenty thousand pounds was already drawn; the number seemed familiar to me; I looked into my pocket-book—it was one of those held by Mervyn. I instantly proceeded to his lodgings; he was at home, and I found him resting his head on his hand in an attitude of despondency

which I could not have believed any disappointment in money matters would have induced my lively friend, Frank Mervyn, to adopt.

"I see," said I, advancing with a duly gentle step, and modulated voice, "that you know all, and I fear that the fortunate number" —

"Was the one you saw me enclose to Mr. Creswell," he answered, in a gloomy manner, without raising his head.

"This is certainly an unfortunate accident, my dear Frank," said I, "but there is no blame to be attached to any body."

"Blame," interrupted he, quickly, "no, certainly, who presumed to talk of blame?"

I did not quite like his manner of addressing me, but I knew that vexation seldom improves the temper, or polishes the manners, and therefore I excused his abruptness.

"Oh!" said he, after a few minutes' silence, "how just was your remark, that a habit of speculation deadens the nice feelings of honor!"

"Yes," said I, gratified by his compliment, although I did not exactly see what it had to do with the subject in question. "I believe most of my remarks are very just and sound, and might also be very profitable, if you and my other young friends would only be persuaded."

Here Mervyn again interrupted me—

"How proudly once," said he, "did I boast of my ability to resist temptation; and now, how near have I been to falling!"

I was still more puzzled.

"I dare say, Frank," said I, "you are angry with yourself for not having taken my advice, and relinquished your idea of buying a ticket."

"Angry with myself!" he repeated, rising, and walking up and down the room, "I despise myself."

I was in doubt whether I ought not to ring the bell, and send a messenger for medical assistance, considering Mervyn's senses to be in a very precarious state, when he settled the point by ringing the bell himself.

"I wish this letter to be taken to the post-office," said he, giving one, as he spoke, to the servant who attended.

He stood at the window, watching his messenger round the corner, and then turned to me with a completely altered expression of countenance.

"Congratulate me," said he; "I have overcome the unworthy inclination that I blush to think I could ever have enter-

tained. The letter which I have just given to the servant was the one which you saw me direct yesterday to Mr. Creswell!"

I pressed Mervyn's extended hand in silence, and he continued:

"Soon after I left you, yesterday, I met with a friend whom I had not seen for some time; he pressed me to accompany him home to dinner, and I completely forgot the letter. This morning I was, like you, attracted by the notification in Cornhill of the splendid prize just drawn; I eagerly took out my own ticket, and at the same moment that I ascertained that it was not the number in question, I felt that the letter for Mr. Creswell still remained in my pocket; I returned home, and for the last hour I have been combating a disgraceful and culpable impulse to change the tickets."

"But you have overcome the impulse," I said.

"Yes," he answered, "but I do not think I should ever have entertained it for a moment, had it not been for my unfortunate familiarity with speculation; in fact, I am persuaded that had this event occurred a twelvemonth ago, I should no more have thought of appropriating Mr. Creswell's lottery ticket, than of abstracting the contents of his strong box; but this was the insidious, baleful form in which the evil spirit assailed me. You know my firm confidence in the judgment and integrity of Glossington, and that this twenty thousand pounds (if my own) would immediately have been delivered over to his management. I thought to do the same in the present instance, and when it was trebled in value, to disclose the whole facts to Mr. Creswell, and divide the profits with him."

"It would have been long enough, I fancy," said I, "before the disclosure took place, if you waited till the money was trebled by Mr. Glossington's powers of multiplication."

"I cannot agree with you there," said he, "but I immediately began to reflect that I had no right to judge for another person; the money was fairly and equitably Mr. Creswell's. I knew him to have a decided aversion for speculation, and felt that I could not be justified in running risks for him, which he certainly would never have run for himself. Above all, I reflected that, although my fellow-creatures would not see my exchange of the tickets, it would be beheld by that Almighty Judge who will one day 'bring to light the hidden things of darkness.' My cheerful days, my peaceful

nights, my even spirits, must all be sacrificed, and replaced by self-upbraidings, gloomy retrospection, and anxious forebodings. A prize in the lottery is a desirable thing, but the proverb tells us that 'even gold may be bought too dear,' and certainly I am not disposed to purchase it at the price of an approving conscience."

"You will, I hope, inform Mr. Creswell of your honorable conduct," said I.

"Assuredly not," he replied, "the circumstances are not at all to my credit; I feel much more ashamed of having admitted the temptation, than pride in having resisted it."

"Nay," said I, "do not undervalue your own conduct; few have ever been placed in circumstances of such remarkable temptation, and I sincerely hope that the honor you have evinced will in some way or other be rewarded."

"Thank you for your good wishes," he answered, "but I cannot bear such phrases as 'honor rewarded,' 'virtue rewarded;' a modern writer humorously designates them as the clinking of cash in the white pockets of conscience." I will immediately go to the lottery office and give them the name and address of the fortunate holder of the prize (alas! for me not the 'fortunate youth'), and then return to the usual concerns of life, with rather a more humble opinion of my own excellence and rectitude than I entertained before."

I accompanied Mervyn to the office, where we inquired the fate of the other ticket, and learned that it had been just drawn a blank!

Some time afterwards, Mr. Creswell arrived in London, and notwithstanding Mervyn's strenuous solicitations to deposit the proceeds of his lottery prize in the hands of Glossington, persisted in placing it in the inglorious security of the three per cents.

I was well acquainted with Mr. Creswell, and under the seal of secrecy, acquainted him with Mervyn's triumph over temptation.

This circumstance added much to the interest which he had always taken in him, and he joined with me in deeply lamenting his speculative habits; but reasoning was not now of any avail—it was too late; Frank Mervyn's capital was already in the hands of Glossington, and few and faint were the hopes to be entertained of its escape from them.

Shortly after these events, I was at Bath, for my health, when the London papers informed me of the complete exposure of

Glossington's fraud and dishonesty. He had lately added forgery to his other "choice receipts" for amassing a large fortune in a short time, had been apprehended and imprisoned, and his unfortunate dupes found that they had purchased wisdom at a dear rate, for most of them had exchanged for it the whole of their worldly wealth.

I received a few lines from Mervyn, in which he (very properly) regretted that he had not followed my advice, congratulated himself that he had not been the gainer of the lottery prize, which Glossington's magic wand would so soon have converted into a blank, and finally informed me that his kind friend Mr. Creswell had earnestly pressed him to pay him a long visit at his country seat, which was within a few miles of Cheltenham.

Three months after these occurrences I bent my own steps to Cheltenham, and took an early opportunity of riding over to Mr. Creswell's house, where I hoped to find Mervyn still domesticated. Mr. Creswell had an amiable wife, a pretty daughter, two lively and agreeable sons, and a beautiful house and grounds, and I thought that Mervyn could not be in more desirable quarters.

Mr. Creswell received me with all the cordiality of an old friend, and told me that I had come just in time to condole with him, for that he had made up his mind to part with his only daughter.

"Not, however," he continued, "that I can expect much sympathy from you, for I am about to bestow her on your favorite young friend Frank Mervyn."

"I congratulate you," said I warmly, "you will gain an amiable, kind-hearted, honorable son-in-law, and it matters little to you that he is not a rich one."

"Nay," replied Mr. Creswell, "we must not speak lightly of his possessions, since to him I may be said to owe the portion that I have bestowed on my daughter. I should have contrived in any event to have given her a becoming fortune, but now I have settled the matter very economically for myself, and very satisfactorily for the young couple, by making over to her the twenty thousand pounds which I received a few months ago from the golden mart, in Cornhill."

I was completely silent with surprise—a very unusual effect for surprise to take on me. The straight path is always the best, but in this instance how wonderfully had it also proved the most prosperous! Had Mervyn yielded to the temptation of

exchanging the tickets, he would continually have been oppressed by the burden of a troubled conscience; his ill-gotten gains would have been swallowed up in the vortex of speculation, and any attentions that Mr. Creswell had shown to him in his adversity would have been shunned by him, from a natural horror of receiving benefits from one whom he had injured. Now his conscience was easy, and his prospects bright; all was clear and peaceful without and within, and the two greatest faults in his character, a love of speculation, and a little propensity to think too highly of his own excellence, had been chastened and improved by the experience of the past.

Twenty-two years have since elapsed; Frank Mervyn and his wife reside principally in London, and I often visit at their house. I have now acquired the experience of a quarter of a century in addition to the tolerable stock of wisdom which I possessed in the days of Frank Mervyn's temptation, and I have seen many changes and revolutions in that time, some of which have been very satisfactory to me.

Lotteries are now at an end; people have acquired such a salutary horror, and quick perception of smooth swindlers, that the present era is uninfested by a Glossington, and the funds have been so often reduced, that the fund-holders begin to emulate the apathy of the celebrated Mandrin, who said, when he was undergoing the punishment of the wheel, that the first keen pang brought with it a stunning torpor, which deadened his senses to all those that followed it. Still, however, I am far from being contented with the aspect of things in general: my opinion is, that the world is madder than ever.

For some years I have been excessively annoyed and disconcerted by the increase of railroads; nobody stays at home for a month at a time, neither is home any longer a place of domestic quiet, it is filled with perpetual guests brought down by the railroads. The "homes of England" have ceased to realize the charming description of Mrs. Hemans; the master of the family is always running to London by the railroad to visit his club, or to get his fowling-piece put in order; the sons run by the railroad to every possible part of England, and then avail themselves of the facilities of steam in another element, by running over to the continent; the ladies constantly stand in need of mineral springs, or sea-bathing, and the railroad is at hand to convey them to a watering-place; and should one of the

daughters feel inclined to effect a runaway match, there is no hope of overtaking her, as in the good old days, when one post chaise used to enter into Gretna Green, with another fifty yards behind it; no, she elopes by the railroad, and nobody can follow her till the next train sets off. I thought that railroads had done their worst, but it is very difficult to say when any thing animate or inanimate has done its worst. There is a mania at the present time for railway shares—the newspapers are full of the subject, private conversation is engrossed by it; there are railway quadrilles in the very assembly room, in which an imitation of the abominable whistle is introduced, and the dancers converse on railway investments in the intervals of the figure! The traffic is no matter of secrecy; fathers and sons go together to buy railway shares, ladies devote the superfluities of their pin money to the same purpose; nay, the director of a savings bank has assured me that numerous depositors have recently drawn out their money, and that he has a shrewd suspicion of the reason.

Business and relaxation used to be separate pursuits, but railroads now are the connecting link that unites them. People talk not of green banks, but embankments; not of shepherds and reapers, but of stokers and engineers. None of the common authorized roads to ruin suit the impetuosity of modern speculators—nothing will satisfy them but going to ruin by the railroad: yes, I repeat it advisedly, the world is madder than ever.

I have, however, one pleasing association connected with the present day. Last week I was dining with a large party of gentlemen. I am much more prone to give general advice than I was two-and-twenty years ago, and I read a very sensible lecture on railway speculations to my next neighbor, who pleaded guilty to divers misdemeanors of that description.

"Depend upon it," he replied, "that there is not a person in company with the exception of yourself, who has not speculated in railway shares."

He proposed the query successively to all the party, one alone was able to answer it in the negative, and that one was my friend, Frank Mervyn.

I cannot close my little narrative better than with this anecdote. I do not think I can possibly give my readers a more convincing proof of Frank Mervyn's entire reformation.

THE NEW PLANET.

THE newly-discovered planet, Astræa, is a companion of the four little ones ascertained, about forty years ago, to exist between Mars and Jupiter, all revolving at nearly equal distances from the sun. If it be no bigger than the smallest of these, it probably is not forty miles in diameter, or possessed of a surface measuring more than the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland. Think of a tight little Island in this spherical form, wheeling along in independent fashion through space with all its proper features of vegetation and of animated being—a perfect miniature of those respectably-sized orbs of which our own is a specimen! And supposing there are men and women upon it, think of the miniatures of nations which they must compose, and of all their other social arrangements in proportion!

In that case, a piece of land the size of four or five English counties will be a goodly continent, and a mass of sea like the Firth of Forth a perfect Mediterranean. A range of hills such as those of Derbyshire will be as a set of Alps or Himalays to the Astræans, and their Danubes and Amazons will be about the size of our best Scotch *burns*. Rutlandshire would be a large edition of the Russian empire in Astræa. The more common-sized kingdoms would be about the magnitude of our ordinary parishes. It is inconceivable, however, that the people of this little planet are split up into nations so extremely small. Let us rather suppose that they form but four or five in all, each occupying as much land as about half the Isle of Wight. Some quarter of a million in all they might be allowing that the land in Astræa is for the most part fit to produce sustenance for human beings. Narrow as is that fold of existence, and limited its population, there will no doubt be room for the display of human passions in Astræa. It will have its wars occasionally. A Frederick the Great will set all its Europe in a flame, for possession of a Silesia of the size of the Regent's Park. An Alexander, having invaded an India resembling Cornwall in extent, will sigh, and with something like reason, to think that there are no more worlds to conquer. There will be class interests too. Some little Britain will make fierce resolves to raise all its own corn, under whatever difficulties, and at whatever cost:

and treaties will be entered into as between Jersey and Guernsey for an exchange of wine against woollen cloths, let the rest of the forty-mile world pine at the arrangement as it pleases. Colonies, too, will not fail to raise a pothier. There will be an Algiers of parish size, with an Abd-el-Kader storming for its defence; and two mighty countries, representing a Britain and an America, will spurt out big words about an Oregon of the extent and value of the Moor of Rannoch.

The Astræans, although their world is so little, will see it to be a firm and stable thing beneath their feet, with all the other bodies of space revolving round it. If not yet arrived at the use of the telescope, and of the rules of geometry, they will believe their sphere to be the great central world, to which every thing else is subordinate. But even if they have advanced as far in these matters as ourselves, they will think and speak on the understanding that Astræa is the world—the only place where they know for certain there are human beings—all the other spheres being only conjecturally scenes of life. Even to those most enlightened on such points, the immediateness of their own little globe will give it an importance and a centrality which they will scarcely be able to attribute to any other mass within their range of observation. There will be a great deal of self-esteem in the Astræans respecting their poor little hummingtop of a world. They will look upon themselves, doubtless, as very high intelligences, and great will that man think himself who becomes known for his acts or words to one-fourth of them. He will also esteem himself a most liberal-minded and cosmopolitan person, who advocates that the five great countries should live at peace with each other, and that statesmen should legislate impartiality for the good of the whole people of the globe. They will have on record their first circumnavigators and discoverers of countries; their Drakes, and Frobishers, and Columbuses; the men of giant-heart, who ventured upon untraversed seas of the width of the straits of Calais, and dared to put a girdle round a globe no less than a hundred and twenty miles in circumference. They will also have their great men of philosophy, of letters and of arts. Would it not be curious to get a peep into one of their biographical dictionaries, and see what sort of men had been the Astræan Homer and Milton, the Astræan Socrates and Newton, the Astræan

Phidias and Raphael? Their universal history would be not less amusing! What narrations of conquests pushed over the space of one of our degrees of latitude; and how interesting to trace civilization as arising in a certain parishlike space of ground, and then spreading slowly into the adjacent parishes! Great notions entertained, too, about the origins of all those little nations; some sprung from demigods, no less. One particularly great people, convinced that they were destined to be the leading people in the world, because they were twenty thousand more in number than any other. A Napoleon in Astræa—what a droll phenomenon! Think of him setting out with the idea that his country—la Belle something—measuring about ten miles each way, was destined to predominate over the world. And behold him then overrunning his little Italy, Austria, Prussia, in succession, and thinking he had it all safe. But behold, he is at length led by constant success into an enterprise where nature happens to be against him, and he sinks more rapidly than he rose. Then histories, poems about him, wondering at the vastness of a genius which grasped at a dominion embracing perhaps as much ground as belonged to the king of the East Saxons. Deplorations for so great a spirit, pining like the chained eagle on an islet, wretched as a toy-disappointed child, because he could not be allowed any longer to play the conqueror! He left a name at which the world grew pale—this forty-mile world, to wit—to point a moral and adorn a tale. And yet this, however whimsical it may look from our eight-thousand-mile globe, would undoubtedly be very serious to the Astræans. For just as Astræa is to us, so is the earth to a planet like Jupiter or Saturn, where men may be speculating about our Tellurian history exactly in the present strain, although, as is well known we regard our Napoleon as something very tremendous.

It is possible after all, that the Astræans have a more just view of themselves and their world in comparison with other worlds and other peoples. They may be, perchance, a more modest example of human nature than their earthly brethren; and it may have therefore happened that when they first learned, from their Copernicuses, Newtons, and Herschels, how matters really stood in the universe, that they felt extremely abashed and disheartened about it. Let us for a moment imagine them in their

state of original ignorance, fully persuaded that Astræa was the Munda or world, and that all the luminous bodies which, like us, they see in the sky, were merely a drapery hung up for the regalement of their eyesight. What a mighty thing Astræa is, and what a grand set of beings are the Astræans! A sun to give us warmth and vegetation. Stars to begem our nightly view, Sister Pallas, or Vesta, occasionally sailing pretty close by, about the size of a moon, as if by way of a holiday spectacle. Every thing very nice and complete about us. But lo! astronomy begins to tell strange tales.—It now appears that there are co-ordinate bodies called planets, probably inhabited as well as ours, and of infinitely larger size. The stars, moreover, are suns, having other planets in attendance upon them, and these probably residences for human beings too. All at once, Astræa shrinks from its position as the centre and principal mass of the universe, into the predicament of a paltry atom, hung loosely on to a machine whose centre is far otherwise. And the Astræans—the People of the World—the Metropolitans of Space—are degraded in a moment into a set of Villagers. What a fall is there, my countrymen, for a respectable set of worlders, who happened not to possess sufficient self-esteem to bear them up against it! What an overturn to all the ordinary ideas of Astræan mankind! One can imagine the fact making its way over such a baby globe in the course of a couple of days, and thus producing a universal hanging down of heads and thrusting of tails between legs, as it were simultaneously. What a sad state for a world to be in—not a bit of spirit or spunk remaining in it; not one Astræan fit to say a cheering word to another! In such a state of things, one can imagine hardly a word of any kind spoken in Astræa for a week. It would look as if the planet were never to get up its head again in life. There would, however, be varieties in the moods of Astræans on this distressing subject. Some, a little more vamping than the rest, would by and by suggest that no matter for the small size of the globe; the smaller the globe, the bigger the people, for, gravitation being less with us than in larger worlds, we require larger size to keep us fast to the ground. Let neighbor Jupiter, then, plume himself on his vast diadem, but his people must be pigmies in comparison with us. The malicious, again, would feel a conso-

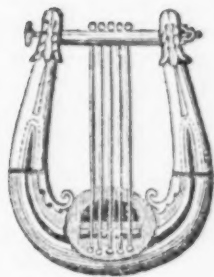
lation in the idea, that there was at least one planet no larger than Astræa. It is always a great matter to have associates in any misfortune or degradation that befalls us. Come along, then, friend Pallas, you and we against any of these lumbering worlds. Huzza for the tight, light, nice, trim, little planets! In time, the first feelings of humiliation would wear off, and perhaps the Astræans would at last come to look upon their world as not so bad after all. Well, if we are only a kind of village in the solar system, why, let us just make the best of it, and endeavor to be content.

Another view occurs respecting Astræa, that, if it had advanced in the arts conducive to locomotion, and spins at any thing like an average rate of speed upon its axis, it may be quite possible to go round it in a single day, and thus enjoy either perpetual noon, or perpetual midnight, or perpetual dawn or sunset, as taste may dictate. And not only this, but if there should be any violent discrepancy of seasons in the little globe, it will only be like going down into Hampshire to move from the winter to the summer hemisphere, and thus realise all the advantages which the migratory birds possess in our sphere. One can imagine an Astræan of the upper classes having one house in the north temperate zone, and another in the south, and dividing his year of fifty months between them, so as to dispense with coal-fires and paletots continually. The poet will not therefore need to say to the cuckoo, Oh, could I fly, I'd fly with thee—we'd make with joyful wind our annual visit round the globe, companions of the spring; for at the proper season he will find railways advertising cheap trains to accomplish the same purpose. The convenience of all this must be very great, and for those having money and leisure, existence in Astræa will, we take it, be rather pleasant. Even in the power of saying—Taking a trip round the world the other day, I met with a strange adventure about the hundred and eightieth degree of longitude, &c., there will be a happy piquancy. What snobs they will be who have not been at least once round the world in Astræa.

Spin on, then, trig little ultra-zodiacal—last, but perhaps not quite least addition to the solar family. We of the Earth, Astræa, are glad to make your acquaintance, and see you amongst us. We cannot, in sober truth, flatter you with the idea that we consider you altogether on an equality with us, for, overlooking your diminutive

proportions, there are strong suspicions of your being only a bit of a planet, a shred of some respectable mass that blew to pieces one day. However, we are very glad to think that you and your sister fragments have all got round again, and found yourselves able to go on as before in the business of perihelion revolution. If we cannot preach in the kirk, you know we may sing mass in the quire; better a wee buss, say we in Scotland, than nae bield. And you, Astræans, we would recommend you, if you be at all in comfortable circumstances, not to be jealous or invidious of the people of the larger planets; for if we on earth be any fair specimen of them, we can assure you there is nothing in the solar system for you to be envious about. Things are but in a so-so state amongst earthly mankind—three-fourths of them mere barbarians; and even amongst the civilized nations, a vast proportion know life but as a scene of toil and misery! To let you into a little secret, man is a selfish being, who frustrates his happiness by his very eagerness for his own benefit. There has therefore never been such a thing as real happiness known upon Tellus, grand as it may appear to you, even without the aid of a telescope. We only hope that matters will, by and by, be more agreeable, and that our remote descendants will have less occasion for grumbling.—Tom Thumb of worlds, who can tell but you know all this, and, contented with your own small field of existence, look down with pity on us wretched earthlings! Well for you to be in such a frame of mind. But in that case, we wrap ourselves up in our pride, and, sternly hushing our misery in our bosoms, bid you good by, and think not of us. While we have strength to bear, who can have any right to visit us with compassion?

A MISTAKE.—The *Revue Britanique*, in its last number, commits one of the richest blunders we have had the good fortune to laugh at in a long time. In a *Life of Nelson*, it describes the immortal hero's preparations for the battle of Copenhagen; and says that, after those preparations were completed, he went in his *gig* with some of his captains to reconnoitre the Danish fleet, adding an explanatory foot-note to the effect that the aforesaid *gig* was—"a sort of cabriolet!!"—*Lit. Gaz.*



From the New Monthly Magazine.

FRAGMENTS OF LIFE.

BY F. A. B.

I.

A BITTER cheat, and here at length it ends,
And thou and I, who were to one another
More closely knit than brother is to brother,
Shall not be even as two common friends.
Never again, within my breast, may grow
The trust that has been basely lied away.
Sadly and sorely must my spirit go
Companionless through life's remaining way
Still by thy side, yet answering no more
Each thought of thine, as in those days of yore,
Far lonelier than they who ne'er have known
The fellowship of love, I dreamt I knew.
Unpitied by all others, to whose view
A seeming false over my state is thrown,
Thus must I hence forth walk—beside thee—yet
alone.

II.

Weep'st thou to see the ruin and decay
Which time doth wreak upon earth's mighty
things,
Temples of gods and palaces of kings?
Weep'st thou to see them crumbling all away?
Oh, I could show thee such a woful ruin,
As doth surpass the worst of time's undoing.
A goodly city, not laid waste by years,
But overthrown with sighs and sapp'd with tears;
There was a palace in which youth did dwell,
To which kings' mansions were a lowly cell,
There was a glorious temple in whose shrine
Love had a worship ceaseless and divine,
Hymns from that fane, like birds' spring songs,
did rise,
And incense sweet of willing sacrifice.
Now all these lordly halls deserted be,
Unknown to hope, and shunned by memory.

III.

The fountains of my life, which flowed so free;
The plenteous waves which, brimming, gushed
along,
Bright, deep, and swift, with a perpetual song,
Doubtless have long since seemed dried up to thee.
How should they not? From the shrunk narrow
bed

Where once that glory flowed, have ebb'd away
Light, life, and motion, and along its way
The dull stream slowly creeps, a shallow thread;
Yet at the hidden source, if hands unblest
Disturb the wells whence that sad stream takes
birth,

The swollen waters once again gush forth—
Dark bitter floods rolling in wild unrest.

IV.

One after one, the shield, the sword, the spear,
The panoply that I was wont to wear—
My suit of proof, my wings that kept me free—
These, full of trust, deliver'd I to thee.
When, through all time, we swore that side by
side

We would together walk. I since have tried,
In hours of sadness, when my former life
Seem'd better than this paltry wasting strife,
To wield my weapons bright, and wear again
My shining armor and strong wings—in vain,
My hands have lost their strength and skill—my
breast

Beneath my mail throbs with a faint unrest—
My pinions trail upon the earth—my soul
Fails 'neath the heavy curse of thy control.
All that was living of my life has fled,
My mortal part alone is not yet dead.
But since my nobler gifts have all been thine,
Trophies and sacrifices for thy shrine,
Would not the breast that stripped itself for thee
Of the fair means God gave it to be free;
At least have mercy, and forbear to strike
One without power to strive or fly alike,
Nor trample on that heart which now must be
Towards all defenceless—most of all towards
thee.

V.

I dream I see thy form, with frantic clasp
My longing arms are round the phantom thrown:
It melts, it withers in my empty grasp.
I wake—I am alone, oh, Heaven, alone.

I dream I hear thy voice, I start, and rise,
And listen, till my soul grows sick—in vain;
The wind flies laughing through the starry skies,
And, save my throbbing heart, all's still again.

Oh, wilt thou ne'er return? can no one day
Bring back those blessed hours that fled so fast?
Dost thou not hear me moan my life away?
Hast thou forsaken me?—Thou hast!—thou hast!

THE TWO MARYS AT THE TOMB OF CHRIST.

BY REV. CHAS. B. TAYLER.

What of the night? The angry heavens are calm,
O'er banks of flowers the plaintive night-breeze
sighing,

Wafts through the dewey glades their odorous
balm,

The golden light, in cloudless glory dying,
Blends with the purple shadows deepening round
The garden and the tomb, by Calvary's awful
mound.

What of the night? In the soft spreading gloom
Pale women sit, their lonely vigil keeping,
Silent and thoughtful by the hallowed tomb,
Where the cold corpse of their loved Lord was
sleeping.

The conflict and the agony are past,
And in that quiet grave the sufferer rests at last.

What of the night? They answered not a word;
Those faithful women, hopeless and heart-
broken,

With drooping heads, hands clasped, in sad ac-
cord,

Heedless they sat, and not a word was spoken,
Till one her sweet, her sorrowing face did raise,
And fixed upon the tomb her loving, steadfast
gaze.

What of the night? she said; "Our night is come,
How do we sit and weep in hopeless sorrow,
The Lord of Life lies buried in the tomb,
And joy can gild no more our cheerless morrow.
What of the night? Ah! can it e'er be morn
To hearts o'erwhelmed like ours, and utterly for-
lorn?"

What of the world? Oh! women meekly strong,
While others sleep, your wakeful vigils keep-
ing,

Fearless and faithful 'mid the faithless throng,
A joyful morn succeeds your night of weeping!
Satan and death this night, in deadly strife,
Fell vanquished by the Lord of everlasting life!

From the Metropolitan.

OLD FRIENDS!

BY MRS. CRAWFORD.

Old friends! old friends! the dear old friends
That time has swept away!

Ah! who can make the heart amends

For the friends of life's young day?

Oh! they were the *fixed* stars of love,

That never left their sphere,

The beacon lights that shone above,

Our life's dark paths to cheer.

Old Friends! Old Friends!

Old friends! old friends! can we forget
Those days of golden prime,

When round our father's hearth we met,
And our merry voices' chime
Made the old hall ring to the roof with joy,
As we sang the songs of yore,
Or danced to the strains of the harper boy,
On the bright old oaken floor?
Old Friends! Old Friends!

Old friends! old friends! as time rolls on,
We miss them more and more;
Those halls are dark where once they shone,
And closed the friendly door;
While colder seems the stranger's eye,
As we pass on earth's dull way,
And think, with mem'ry's tender sigh,
Of the friends of *life's young day*.
Old Friends! Old Friends!

SLEEP.

BY THOMAS ROSCOE.

Sweet death of each day's weary laden life!
Balm of hurt minds—care's nurse—heart-sooth-
ing sleep!
Soft air the mourner's couch thy calm watch
keep.

No sigh—no murmur wake past thoughts of strife;
Nor Hope's fond dream with troubled visions rife
Breathe o'er the folded lids *thy* still dews steep;
No memory's scenes again to live—to weep—
The conscious bosom bare to fate's sharp knife.
Oh, blest forgetfulness! thy votary's prayer
In hour of fiercest pangs to thee ascends,
Thee the wish'd haven of his heart's despair,
His genius of the stormy deep that sends
His shatter'd bark swift through life's seas of care
To that far shore where his strange voyage
ends.

THREE MANSIONS.

From a Passage in "*Memoirs of the Rev. Legh
Richmond.*"

BY MRS. G. G. RICHARDSON.

O homeless and unsheltered head—
Desponding pilgrim, weep not so!
Three mansions are before you spread—
To one you must, to all may go.

Go lowly to the House of Prayer,
With steadfast faith and contrite breast;
The narrow house that all must share
Will then afford a welcome rest.

Join but the three in constant thought—
The House of God, the Grave, and Heaven,
And all by sin and sorrow wrought
Shall pass away and be forgiven.

Within these three what strangers meet!
Earth's various pilgrims, rich and poor!
Their wealth, *their* joy, alone complete
To whom the glorious last's made sure.

From the Metropolitan.

STANZAS TO THE ART OF PRINTING.

Hail, happy art! enlight'ner of mankind,
And best preserver of the human mind;
To thee we owe emancipation bright
From dull-eyed ignorance to immortal light.

To thee fair science owes a second birth,
Diffusive knowledge spreads its light on earth;
And handed down from distant times we see
Genius gain perpetuity from thee.

Exhaustless fountain! o'er whose genial spring
Presiding Liberty expands her wing;
The cup of life were tasteless if denied
The draught nectareous by thine aid supplied.

Delightful solacer of human cares!
Guide of our youth, and comfort in grey hairs,
That lifts the soul from dross of earthly clod,
And bids it soar in seach of nature's God.

Guardian of freedom! nurse of useful arts!
Tenacious of the good thy sway imparts;
Britannia's free-born sons, with nerves of steel,
Will long defend what guards their country's weal.

And whilst a spark of liberty remains
In British bosoms, the ignoble chains
Thy foes would forge for thee shall powerless
prove
To bind thee, champion of the rights we love!

All praise be his who first to Albion's shore—
Illustrious art!—the blest invention bore;
Though dust of ages rests upon his tomb,
For him the deathless laurel still shall bloom.

From the Literary Gazette.

ALONE.

BY CAMILLA TOULMIN.

A thousand millions walk the earth,
Whom time and death control:
Alone! and lonely from our birth,
Each one a separate soul!

Yet the great God who made all things,
And "good" he saw they were,
Gave not to man a seraph's wings,
To quit this lower sphere!

(Though sheathed plumes the spirit hath,
In life but half unfurl'd,
To float him o'er its burning path,
In thought's aerial world.)

Not wings to bear us far away,
God gives his creatures here,
But tendrils of the heart which may
Infold each blessing near.

Affections—sympathies divine—
High aspirations wake:

Each seeking with its like to twine,
And joy to give and take.

These are his gifts, that strongest glow
In genius' burning breast,
Which can but half its radiance show,
Soul-lit at his behest!

Alone!—through childhood's lagging hours,
Which creep until our prime,—
Heart-longing, like the folded flowers,
To reach a gladder time.

Alone!—for even then begin
The discipline and wrong,
Which crush the nobler soul within,
And make it of the throng:

Even in just proportion due
As the young heart is warm
To mould to loftier things and true,
It takes the shape of harm.

Torn are the tendrils soft and strong,
That may not cling aright:
Yet how instinctively, for long,
They struggled towards the light!

Alone! we never know how much,
Till we that trial dare,
When care, who heaps with stealthy touch,
Bids us our burden bear,—

A fardel made of many things,
Of sorrows unforeseen,
And hopes whose knell keen memory rings
To show—what might have been!

Life's errors wreck the little store
Of time which moulds our fate:
And seldom beacons shine before,
But mock us when too late.

Alone—Alone!—each highest thought
The one least understood;
Till oh, in death—life's battle fought,
We are alone with God!

From Tait's Magazine.

THE HARMONY OF NATURE.

The timid Night had set her sentinels
O'er the blue fields of heaven; a warm breeze
blew
From the poetic south, the clime where dwells
All the inspiration our cold world e'er knew:
I gazed upon the heavens until I grew
More spiritual, and every sense more keen;
For I could hear the pink of falling dew,
And see gay creatures dancing in its sheen.
Oh, such a dream might glorify a life!
Methought I stood with Nature, soul to soul,
And asked her if her bosom had its strife
As well as ours. She gathered up her stole
And answered mild, My attributes ye see,
Love, Beauty, Music—Can they disagree?



MISCELLANEOUS.

ANECDOTES OF THE SWAN-RIVER NATIVES.—Mr. F. Armstrong, interpreter to the natives of Western Australia, has communicated the following interesting anecdotes to the *Perth Inquirer*.

Native Dexterity.—A singular instance of the expertness and boldness in climbing of the natives was observed some time ago near the south bank of the Murray River. An opossum had made its way up a tree which was not accessible to the native who had discovered its retreat. He commenced by ascending the tree adjoining, some yards distant, when a long pole of apparently common furze-wood was handed to him, and which he by some means took up the tree, until he arrived at a part where he was within about twelve or fourteen feet of the other; he then managed to place the pole securely in a fork on the boughs of each tree, and then upon this fragile path walked or crept across, killed the opossum (which, likely, he devoured at a meal), and returned, leaving what he had done. The manner in which the natives find the identical track of the opossum is by examining the trees for the marks made by the animal's claws, but which alone does not generally warrant an ascent being made, for they may have been done weeks before. To get over this difficulty, the natives blow on the marks, and if a little sand or earth falls off, then they are certain that they are recent, for otherwise the sun would have dried the grains, and they would have fallen off, which, from the dew or rain of the night, had clung to the feet of the animal, and then on to the tree. These signs being attended to, the natives ascend the tree in the well-known manner, by cutting in and through the bark small steps about two feet apart, and four inches wide, by one or two deep. Some large, straight, thin-barked trees, which stand quite perpendicular, without any branches for a considerable distance up, are totally inaccessible to the natives, though these are extremely few in comparison with the other trees of the forest. Where it is the case, game seems plentiful, beaten tracks being numerous. Trees which lean a little

are the most easy to ascend; and one which appeared a favorite retreat for game was observed to be completely covered with paths or marks made by the natives year after year, upwards of one hundred and fifty cuts being visible on the trunk alone. They appear seldom if ever to cut in the same spot again.

Native Tradition.—The natives state that they have been told, from age to age, that when man first began to exist, there were two beings, male and female, named "Wal-lyne-yup" (the father), and "Do-ron-nop" (the mother); that they had a son, named Bin-dir-woor, who received a deadly wound, which they carefully endeavored to heal, but totally without success; whereupon it was declared by Wal-lyne-yup that all who came after him should also die in like manner as his son died. Could the wound but have been healed in this case, being the first, the natives think death would have had no power over them. The place where the scene occurred, and where Bin-dir-woor was buried, the natives imagine to have been on the southern plains, between Clarence and the Murray; and the instrument used is said to have been a spear, thrown by some unknown being, and directed by some supernatural power. The tradition goes on to state, that "Bin-dir-woor, the son, although deprived of life, and buried in his grave, did not remain there, but rose and went to the west, to the unknown land of spirits, across the sea. The parents followed after their son, but (as the natives suppose) were unable to prevail upon him to return, and they consequently have remained with him ever since." Mr. Armstrong says of this tradition, that "it is the nearest approach to truth, and the most reasonable he has yet heard among the natives;" and it is certainly highly curious, as showing their belief that man originally was not made subject to death, and as giving the first intimation we have heard of their ideas of the manner in which death was introduced into the world.

TELEGRAPHIC COMMUNICATION BETWEEN FRANCE AND ENGLAND. Amidst the many wonderful inventions of modern days, wherein the faculties of man have overcome difficulties apparently insurmountable, and made the very elements themselves subservient to his power and use, there are none more wonderful than that now about to be carried out by the establishment of sub-marine telegraphs, by which an instantaneous communication will be effected between the coasts of England and France. The British government, by the Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty, and the French government, by the Minister of the Interior, have granted permission to two gentlemen, the projectors of the submarine telegraph, to lay it down from coast to coast. The site selected is from Cape Grosnez, or from Cape Blancenez, on the French side, to the South Foreland on the English coast. The soundings between these headlands are gradual, varying from seven fathoms near the shore on either side, to a maximum of thirty-seven fathoms in mid-channel. The Lords of the Admiralty have also granted permission to the same gentlemen to lay down a sub-marine telegraph between Dublin and Holyhead, which is to be carried on from the latter place to Liverpool and London. The sub-marine telegraph across the English Channel will, however, be the one first laid down; the materials for this are already undergoing the process of insulation, and are in that state of forwardness which will enable the projectors to have them completed and placed in position, so that a telegraphic communication can be transmitted across the Channel about the first week in June. When this is completed, an electric telegraph will be established from the coast to Paris, and thence to Marseilles. This telegraph throughout France will be immediately under the direction of the French government, as, according to the law of 1837, all telegraphic communications through that country are under the absolute control and superintendence of the Minister of the Interior. Upon the completion of the submarine telegraph across the English Channel, it is stated that a similar one, on a most gigantic scale, will be attempted to be formed, under the immediate sanction and patronage of the French administration; this is no less than that of connecting the shores of Africa with those of Europe by the same instrumentality, thus opening a direct and lightning-like communication between Marseilles and Algeria. It has been doubted by several scientific men whether this is practicable, and, indeed, whether even the project between the coasts of France and England can be accomplished; but it has been proved by experiments, the most satisfactory in their results, that not only can it be effected, but effected without any considerable difficulty.

A POEM BY ABD-EL-KADER!—In a recent *razzia* in Algiers, the French seized the tents of the renowned hero Abd-el-Kader. Among other things, many of his papers fell into their hands; and in these papers there was found a manuscript poem written by Abd-el-Kader himself. Who would have believed that a semi-barbarian, engaged in deadly war, amused his leisure hours by poetical composition? Yet such appears to be the case. The poem in question is a lamentation

on being separated from his brothers; and as it is not long, I will translate it from the French translation. It will give some idea of Arab poetry in general, and of Abd-el-Kader's poetical powers in particular; but of course great allowance must be made for the effect it loses in a double translation. It runs as follows:

“PRAISE BE TO GOD.

“1. Black ball of my eye—soul of all my being—mild spring of my heart—strength animating my arm;

2. Your presence recreates my sight. By you, my heart, full of delight, despises riches, forgets paternal affection.

3. But destiny has pierced my eyes with his arrows; and since the hour when you departed from me, no sight has rejoiced my regards.

4. What thing after you can recreate my heart? By the Master of the Temple (Mahomet), neither pleasure nor fortune!

5. At the instant of your departure my soul fainted; and my tears fell on account of the overflowing of my heart.

6. My patience exhausted, exists not; but devouring grief will not go away; and I cannot conceive the limits of it but at the bounds of eternity.

7. The flesh of the delicious date has been eaten. The bony heart of the fruit rests naked, deprived of its envelope.

8. Since you left me, joy has flown far from me: my heart is insensible to the gifts I receive, as to those that I make.

9. When you disappeared, my life without you was for me only the course which a messenger makes.

10. Your absence has rendered my nights long—so far as to drive from my thoughts the hope of attaining the term of it.

11. How many times have I cried, when the sun dissipated darkness—O SAÏD! art thou, then, but a vain image that offers itself to my view?

12. And yet my soul, in these moments, comes to reanimate my body—O MOSTAFA! Is it a remedy for grief?

13. To be separated from HOCEIN is one of my bitterest agonies; but nothing can prevent the accomplishment of the decree of God among creatures.

14. After the torments of separation, chance, generous at last, will it bring about a union which will recall to life whom the loss of hope has conducted to death?

15. If this ardent desire be ever fulfilled, my body will recover its strength and its soul.

16. O my brethren! O you who are united to me by our same father; who are dear to me by affection, a bond solid and durable;

17. Be in this life as were those who have preceded us. They are no more! Endeavor, like them, to acquire, by your deeds, glory that cannot be contested.

18. If fortune comes to you, distribute its gifts. If she turns away, content yourselves with the affection which unites us.

19. May the fecund cloud of my salutations expand over you. May their perfume extend in unbounded space!

20. Be a bond to unite friends wherever they may be. A friend is to me as the brother the most dear!”

SCRAPS FROM PUNCH.

THE DUKE AND HIS LETTER-WRITERS.—It is too bad. The Duke of Wellington, like Echo, is expected to answer every donkey that may choose to bray. A couple of letters (that have not yet gone the round of the press) have been handed to us. The first is to the Duke: the second the Duke's answer:—

'MY LORD DUKE,—Being proud that you are public property, I wish you to inform me whether, as an allottee of the Saffron Hill and Isle of Dogs Junction Railway, I ought to pay twelvepence a share on fifty shares, with three-and-six-pence for the application? Your obedient servant, Adolphus Carns.'

'P. S. When you're writing will you also decide a little wager pending in the parlor of the Flower Pot? Did you say, "Up, Guards, and at 'em;" or, "Guards, up, at 'em."'

'Field-Marshal the Duke of Wellington has received the letter of Mr. Carns. He is the Commander-in-Chief, and not an attorney; and has no connexion with railways except when he travels by them.

'As to the expression, "Up, Guards, and at 'em," and "Guards, up, and at 'em," the people of the Flower Pot may take whichever suits them. To the Duke either is immaterial.'

THE MONEY MARKET.—The Repeal Funds are still very low. They have fallen again this week. The depression is so great, that unless something desperate is done, and that quickly, a panic must inevitably ensue. Money never was known to be 'tighter' in Ireland. Defaulters increase every week. There was a call of £1 per share on Saturday, but very few paid up. The doings at Conciliation Hall still continue, but they are so small that they are not worth quoting. Mr. O'Connell arrives on Monday, when a great *coup de main* is expected. He is a large shareholder, and his transactions may revive the market, if they are on a very imposing scale. Every one, however, is looking forward with dread to the settling day, which cannot now be far distant.

THE IRISH CURFEW BILL.—As no person in Ireland is to be allowed to leave his house after a certain hour at night, Mr. Punch respectfully asks Lord Lincoln, how the evicted tenants are to manage, who have no houses to remain in? Are they to roost in the hedges? An answer will oblige.

EASTER HOLIDAYS.—Sir Robert Peel has gone down to Drayton Manor to enjoy himself. He has given directions that no newspaper that contains the slightest allusion to himself is to enter the house.

FASHIONS FROM PARIS.—Lord Brougham has gone over to Paris, for the purpose, we have been told, of opening in person the grand congress of fashion which takes place annually at Long-champs. We may consequently expect amongst the next importation of *modes à Chapeau à la Lord Harry*, and who knows that his lordship, already so celebrated in trowers, may not bring us over the pattern of a new pair of pantaloons,

called, in compliment, after himself, *Une paire de Brougham et Vaux?*

THE BEST ENGINES OF WAR.—Several fire-engines have been constructed for the Colonies. One of them will be sent over to Oregon, for the purpose of putting Jonathan's pipe out.

SEASONABLE RELIEF.—The Public Baths and Warehouse establishment in Glasshouse Yard, Smithfield, have been giving pails of whitewash for nothing to the poor in the neighborhood. We understand that the applications from Railway Directors to be whitewashed have been exceedingly numerous.

LORD PALMERSTON IN PARIS.—Lord Palmerston has been handsomely fêted at Paris. On Saturday, his Lordship, accompanied by Lady Palmerston, dined with the Princess Lieven; meeting M. Guizot and other members of the French Cabinet. The evening was spent in the presence of Royalty at the Tuileries. On Easter Sunday, Lord and Lady Palmerston dined at the Royal table. On Tuesday, M. Guizot gave a sumptuous entertainment: the Cabinet Ministers, and a large portion of the Corps Diplomatique, were invited to meet the distinguished stranger. In the evening there was a reception which was attended by the whole of the haut ton of Paris. Count Duchatel, the Minister of the Interior, was to give a similar entertainment on Saturday. But this is not all. 'The pleasures,' says the *Times*, 'which Lord Palmerston is tasting in Paris are enhanced by the company of Lord Brougham. At the Institute of France, last Saturday, the noble and learned pair were hailed by a most appropriate address of Baron Charles Dupin on the 'External Forces of Great Britain;' and although Lord Brougham was (of course) obliged to set that sedate assembly right on a few points connected with the little undertakings of his accomplished companion at Aden, Naples, and the coast of Syria, the scientific courtesy of the Académie prevailed over its political prepossessions, and Lord Palmerston will doubtless be elected an honorary member of the French Institute at the very first vacancy.' Besides the ordinary announcements, the *Globe* and the *Morning Chronicle* record the Palmestonian movements with more exclusive particularity.

The Marquis of Lansdowne arrived in Paris on Tuesday; and, according to the *Times*, is also using his influence in favor of the noble Ex-Secretary.

INAUGURATION OF A SYNAGOGUE.—A NEW TALMUDIST.—A French journal, *L'Univers Israélite*, gives some account of an acquisition made by the Bibliothèque du Roi, interesting to the students of Talmudic literature. The Rabbis Isaac Lampronti, a physician and judge at Ferrara, who died in 1756, left a remarkable work entitled '*Patrad-Jizchak*,'—forming a general cyclopædia of all the matters treated of in the Talmud and its numerous commentaries. The Royal Library has just obtained possession of the entire manuscript of this great work; which singularly facilitates the study of the Hebrew canonical books, and merits its place beside the Hacksakah of Maïmonides.—

At Berlin, the Reformist Jews have been inaugurating a magnificent synagogue for the exer-

cise of their worship, with its liturgic novelties; and the grand Rabbin Pirschberger, in his sermon on the occasion, urged the necessity of the Hebrew lending himself to the progress of the age, and assimilating his manners to those of the people among whom he lives. Though this change has been gradually going on under our own eyes, it is yet a more remarkable one than at first it seems. The attitude of the Israelite has so long been that of a stranger amid all the populations of the world—a child of the captivity even where most free—singing reluctantly the Lord's song in strange lands—homeless every where—mixing with all, but refusing to cast in his lot with any—that this new theory of assimilation and progression seems, itself, an entire obliteration of the distinctive character of the race.—*Athenæum*.

AN UNPUBLISHED WORK OF LINNÆUS.—A Frankfort journal mentions the discovery, in Sweden, of an unpublished work by Linnæus, which had long been given up for lost. This work,—the labor of the great naturalist's latter years,—is called the 'Nemesis Divina'; and in it he had recorded, for the instruction of his son, a variety of observations and facts, deduced chiefly from the private lives of men who were known to himself, demonstrating that the rewards and punishments of Divine Justice are distributed even in this world. The manuscript consists of 203 sheets; and, in its preface, the author expressly desires that it shall never be published. To this injunction, no doubt, it was owing that the manuscript was laid aside, and forgotten. Some time since, it was purchased by the University of Upsala, at the sale of the library belonging to a physician whose father had been employed to arrange the papers of Linnæus; and, the death of all those referred to in the work seeming to have removed the objections to its publication, M. Fries, a Swedish botanist, has been appointed to prepare a selection from its pages for the press.—*Athenæum*.

PAINTING AND PAINTERS.—It is calculated that in the present exhibition of the works of living artists at Paris, the paintings cover a space of 20,000 square metres, or 2 hectares; that the frames are 17½ kilometres in length; that the value of the whole collection of pictures is about 400,000*l.*; and that the canvas and the gilded frames only are estimated at 40,000*l.* of that sum.

It is asserted that Horace Vernet, the painter, will shortly be created a Peer of France. *Tant mieux*. The honor done in this country to literature and art, in the persons of their most distinguished representatives, is greatly to its credit, and will—because it must—sooner or later be imitated in Britain. Old England, in fact, ought to feel her cheeks tingle at her scurvy treatment of her writers and her artists having continued so long. Let the dear old soul be assured that they are among the best and the worthiest of her sons—that they have done as much to extend her glory as the greatest of her soldiers or the ablest of her statesmen—and that in honoring them she honors herself.

Madame de Witt of Hanover has finished the globe of the moon, on which she has been engaged for the last twenty-two years. It is a

truly marvellous work of art, setting forth with minute particularity all the discoveries made in or on the moon up to the present time. It is a millionth part of the size of the lunar planet, and, when lighted, represents that luminary as it would appear through a powerful telescope. The German papers state that the Royal Astronomical Society of London has purchased Madame de Witt's wonderful globe.

BIBLIOGRAPHICAL NOTICES.

Critical and Miscellaneous Essays, to which are added a few Poems. By A. H. Everett.

These Essays are in the best style of periodical criticism; but they are smart and suggestive, rather than sparkling or profound. The subjects are judiciously chosen:—Madame de Sévigné, Gil Blas, Saint Pierre, Schiller, French Dramatic Literature, Voltaire, Canova, Sir James Mackintosh, Cicero, Chinese manners, &c.,—subjects which indicate an extensive range of reading, and are so treated as to prove a general accuracy of knowledge in the writer. There is an original 'Dialogue on Government between Franklin and Montesquieu,' which has considerable power. Among the poems is a curious old Sanscrit episode, ridiculing the Hindoo superstition on which Southey's 'Curse of Kehama,' is founded. That such a satire should be found imbedded in a commentary on the sacred books is, at least, remarkable. Mr. Everett's adaptation is entitled 'The Hermitage,' and is written in *ottava rima*. We think that its effect would have been better had the original *costume* of the story been preserved. Other translations from Theocritus, Virgil, and the German and Italian poets, are gracefully done, but challenge no special distinction.—*Athenæum*.

A Commentary on the Apocalypse. By Moses Stuart, Professor of Sacred Literature in the Theological Seminary of Andover, Mass. 2 vols. 8vo. pp. 504. Wiley and Putnam, London, 1845.

This is a publication that will be memorable in the history of theological learning. Whatever may be the opinions of Professor Stuart's readers with regard to the scheme of interpretation which he has adopted, all must agree in praising the patient care, and the variety and compass of sacred erudition which he has brought to his subject. These volumes are published because the matter of them commends itself to the judgment of the author after the reading and reflection of twenty years.

The Apocalypse is divided by Mr. Stuart into four parts. First, a preliminary part embraces the seven churches; second, what is called the first vision and catastrophe, extending through the sixth and six following chapters; then follows the second vision and catastrophe, extending from the twelfth chapter to the nineteenth. The first of the visions is explained as relating to the fall of Judaism, as a persecuting power; the second as relating to the fall of pagan Rome, in that character; and the remaining portion of the

book—the binding of Satan, and the consequent prosperity of the church for a thousand years, the loosing again of that arch-enemy, and the war with Gog and Magog,—these parts are all explained as referring to more distant events, which are to precede the resurrection, the judgment, and the final blessedness of the redeemed. It is admitted that the first and second visions may be regarded as symbolical of the fall of Anti-christian powers, subsequent to the fall of pagan Rome; but it is maintained that the first Christians understood these visions as referring primarily to Jerusalem and to the power of the Cæsars, and that such was the meaning of the Divine Spirit. Papal Rome, accordingly, is not an object of special reference in the Apocalypse.

Mr. Stuart has published this exposition with the manifest expectation that in not a few quarters it will prove startling and unwelcome. And, certainly, this is not the view taken of the Apocalyptic visions by the majority of expositors in America or in England. During several generations the stream of interpretation has flowed in the channel marked out for it by Mede, Vitringa, and Newton—the Antichrist of the Apocalypse being eminently the papal system, and the purport of the book being to depict in perspective the history of the church, and the history of the world so far as bearing on the fate of the church. But Mr. Stuart's theory, though it is not this one, is by no means a novelty. The substance of it may be seen in an extended and elaborate article on the 'Revelation' in Kitto's *Cyclopædia*, from the pen of Dr. Davidson. But it was not left to Dr. Davidson, any more than to Mr. Stuart, to be a discoverer on this ground, the same views in substance having been broached long before by Grotius, Hammond, Le Clerc, and others, as may be seen in Mr. Stuart's own 'Historical Sketch of the Exegesis of the Apocalypse.'

We hope to take up the subject of prophecy generally ere long, and may then have occasion to recur to Professor Stuart's book; in the mean while we commend his volumes to the candid consideration of our readers.

Lectures on the Pilgrim's Progress, and the Life and Times of John Bunyan. By Rev. George B. Cheever, D. D. 8vo. pp. 182. Fullarton and Co., London, 1845.

Coleridge, speaking, in his *Aids to Reflection*, of Bunyan's Hero, has wisely said, 'The fears, the hopes, the remembrances, the anticipations, the inward and outward experience, the belief and faith of a Christian, form of themselves a philosophy and a sum of knowledge, which a life spent in the grove of Academus or the painted Porch could not have attained or collected.' But most of the persons who have attempted to comment upon Bunyan for the edification of Christians, have made a very sorry business of it, the comment being too often as a cloud upon the text. Dr. Cheever possesses more of the qualifications necessary to this delicate office than any of his predecessors. He has knowledge, imagination, sensibility, piety, and sagacity; and has produced a book not unworthy of its subject. This is saying very much. These lectures have attracted much attention in the United States; we shall be happy to see them become no less popular in Great Britain.

SELECT LIST OF RECENT PUBLICATIONS.

GREAT BRITAIN.

Memoirs of the Jacobites, by Mrs. Thompson. Vol. III.

Life of the Rt. Hon. George Canning, by Robert Bell, 8vo.

The miscellaneous works of Sir James Mackintosh. Edited by his son. 3 vols. 8vo.

Life and Speeches of Daniel O'Connell, M. P., edited by his son. Vol. I.

The Eternal; or the attributes of Jehovah. By Robert Philips. 12mo.

Thoughts on Animalcules, by G. A. Mantell. Small 4to.

Lives of the Kings of England, by Thomas Roscoe, Esq. Vol. I. comprising William the Conqueror.

Confessions of a Pretty Woman, by Miss Pardoe.

America, its Realities and Resources, by F. Wyse. 3 vols. 8vo.

The second volume of Lord Brougham's lives of Men of Letters, comprising Dr. Johnson, Adam Smith, Lavoisier, Gibbon, Sir J. Banks, and D'Alembert.

Travels of Lady Esther Stanhope. 3 vols.

The Great Salvation, by the Rev. Robt. Montgomery.

Life and Times of Rt. Hon. Henry Grattan. Vol. V.

Bishop Heber and the Indian Missions, by Rev. James Chambers.

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Sketches of English Character, by Mrs. Gore. 2 vols.

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Memoirs of a Femme de Chambre, by Countess Blessington. 3 vols.

Life at the Water Cure, or a Month at Malvern, by Richard J. Lane.

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Yours very truly
W^m Hood

